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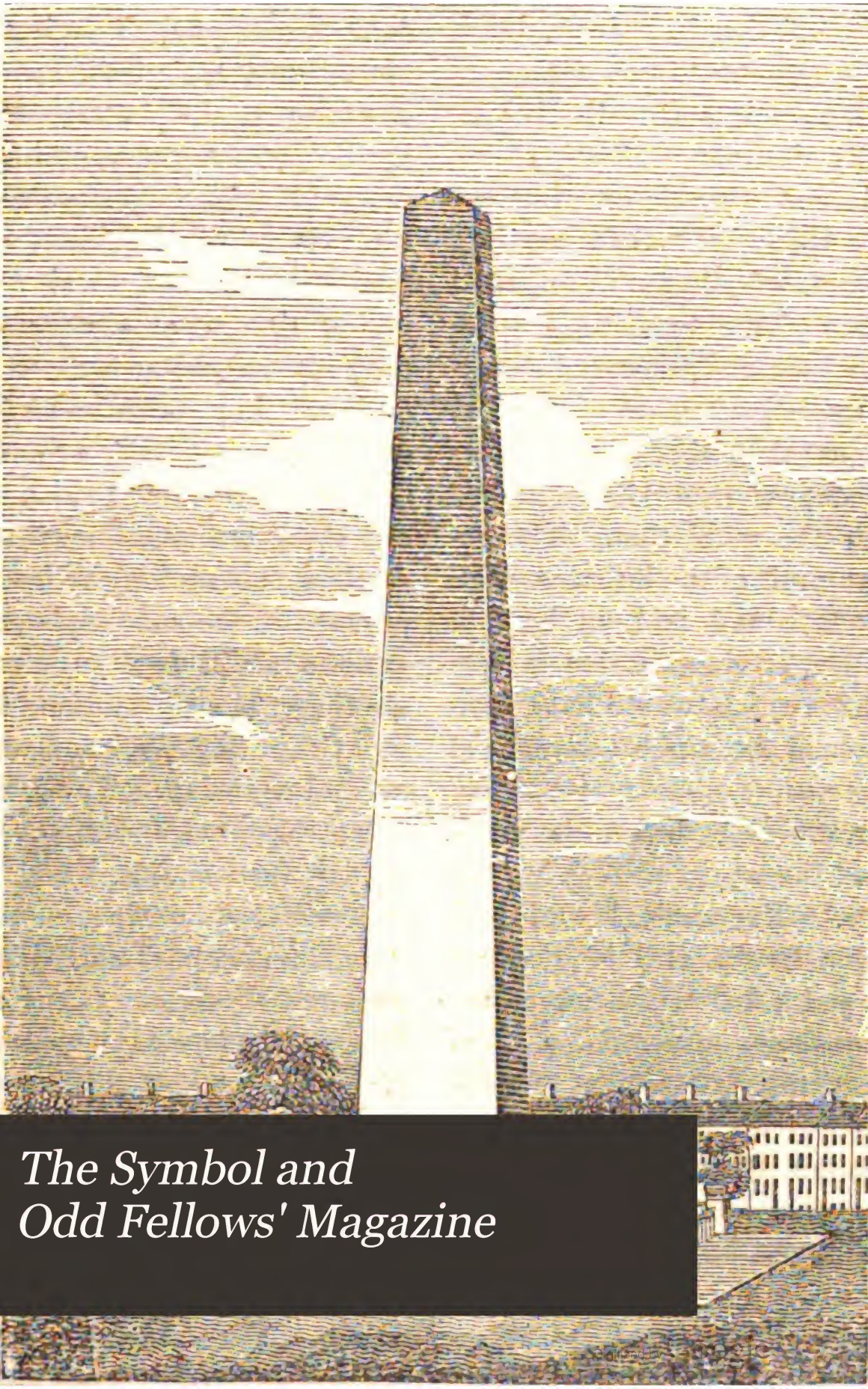
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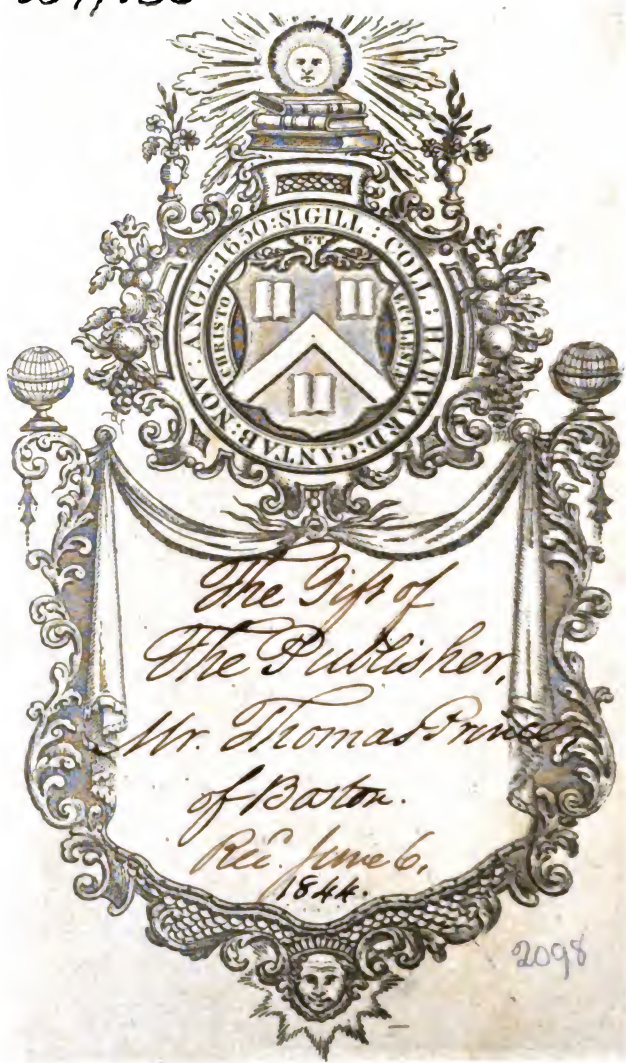
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*The Symbol and
Odd Fellows' Magazine*

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THE

S Y M B O L,

AND

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THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME 1.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1, 1843.

NUMBER 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

ANY THING that has for its object the advancement of human happiness or human intellect ; any thing that tends to the amelioration of the condition of mankind, or to lessen the ills and miseries incident on human life ; any thing that draws closer the ties of mutual sympathy, and strengthens the bonds of brotherhood between man and man, is not only worthy of approbation, but of the warmest support and admiration. That such are the objects of Odd Fellowship, none who have taken the trouble to investigate its principles and operations, will attempt to deny.—When the Almighty Architect of the universe spake, and this sphere which we inhabit burst into light and loveliness, every fundamental principle on which our Order is based, was stamped with the signet of Omnipotence upon her young and unstained being, there to remain in legible and enduring characters, as constituent elements of her perpetuity and existence. FRIENDSHIP then wove her silken bonds ; LOVE breathed forth her strains of mutual sympathy and confiding tenderness ; while TRUTH, — above, — around, — beneath, — shed forth her blaze of living light, as pure and unsullied as the rays that emanate from the throne of the Eternal God. Upon these three pillars rests the structure of our Order ; around them cluster our brightest hopes and fondest anticipations. Here the venerated patri-

archs of our ancient and honorable institution, in by-gone days, have worshipped ; and with unstained hands, have transmitted down through the lapse of time, the sublime mysteries, the sacred rites, the solemn and eternal truths, unfolded to those who enter within the arcana of our Temple, and bow as sincere suppliants at the inner veil of our altars.

We shall endeavor to prove, that Odd Fellowship is calculated for the most extensive moral good. It is evident, that in order to collect an assemblage of persons, and continue and increase them as a body, there must be two powerful motives of action ; first, curiosity to collect ; secondly, pleasure and some useful end in view to continue them. The singularity of the title of “ Odd Fellow,” is better adapted to excite curiosity than any other : it fills the mind with a desire to know what is meant by it, and such desire is seldom appeased until the mystery is unravelled by becoming a Brother. As it is an *odd* name without the Lodge, so the manners are perfectly *odd* when introduced within. The awful stillness of the *odd*, instructive ceremony, when judiciously conducted ; the *odd* appearance of the Lodge when its officers are seated in their respective stations ; the *odd* silence and decorum which prevails ; the *odd* mode of honor and respect paid to the Chair ; and the three powerful *odd* links which bind us together,

—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH,—all combine to fill the mind of every new member with satisfaction and surprise, far exceeding his most sanguine expectations.

Some useful end in view to continue them. The principles of Odd Fellowship are those of humanity and religion ; its object is to promote the general good of mankind, and spread abroad the lights of morality and knowledge. It not only benefits the common cause of philanthropy, but insures to its members in the hour of adversity and tribulation, a source of safety and comfort, that none, save the arm of Omnipotence, can destroy.

A parent's affection may change ; the friendship of the world may turn to hatred, and even love may be transformed to loathing and disgust ; but the ties that bind us together are never sundered ; our claims of brotherhood are only dissolved by death,—no, not even death can rend them,—they descend to the widow and the orphan. The language of our Order is more potent than any strain of eloquence that ever fell upon the human ear. A stranger, penniless, and friendless, in a foreign land, breathes its tones, and his necessities are relieved. Sickness comes and lays its paralyzing hand upon him, and, though no friends or relatives are near, a brother of the “mystic tie” administers to his wants and soothes his distresses. The sick amongst our own brethren, are not left to the cold hand of public charity : they are visited, and their wants are provided for out of the funds they themselves have contributed to raise, and which, in times of need, they can honorably claim, without the humiliation of suing for parochial or individual relief,—from which the freeborn mind recoils with disdain, until overwhelmed in insufferable want and misery. We are obligated, if need be, to perform the last solemn offices to the remains of a departed Brother, and see them consigned, with re-

spectful decency, to the bosom of our mother earth. To the living, our fraternal solicitude is no less exercised. It is our enjoined duty to watch over the conduct of our brethren, even in their common intercourse with men, as well as with one another ; and to remonstrate with those who wander from the paths of rectitude, or trespass upon the rules of morality. In all ages and in all countries, our Order has stood forth the champion of liberty and religion ; wherever she has erected an altar for her worshippers, she has also dedicated a temple to science and refinement.

It has been said that ours is a secret Order, and that secrecy is dissonant with innocence. True it is, that we are, in part, a secret society,—but is secrecy a crime ? The world itself, the universe, the God of eternal truth, are surrounded with an impenetrable veil, that no mortal eye ever pierced : and shall it be denied that these exist, because their arcana are not revealed at our bidding ? Shall we pronounce them evil, because their operations are hidden from our view, and above our comprehension ? So far from secrecy being an objection to our Order, we claim it as a recommendation. It is the mystic tie that binds us together in indissoluble brotherhood ; prompting us to deeds of virtue and benevolence ; it comes and entwines itself around our fraternity, like the refreshing, yet invisible breeze, that, at summer noontide, fans our burning forehead, invigorating the system with its coolness, and gladdening our hearts with its freshness and purity. In this respect we have the sanction of ages. We challenge any one to point out a single nation or people, whose career is sketched on the page of history, among whom there did not exist secret institutions. To go farther : there is not an enlightened government now existing on the globe, that does not permit its legislative councils to resolve themselves into

a secret conclave. Even in our own country, under our own constitution, Congress can close its doors, and sit for days, for weeks, for months, concocting measures of vital importance to seventeen millions of freemen; and should any member of that body dare to reveal its operations, he would subject himself to the severest censure, if not to expulsion.

To be initiated as a member of our Order is not, as many suppose, "to take a leap into the dark." The fundamental principles of the Order are before the world; its deeds are not concealed from public scrutiny; while the Constitution and laws of our Society are within the reach of all who wish to examine them. But there are mysteries, within the *inner* veil of our altars, that none except the members of the fraternity are permitted to behold. Solemn and sublime truths

are there inculcated, that have never reached the ear of any, save those who have proved themselves worthy of the sacred trust. They have remained there for ages hallowed archives in the sanctuary of our temple, and have never crossed its portals; and there we hope and pray they ever will remain, unsullied, inviolate, and untarnished.

Our Order is the handmaid of virtue and religion, and it must flourish: it calls into life and action the best and holiest feelings of our nature, and success must crown our efforts; and we may look forward with confidence to a day not far distant, when our Society shall find an abiding place in every village and hamlet of our land; and the smoke of our altars shall go up from a thousand hills. God grant it may be so! Then shall Friendship, Love and Truth abound.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY FRANCIS HATHORN DAVIDGE, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

THE present would seem to be the age of excitements; and among the many which have been conjured up for the advancement of public and private purposes, few have obtained wider circulation in this country than the outcry against Masonry and secret societies in general. However plausible some of the arguments advanced by the opponents of these associations may be, it will, as we conceive, only require a little examination and reflection to be convinced that, under popular political institutions, they not only become perfectly harmless, but may be made the instruments of conferring widely spread blessings. Under monarchical governments, where the interests of the privileged ranks have been regarded as antagonist to those of the mass of the population, secret so-

cieties have been carefully prohibited, for the plain reason that they afford opportunities to the lower classes, to come together and confer with one another on topics of common interest, and thus open the door to combinations which may prove destructive of the monopolies of power that spring from the *divine right* of kings. In such cases there evidently exists a pretext at least on the part of the *few* who possess power, to protect themselves against the *many* whom they affect to regard as the legitimate subjects of their control, and born only to obey the will of those whom chance or usage may have constituted their rulers. Under institutions such as those of our own country, the position of affairs is entirely different. In free governments, springing immedi-

ately from the people, and founded upon popular opinion, there can never exist any diversity of interest between the governors and the governed; inasmuch as the former are merely the servants of the latter, employed to discharge specific functions, and accountable to the community for the faithful performance of the duties allotted to them. In this case the people are the sources of power, and however it may be delegated to such persons as they may choose as the depositories of their authority, the *right to govern* can never be alienated from them, except with the concurrence of a majority of those to whom it attaches in virtue of the social compact, to which they are parties. In a word, the people combine in themselves the relations of *governors* and *governed*, and cannot therefore be suspected of designs which, if injurious in their effects, must inevitably and immediately react upon those with whom they have their origin. It is this union of relations which, whilst it constitutes the essential difference between governments purely monarchical and those of a popular caste, must necessarily prevent any of the mischiefs that, under different circumstances, might spring from the formation of secret societies. To say that an association may be formed and can institute schemes for the subversion of order or the destruction of the public welfare, when every individual in the country has ready access to membership, and where the laws of the land must be the acknowledged limit within which the purposes of the society must be circumscribed, is to imagine a condition of things from which common sense recoils; and would be just as rational as to suppose that the other parts of the human system could unite to destroy the action of the heart without, at the same time, conspiring for their own destruction. The truth is, that a secret society, in the strict sense of the term, cannot exist under a popular gov-

ernment; because, to acquire numerical strength, it must be accessible to all, and being so becomes subject to the inspection and control of the very persons upon whom it is intended to operate. Of this we have an illustration even in England, a limited monarchy, where the institution of Freemasonry has always been regarded as harmless, because the agents of the government, by becoming members, can gain possession of its secrets, and it is with a view to do away any unfavorable impressions on this score, that it has been customary to invest some one of the reigning family with the highest dignity of the Order.

Having offered the above remarks with reference to secret societies in general, we will now turn our attention to the association of Odd Fellowship, and endeavor to present, so far as may be consistent with propriety, a practical view of its operations. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in its practical effect, is nothing more nor less than a Beneficial Society, instituted by its members to promote their good fellowship and comfort, and effect a *mutual assurance* against the ills and vicissitudes to which human nature is heir, under the guidance and direction of an all-wise and beneficent Creator. With the ceremonies and symbols of the society we have at present nothing to do, inasmuch as they are matters reserved for the especial government and enlightenment of its members, and constitute so many distinctive peculiarities by which they may be distinguished from the mass of community. Constituted, as it is, of persons taken from every rank in life, but chiefly from the productive classes, this institution presents a scheme in which thorough reciprocity of benefit constitutes the most prominent feature. Its honors and distinctions are awarded with a view to merit and faithful performance of duty; or, in other words, the practical observance of the charities that should

govern man in his intercourse with his fellow-man. In the bestowal of membership no distinction is recognized, save that of moral worth; a gem which is sought amidst the humbler or more exalted walks of life without discrimination, and is esteemed as equally precious, whether it be in the possession of the sun-browned honest laborer, or that of the more favored advocate, physician, statesman, or wealthy merchant. At the threshold of the Hall the distinctions of artificial society are laid aside; and, entering its sacred limits on the fair footing of *equality and contribution*, the brothers of the Order meet together in the proud consciousness of a thorough and entire equalization of right. The conditions of admittance being the same to all, the benefits of the communion are equally within the reach of every worthy member of the Order; nor are its charities sullied by the consciousness of unbecoming subservieney, or the humiliating feeling of self-abasement. If, under the pressure of circumstances, a member becomes dependent on the common fund, he does so as a *joint stockholder and contributor*, and receives readily and without shame, a portion of that of which he has been the giver, in common with those to whom he is united by the sacred ties of good feeling and mutual love. However "odd" or unlike each other may be the conditions of the sons of the Order, within the walls of their temple, dedicated to good will and beneficence, they become, in the strongest sense of the term, "fellows," that match well together in promoting brotherly love and universal philanthropy. Sprung from one common source they look to the Author of their being as the equal dispenser of his blessings amongst all of the children of his goodness, and recognize no distinctions save those conferred by superior usefulness in improving the condition of the great human family. As the "Odd Fellow"

feels that so long as prosperity may attend him, he is bound to contribute to the comfort of those whose way through life is cheerless and dark, so in the event of necessity he has no hesitation in becoming a participator in bounties, to the procuration of which his own liberality has been the willing minister.

It will probably be urged against the society, that it is exclusive in its operation, and draws an unworthy distinction between men who should be alike the objects of the charity of its members. The answer to this objection is as simple as it is satisfactory. Whilst the association recognizes in their full force the mutual obligations incumbent on all men, and its members are just as ready as others to listen to the appeals of distress, they cannot be blind to the injury inflicted on society by the liberality which is squandered indiscriminately, without reference to peculiar worthiness. Possessed of modified capabilities of doing good, they are willing that their means shall be appropriated in such a manner as to prevent imposition and consequent mischief; and it is therefore that they deem it proper, in assuming additional and voluntary obligations, to protect themselves against fraud, by securing the best access to accurate information. To this end the peculiar ordinances of the brotherhood have been instituted, and in their operation cannot, of right, lessen the more general claims of society upon the services of men, whose love of their kind has induced them to *increase* instead of diminish their sphere of usefulness. That "mystic tie" which binds Odd Fellowship together, consists in nothing else than the unseen but irresistible impulses that interweave themselves with all the nobler charities of life, and impart force and efficiency to energies which, without their invigorating and enlivening influences, would remain torpid and inefficacious. To the heart of a member of the

Order, the symbols and ceremonies which, in the estimation of the unenlightened are idle mummeries, speak a language the truthfulness of which has been illustrated by the world's experience from the earliest ages, and will continue to be felt as long as time shall endure.— They remind him of good deeds, the authors of which have been for ages on ages gathered to their fathers, and of feelings and affections that have shed their blessings on the human race during every period of its existence. Like the sun and the lesser lights of heaven, they impart their cheering influences wherever *man* has been known, whether it be amid the burning deserts of the torrid

zone or the ice-girded mountains of the frozen regions, pointing out to him the way in which he should go. They present to the eye of memory the history of the human heart, and shadow forth its workings under every variety of circumstance and every change of dispensation. In a word, they tell him that man, as he came from the hand of his Creator, is bound to love and cherish and protect his fellow-man, alike under the wild imaginations of Pagan idolatry, the overshadowing solemnities of Jewish theocracy, the blood-stained dominion of Mahometan violence, or the cheering and consoling assurances of the Christian faith.

ODE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Sung at the Celebration of the Anniversary of Mercantile Lodge, No. 47, I. O. O. F., New York, January 14th, 1842.

Oh ! who are they who ever stand
 Along life's rugged way,
 With pitying heart and gentle hand
 Misfortune's tear to stay ?
 Who from the pleadings of the poor
 Ne'er turn their ear aside ?
 Whose footsteps often seek the door
 Where wo and want abide ?
 'T is the generous band, who, hand in hand,
 From the greybeard to the youth,
 Have sworn, they side by side will stand
 In Friendship, Love and Truth.

See stretched on yonder bed of death,
 A widowed mother lies,
 " My orphan babes ! " with struggling breath
 And faltering voice, she cries :
 " Oh, who your young and tender forms
 From sorrow's grasp will save,
 Or shield you from life's crushing storms
 When I am in the grave ? "
 Peace, dying mother ! friends are nigh
 Will guard their tender youth,
 And round them twine the hallowed tie
 Of Friendship, Love and Truth !

Sec, lone and friendless on our shore
 An exiled wanderer stand ;
 Oh, where are they who came of yore
 To meet his eager hand ?
 Far—where he bends his streaming eyes,
 Across the ocean's foam,
 Till his sick heart within him dies
 With yearnings for his home !
 But, lo ! with warm and sudden clasp,
 A friend is near to soothe,
 And cheer him with the well known grasp
 Of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Speed on, ye faithful brothers ! speed !
 And blessings with you go !
 Still aid the widow in her need,
 And soothe the orphan's woe !
 Still by the heart-sick stranger's side
 With words of kindness stay,
 And bid the deep and troubled tide
 Of sorrow pass away !
 Ye generous band ! long may you stand,
 The greybeard and the youth,
 Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand,
 In Friendship, Love and Truth !

STORY OF THE CHEVALIER DE BEAUVOIR.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

A SHORT time after the 18th Brumaire, there was a rising in Brittany and La Vendée. The First Consul anxious to restore peace to France, entered into negotiations with the principal leaders.—Adopting the most vigorous military measures, and combining every thing in his plans, he put into play the Machiavellian resources of the police, at that time entrusted to Fouché, and finally succeeded in quelling the disturbances of the West.

About this time a young man belonging to the family of Maille, was sent by the royalists of La Vendée from Brittany to Saumur, to establish communications between certain persons of the city and its environs and the chiefs of the royal insurrection. Informed of his design, the

police of Paris despatched agents to arrest the young emissary on his arrival at Saumur. He was actually arrested the very day he landed, for he came in a batteau under the disguise of a master-mariner. But he was "a man of deeds."—He had calculated all the chances of his enterprise, and his passport and papers were so well regulated that the agents sent to seize him were in utter doubt as to his identity.

The Chevalier de Beauvoir had well conceived his character. He quoted his borrowed family, his false place of residence, and bore his examination so well, that he would at once have been set at liberty, had not the officers placed the most implicit confidence in their instructions. They were precise ; in doubt,

they preferred rather to commit an arbitrary act than suffer a man to escape, to whose capture the First Consul appeared to attach great importance. In those days of liberty the agents of the national power cared very little for what we call now-a-days "*legalite*."

The Chevalier was provisionally imprisoned, until the higher authorities should decide upon his case. The official sentence was soon ratified; and the police received orders to guard his person with the strictest vigilance, notwithstanding his continued declarations of innocence. He was now transferred, in conformity with the new orders, to the "*Escarpe*." This name was well worthy the situation of the fortress. Perched upon very high rocks, with precipices for its fosses, its only approach was by a narrow and dangerous path, leading as is always the case to the principal gate, which was defended by a fosse, over which was thrown a draw-bridge.

The commandant of the prison, charmed to have in his keeping a man of distinction and of pleasing manners, and who seemed well informed, (qualities quite rare at that time,) received the Chevalier as a boon from Providence. He proposed to him the freedom of the "*Escarpe*" on his parole of honor, and that they should make common cause against the ennui of the place. Beauvoir asked nothing better. He was a noble gentleman; but he was unfortunately also a very handsome youth. He had an attractive face, bold air, engaging manners, and prodigious strength. He would have been an excellent chief for a party. The commandant assigned him the most commodious apartments of the chateau, and admitted him to his own table.

This commandant was a Corsican officer. He was married, and very jealous; perhaps because his pretty wife seemed to him difficult to watch. Beauvoir, it transpired, made advances to the lady.—

They were without doubt attracted to each other. Did they commit any imprudence? Did the feelings with which each inspired the other, lead him beyond the bounds of that superficial gallantry which is almost our duty toward women? Beauvoir has never clearly explained this point in his story. At all events, the commandant thought himself warranted in exercising the strictest rigor over his prisoner. He was thrown into a cell situated immediately under the platform of the turret, and arched out of the solid rock. The walls were of desperate thickness; the turret was probably over a precipice.— There was no chance for escape.

When Beauvoir became satisfied of the impossibility of gaining his liberty, he fell into one of those reveries which are the despair and consolation of prisoners. He occupied himself with those little nothings which grow into great things. He received the baptism of grief. He reflected himself, and only *remembered* there was a sun. After fifteen days he felt that terrible malady, the fever for liberty, which urges prisoners to desperate enterprises.

One morning the jailer who brought food to Beauvoir, instead of leaving him, as was his custom as soon as he had set down his scanty pittance, stood with his arms folded, and gazed fixedly at him.— Their conversation had never reached more than a few words, and the turnkey had never been the first to commence it. You may well imagine the astonishment of the prisoner, when the man said to him:—

"Monsieur, you have no doubt your own object in view in calling yourself Le Brun or Citizen Le Brun. That is no business of mine. It is nothing to me whether your name is Pierre or Paul; but I know," said he, twinkling his eye, "that you are M. Charles-Felix Théodore, Chevalier de Beauvoir, and cousin to Madame la Duchesse de Maille."

Knowing himself incarcerated in a strong prison, and inferring that his position could be no worse by a confession of his real name, Beauvoir replied :

"Well, suppose I *am* the Chevalier de Beauvoir ?—what will you gain by it ?

"Every thing," replied the jailer, in a whisper. "Listen. I have received money to aid your escape. As I shall be shot if I am suspected of having had any thing to do with the affair, I will only assist you so far as to gain my money.—Look, Monsieur !"—and he drew from his pocket a small file ; "with this you can cut through one of the bars," and he pointed to a narrow loop-hole with two bars across it, through which the light entered the cell. "Monsieur, you must cut through before you can pass out."

"You may rest quiet. I will pass."

"You must leave the lower part of the bar to fasten your cord to."

"Where is it ?"

"Here," replied the turnkey, throwing him a knotted cord ; "it is made of coarse linen, to lead to the belief that you made it yourself. It is of sufficient strength, and when you reach the last knot, step quietly to the ground. The rest is your own affair. You will probably find in the neighborhood a carriage and friends awaiting you. Of that I wish to know nothing. I have no need to tell you that there is a sentinel posted in the street.—You will risk, perhaps, a ball from his carbine ; but——"

"Very well, very well," said the Chevalier, "I will not rot here."

"That might be best for you, after all, suddenly replied the turnkey.

The hope of once more gaining his freedom, produced in his mind such an excitement that he could spare no time in discourse. He immediately addressed himself to the work ; and the day was just sufficient for him to saw through the bar. Fearing a visit from the commandant, he filled the crevice with crumbs of

bread rolled in the filings, to give them the color of iron ; he waited till he judged the garrison to be asleep, when he fastened his cord to the lower part of the bar, which he had left, agreeable to the instructions of the turnkey, and crept to the outer edge of the loop-hole, grasping with one hand the end of the bar which remained in the stone. Here he awaited the darkest hour toward morning, when he judged the sentinels would be the least watchful.

Acquainted with all those details of his place of confinement, with which prisoners occupy themselves, even involuntarily, he awaited the moment when the sentinel who guarded his quarter of the building should have performed two-thirds of his duty, and retire to his box to avoid the fog. Then he began to descend, knot by knot ; suspended between heaven and earth, but grasping his cord with the strength of a giant.

Every thing went well. He had reached the last knot, and was about to slip to the ground, when he bethought himself to try if he could reach the earth with his feet.

He found none ! His case was really embarrassing. Covered with perspiration, fatigued, perplexed, he was in a situation in which it might truly be said his life hung upon a thread. By a lucky accident his hat fell off. He listened for the noise of its fall, but hearing nothing, he began to entertain some vague suspicions of a snare. But whence the motive ? A prey to conflicting doubts, he resolved to defer his escape until another night, or at least until the uncertain twilight of day-break, an hour which might not be unfavorable for his flight. His great strength enabled him to clamber back toward the tower, but he was almost exhausted when he reached the outer edge of the loop-hole, where he remained watching like a cat on an eave gutter.

Presently, by the feeble light of early dawn, he saw there was the trifling space

of about one hundred feet between the end of the cord and the pointed rocks of a precipice!

"Thank you, Monsieur Commandant!" said he to himself, with the *sang froid* which characterized him.

After reflecting a moment on a fitting revenge, he judged it best to re-enter his prison. He threw all his little articles of dress on the bed, and left the cord hanging without, to induce the belief that he had fallen; and taking in his hand the iron bar which he had broken off, he stepped behind the door, and awaited the arrival of the perfidious jailer.

The commandant did not fail to come, and earlier than usual, to gather up what had been left behind. He softly opened the door; but as soon as he was sufficiently near, Beauvoir struck him a powerful blow over the head, and the traitor fell dead at his feet, without even uttering a cry. The bar had broken his skull.

The Chevalier quickly disrobed the dead body; put on the clothes and imitated the walk of the jailer; and, thanks to the early hour and fancied security of the guards at the principal gate, made good his escape.

EXTRACT FROM BRO. E. H. CHAPIN'S ORATION,

Before the Mercantile Lodge, I. O. O. F., New York, January 14th, 1842.

"Nay, then, the Age is all that we have represented it to be. And in this respect, how does it stand pre-eminent in contrast with past ages! Their instrument of labor was *power*; their notion of greatness was based on physical prowess, animal courage, on brilliant martial, or at most intellectual achievement. Our instrument of labor is *love*; our notion of greatness is the doing of good, the winning of men to a good life, the performing of mercy and kindness, however limited or obscure the sphere of action.—Power has done much, but it has also *cost* much—cost blood, and sweat, and tears. Power built those landmarks of antiquity, the Pyramids. But *who*, after all, built the Pyramids? *How* were they built? Voltaire has noticed that the people who are employed in such masses, at such a word, *must* have been slaves, chained to the will of their Egyptian monarchs. Power made Rome great; gave it its mighty dominion and universal sway. But would you know, some-

what accurately, the *price* of this power? Dig up the bones of its victims from Britain to Jerusalem; you may pile them up, like drifted snow, higher than its triumphal arches! *Power*—that was the Idea of the Past. Huge kingdoms built up, to be battered down by Visigoth and Hun. The common brotherhood of humanity, and the facetiousness of caste and rank, forgotten in the possession of superior strength or wisdom. There is a picture which I have recently seen, wherein Napoleon is represented as coming from his tomb. In his hand and amid his hair waves the deathless laurel, and the soul is thrilled as it looks upon the serene eyes, and the calm grandeur that sits upon his brow. But in acknowledging the greatness of Napoleon, we do so by a refining process, that separates what was gross and sensuous about him from the *mind*, the *will*, the expansive and dauntless *thought* that moved behind all. We do not bring into our analysis the blood-soaked battle fields, where wid-

ows have wept with wringing hands, and pale ghosts stalked shrieking by. Call up the armies that followed him at Lodi, at Borodino, through Egypt, and what a skeleton host rises clanking to the summons! Yet each one has been wept for—has cost bitter, bloody tears! Such is much of the character of the spectacle with which the past presents us. * * *

"I have thus dwelt somewhat upon the Idea of the Age. But, you will remember that we made it a matter of congratulation that the spirit of Odd Fellowship is so assimilated with this Idea. I say, the *spirit* of Odd Fellowship. In doing so, I look below all its insignia, and tokens, and historical claims, to the *main principles* of the institution. These principles are **MUTUAL RELIEF—CHARITY**. These principles, I say, are assimilated to the Idea of the Age. What more calculated to meliorate the condition of humanity than a cultivation of the *sympathies* that are deepest and warmest in the human heart? In order to labor sincerely for the elevation of the race, we must be assured that in all its members there is a *capacity* for elevation. But we become assured of that capacity from the fact of human equality, and of the fact of human equality we become aware, by the knowledge of our common brotherhood. But now, let me ask, by what experience do we become confirmed in the knowledge of this common brotherhood? I answer—from the testimony of the *sympathies* that are planted within us. There is a chord in each heart that responds to a like chord strung in every heart. All men are of one great instrument, tuned to exact harmony. Pæans of joy, or psalms of lamentation, jubilee or mourning, as they affect *me*, so will they in a like case affect *you*—so will they affect the remotest dweller of the globe. In this, we cannot be mistaken. It is a primary fact of our nature. We find one great tie of identity running through all.

Our sympathies are the same—the same in the heart of Central Asia as here—the same beneath the Tartar vest as beneath the Ethiop skin. The kiss of love that the brown Nubian bestows upon her babe, is sweet and precious like that of our own mothers by the firesides and thresholds of our land. The salutation of the Arab in the sands of Syria, knits our soul to his, as readily as *here* the warm grasp and the pleasant smile. Fear and hope, love and antipathy, joy and sorrow, are the same the wide world over. A good man means a good man every where.—True, we lose sight of this fact. In the rancor of cruel strife, in the fierceness of bigoted hate, in the urgency of selfishness, we tear at one another like vultures, and dabble in the common blood. But strip aside the rigorous forms of conventionality—lay by the weapons of hate and suspicion, and see what a great *common heart* beats in all bosoms! Let two who have met as enemies in war, meet beside some desert spring, and how changed their demeanor! How quick the eye, clear from blinding passion, detects the one humanity! There they sit down, strangers from the extremes of the globe—there they sit down, on the lap of their old mother, the earth, with the heaven bending over them, like the Love that embraces all nations; and, hand linked in hand, pulse throbbing to pulse, they know that they are *brethren*.

* * * * *

"Now, what application have these remarks to the Institution of Odd Fellowship? We reply, that Odd Fellowship answers to the Idea of the Age, inasmuch as it acknowledges and cultivates the *sympathies*, and iuculcates practical benevolence. Here is its true excellence. Do not lose sight of this truth. I cannot appreciate the effort that would decorate Odd Fellowship with gew-gaws. Neither need we be assiduous to make it out an ancient institution, as old as the "*precious*

tables," or the "*Duke of Lorraine*." This spirit is to be looked upon pretty much as we regard the bibliomaniac, who values a book because it is old, of a rare edition—some ancient black-letter Winkyn de Worde, rather than because of its *spirit* and *truth*; or as we regard some clamorous scion of aristocracy, who points through a long line of ancestry that runs back of the conquest, and prides himself on this, although all that was truly noble in that race died under the armor of some old baron, at Hastings. Now, whether Odd Fellowship is new or old, is a matter of little consequence. In fact I shall regard it full as much if I see it to be a noble offspring of the present age, as if it should stalk out musty with the mould it gathered in damp Lodge meetings of the middle ages. Let us not lose sight of the *spirit* of our Order in paraphernalia and mysteries. I speak not against symbols and tokens. They perform a good office. They act on the principle of *association*, and suggest beautiful truths.—They stand for *Ideas*. They impress those ideas on the memory, and make them attractive and familiar. I would not depreciate these; but I say we must not forget that they are but *forms* and *aids*, nor lose in them the spirit and end of the institution. That spirit and end, I repeat, is the cultivation of *sympathy*, the cherishing of *benevolence*, **MUTUAL RELIEF, CHARITY**—these are main pillars of every Lodge Room.

"It is true, our members are not considered as objects of charity, in the common acceptance of that term. And this being considered, it may be thought that the remarks which I have made, in regard to cheering the sad, raising up the depressed, and aiding the poor, are irrelevant to Odd Fellowship, which is mainly an institution for *Mutual Relief*. But, my brethren, this very Idea of *Mutual Relief* rests upon an acknowledgment of the sympathies. In so much, then, in the sphere

of its influence, it tends to meliorate the condition of humanity. Yes, each one who comes among us may be made better, may, by communion with his brethren, be elevated and warmed into a nobler life. But this is not all. I would have you consider that this principle of mutual relief covers the wide ground.—In the first place, it implies the great Idea of *human equality*. An Odd Fellow, in good standing, is the equal of the poorest or the richest Odd Fellow, inasmuch as he is entitled to his kind regard and his assistance. Now let such an influence be extended through the world.—Where would be your crushing and scourging, your trampling of the weak beneath the strong, your grinding the faces of the poor? If all recognized the equality of men, as Odd Fellowship recognizes in its system of mutual relief, where would be the gross wrongs that now mar and taint the earth? Dwellers in dungeons, pale lips that quiver in lazar houses, groaning bondmen of Europe, answer, where!

"But Odd Fellowship, in this system of Mutual Relief, cultivates the social principle. It brings men together who else, probably, would never know each other; who thus brought into intimacy grow to each other, learn to develop the kindest feelings, to care for each other's woes and wants, that otherwise would have been scattered wide apart on this sea of life. One friend gained, no matter how feeble, how humble, is a great acquisition. Yes, better than the finding of a jewel, the gaining of a coin, is the acquisition of a true friend. Jewel and coin may procure thee hollow-hearted flattery and servile obedience, while they last, but a true friend grows to thee as thou growest old, and weak and faint, and is with thee a light and a cheer, when coin and jewel bring no comfort or hope.—Often, we would say further, the unemployed or hardly-supported workingman,

by cultivating the social ties becomes known and employed, and from the system of mutual relief aids and is aided in turn. And, then, the very satisfying of this social craving in itself—how needful, and how good! O! to be alone—to live, to die alone, in the heart of the vast full city; what so melancholy as this?—It is not like the tree that grows and falls in the midst of the vast, dense forest—here is communion, here is sympathy. It is like the passing sigh of a lonely wind, in the midnight and the rain. * * *

“But, again: Odd Fellowship in its system of mutual relief, often, doubtless, prevents actual suffering and misery.—How long, let us ask, as the circumstances of society now are, must the hard-working mechanic who, when in good health, can procure for himself and family a comfortable subsistence—how long must such an one be laid on the bed of sickness, before his wife and children will be reduced to absolute want? Truly, but a little while. Unceasingly must he strain his sinews; unceasingly must the ringing hammer fall and the roaring forge glow, in order that they may have the means of living. When these cease, the spring of sustenance stops. Soon do they become actual objects of charity. But, on the principle of Odd Fellowship, *mutual relief* steps in here. It is not the least of the keen pangs of poverty, that shame of dependence and alms-receiving which tingles in the manly cheek, and pierces with sharp agony the heart. Often and long will the natural pride of the sufferer lead him to pine and consume in secret, before he will let the world know the fact that the wan cheek and the hollow eye have revealed long before. Yea, at times, that shame will drive men even to crime. They will not beg, let the consequences be what they may; and the fierceness of hunger preying upon our tempted, frail nature, will nerve to the commission of foul deeds the soul that a

short time before would have shrunk with horror from the idea. But, I say, Odd Fellowship steps in here with its system of mutual relief. Through that channel, the sick brother receives the weekly sum that is justly his *due*—to which, in the time of health, he contributed by a pittance of which taken in small proportions from his weekly earnings, he felt not the loss; but now, added to by the like pittance from many sources, it comes to him in a *competent amount*, not as an *alms*, but as his *due*—as the faithful discharge of an *agreement*, to which he was a *party*, and in which he has faithfully fulfilled his share of the contract. Here then, doubtless, mutual relief does actually prevent the very crushing misery which, we have already said, is so inimical to human melioration.

* * * “Thus then, Odd Fellowship, its system of mutual relief, and in its teaching of practical benevolence, cherishes the sympathies of our common nature, and the intimate conviction of these with human melioration we have already shown. These rightly acted upon, *do* meliorate the condition of humanity—*do* relieve and elevate. Besides, in these fundamental principles of Odd Fellowship, lie deep brotherly influences—the cultivation and development of a spirit that loves humanity in all its forms—that cheers onward every effort in its behalf, and puts forth its own hand to the work. True we do this in our own way. We have a *form*—an institution somewhat peculiar. But this is the spirit of the whole—HUMAN MELIORATION. To those who object to us that we are a *secret* society, we reply, that we have no secret that compromises conscience, honor, patriotism, religion. *Our secret lies in our FORMS—not in our ENDS.* We wish to know every where, under all circumstances, those who by the possession of a peculiar tie have a peculiar claim upon us. How shall we know this without

some *token* that those who have not that tie cannot be possessed of? As has been remarked, we do not confine our charity here. As men, as citizens, as Christians, without boasting, we may say that it is to be hoped that we feel the claims of our common humanity upon us, and do our share of what is done towards lightening the burdens of others. But, if *over* and *above* this, we choose to establish a system of mutual relief and peculiar charity, we hope we may do so without an infringement of propriety or suspicion of evil connivance. In order to carry out that system of mutual relief effectually, we must have some knowledge of those to whom that relief is due; we must know this by means that will be practicable in all parts of the world—that will be recognized when spoken language and written document cannot be understood. We must, then, have *signs* and *tokens*.—And, for the sake of improvement in certain principles, these may be multiplied; certain truths, certain ideas, as has already been said, may be impressed upon the mind by symbols. As to our *name*, it is an odd one; but it hides no vulgarity, no sensual convivialities. We have retained the name which the first founders of the Order saw fit to bestow upon it.—We may dispute its accordance with good taste, its euphony, or poetry; but we know that it covers *good principles*—principles that we are not ashamed to have all men know. We have no Lodge revellings, no junkettings or bacchanalias. *Pure cold water* is the only beverage that enters the doors of the Lodge, and of late, to the credit of the Order, is the only liquid that hath lined the tables of our public festivals. For *mutual relief*, for *charity*, for the MELIORATION of HUMANITY, we rear our Lodges in the midst of life's sorrow and its toil, and unfurl our standard, a rainbow-signal, through it all.

"Thus, my brethren, I have endeavored to show, somewhat, the Idea of the

Age, and the accordance of Odd Fellowship with that Idea. Let me say, in conclusion, that we should realize that accordance, and act in sympathy with it.—Much will be expected of us, for we are growing strong. Our Lodge Rooms dot the land. They stand thick in the sunny South, and where the wind sweeps through the wide prairie, and here in the granite North, and yonder they begin to throw out their beacon-lights on the heights of good old Boston. It would take a far flight of an arrow to overshoot our boundary. The Rocky Mountains are our stone-esel! And becoming thus numerous, I say, much will be expected of us. Our motto must be that of your, of my, own native state, whose sun careers proudly to the zenith—EXCELSIOR—HIGHER! In our Lodge Rooms we may drink in much of the spirit of the times, and go out to manifest it in action. That spirit is LOVE. LOVE!—gauntleted arm hath never been so strong, kingly rule hath never held so wide a sway as shall Love, in this new age that is dawning on us. Love!—that enshrined in woman's shrinking form, who crouches to shield her infants from the cold—lighting up the dull eye of the idiot as he clings to his mother's garment—nerving the arm of labor to its task—hath in it a portion of omnipotence. The jagged weapons of battle shall be broken and buried, yet Love shall stand—"the warrior garments rolled in blood" shall be laid aside, yet Love shall do its earnest work. It shall change Aeldama into Eden. I know there is evil around us—I know much gloom overshadows us. But around all beams the horizon of a better morning; through all come gushings of eternal day. Methinks I see advancing a long, true, radiant host. Above the uplifted elements of strife, and through the fading darkness, I read the bright inscription on their banner. It is FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!"

MORAL INFLUENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY BRO. I. D. WILLIAMSON, OF NEW YORK.

THERE are those who knowing little of the real character of our Order suppose that from the fact of our lodge meetings being held at night, its moral influences are bad. Those who visit our meetings are fully aware that such an opinion has no foundation in truth, and for their sake we need not say a word in its refutation. But for others we will give it a passing notice. It should be known in the outset, that our laws positively forbid the entrance of any man within the pale of the Order who does not maintain a good moral character. Upon that point, there must be a thorough examination, and the lodge must be satisfied entirely of the moral worth of a man before he can be admitted. Such are the positive fundamental laws of the institution. It is conceded that there may be instances in which there is too much laxity in the administration of those laws, and still other instances of deception in cases where they are faithfully administered. We cannot know the hearts of others, and for this reason the immoral man may escape a rejection, and come in amongst us because his character is not known at the time. But, after all, the fault is not with the institution. It places good morals as an indispensable requisite to its fellowship; it proclaims its respect for virtue by laying down its laws positive and clear, that none shall enter without it, and thus does all that can be done by the laws of any society to preserve its morals unsullied and pure.

But morality is not only required by our laws as a condition of administration, it is also constantly taught to the initiated in serious lectures, solemn charges and imposing ceremonies. The man who for the first time enters a lodge, will be

met at the threshold with serious and impressive lessons of morality, and those lessons will be repeated, and constantly urged upon his attention, at every succeeding step as he advances through the different degrees and departments of the Order. Hence we say, that with the authority of our positive laws, the influence of our lectures and charges, the promptings of our forms and ceremonies, and the watchfulness of members over one another, all teaching the purest morality, it is not the fault of the institution if it does not improve the morals of every man who comes within its walls. Confident we are, that if in any instance it fails of making a man better, it will not make him worse.

But we are disposed to look at this matter in another light. The influence it is calculated to exert upon the young members is worthy of passing notice.—Those who are engaged in the active business of life, need some source of relaxation, and the young seek amusement, impelled by the very cravings of our nature. It is perhaps a fault in our social system, that we have too much overlooked this law of humanity, and have consequently neglected to provide the means of rational and innocent amusement, so necessary to the cheerfulness and morals of society. It may be a new doctrine to some, but we most fully believe that every thing calculated to make man really contented and happy, is at the same time calculated to improve his morals; for men do not commit crimes when they are in a contented and happy state of mind. Prompted by real or imaginary wants, or impelled by the pains of present misery, men seek relief in crime. Now, in this country we frown too much upon amuse-

ments, and neglecting to provide such as are rational, thousands of young men are driven to the gaming-table or the dens of depravity which abound in our cities, to seek there for amusement, or the means of whiling away a vacant hour. Our institution furnishes a desideratum in this respect. Let the young man become a member of our Order. Let him visit his lodge-room. He meets there with those, and those only who are bound to do him good. He finds no temptations to evil there. He sees no strong drink, no gambling or profanity, no political wranglings, no enticements to vice in any form. He hears no word uttered that is contrary to sound morality. The order and system with which business is transacted will make him familiar with the proceedings of deliberative assemblies. The novelty of our emblems and imposing forms will attract his attention, and if he be serious and thoughtful, the solemnity of our lectures and charges will impress his mind with a sense of duty and teach him lessons of the purest morality. Thus he will become attached to the lodge and its members, and when the evening arrives

he will repair to the hall, to spend his time in communion with brethren, rather than in the public house or the place where temptations abound. And then the very business of the lodge is calculated to exert a favorable influence upon the cause of morality, by calling out the better feelings of the heart. Scarcely will a meeting pass when there will not come up the case of the sick, who are to be watched over and relieved, or of the widow and the orphan, who are to be aided. Thus kind sympathies are enlisted, and the relief of human suffering becomes a habit and a pleasure, and the man retires with a warmer heart, feeling in his inmost soul the truth of the words of the great Teacher, who says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—In whatever aspect therefore, we view the institution, it appears to us calculated to exert some salutary influence. We claim not for it, the sanctifying power of divine truth; but we do claim, that its influence is favorable to the cause of pure and genuine morality, and for this among other reasons, it has claims upon the confidence of the public.

GOLD.—God of the craven heart! Idol of millions, how splendid are thy temples, how zealous are thy worshippers! They gather around thy smile in the morning, they leave not their devotions at midnight! Thou smilest upon them, and they grow mad in the midst of their palaces. They make themselves monarchs in fancy, and conquerors in dreams. Who can withstand thee? Thou ledest the feet of beauty, thou directest the arm of the brave; thy pathway is triumph, thy presence the solace of power. Thou silenced the voice of eloquence when the Macedonian held thee up glittering before the eyes of the orator, and the mistress of the world rose before thee in the bal-

ance! Disposer of empires! thou spreadest over the world! Thy spell nerved the assassin, and urged on the betrayer. Thy yellow visage incited the spoiler when he sought thee on the crimsoned field, and made himself red in the carnage. In all ages thou hast triumphed. Whether in thirty pieces rewarding a Judas, or the sparkling crown on the brow of a tyrant—always alike invincible.—The man of business bows obsequiously to thee. The man of fashion falls before thee, and the miser clutches thy garment as though it were the curtain of heaven! Thou hast a retinue of churches, and an army of slaves. Thou hast a goal of splendid misery, where guilt makes her alliance with death.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND RELIGION.

[From the Covenant.]

WE HAVE often been interrogated upon the subject of relation between Odd Fellowship and the institutions of religion. We have been asked, and we doubt not in perfect sincerity, whether our Order is a religious, or an irreligious society. Our reply to these queries is, that our answer must depend entirely on the sense in which the term "religion" is employed. We are taught on the threshold of our Institution to reverence God, and never to mention his holy name but with such feelings as are due from the creature to the Creator—to be industrious, sober and temperate—to act upon the "golden rule," which requires us to do unto others as we could wish that they should do unto us—to love our fellow-creatures, do them justice in all things, and never to be contented while they are in distress, and it is in our power to relieve them.—These teachings are illustrated and enforced upon our minds in every step of our progress, through the different degrees of the Order.

Thus much for the *theoretical* teachings of the Order. In practice, its funds are devoted to the relief of human suffering in various forms. Its proper officers are, from week to week, and from day to day, engaged in visiting the sick, and ministering to their comfort, closing the eyes of the dying, burying the dead, relieving the widow, and protecting and educating the fatherless children. If this is religion, or any part of it, then as far these things go, ours is a religious institution. But if the enquirer includes in his idea of a "religious society" one that is devoted to the dissemination of certain doctrines, embodied and carried out in detail, so as to form a system of

ethics, or a complete body of divinity, then evidently to his mind our institution lacks some of the elements of religion, and cannot be called a religious society. True, we have what may be called our moral and religious teachings and practices; but these are merely the *great* truths and duties which form the *basis* of all religion and morality, rather than a complete system of religion. Our object is to unite men in the performance of these great duties and the recognition of these great principles, leaving them, without molestation, to believe, propagate and practice, whatever *more* their own understandings and consciences may approve. For this reason, all religious disputes and sectarian discussions and sentiments are strictly prohibited in our Lodges. In the world, a man may attach himself to whatever church he chooses, and believe what peculiar doctrines may appear to him just and true, but in our Lodges he must be an Odd Fellow and a brother, and nothing more nor less.

The conclusion at which we arrive, then, is this. In the ordinary and strict sense of the term, our Order is not a religious society. At the same time, it would be grossly improper to call it an *irreligious* institution, because it recognizes the first principles of religion and morality, practices some important duties, and forbids all that is opposed to the duties we owe to God, our neighbors, or ourselves. So far, then, as it goes in these matters, it may be called religious, but it stops short of what is necessary to make it, strictly speaking, a religious society. In fact it never was designed to supply the place now occupied by the religious institutions of the day. They

have *their* missions, and we *ours*; and though some of our objects are identical, yet there should be no *union* or *strife* between them, except it be the union of mutual charity, and the strife upon the question which shall do most to relieve the wants of the poor and distressed.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts tho' stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present,
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

YANKEE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

THE following is the substance of the story as told by Mr. Dallas, at a public dinner given him at Philadelphia, on his return from Russia, in 1838.

One day a youth, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself, by saying, "I've jest come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the Emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands."

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, "It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I am afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn!" what under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"

"Why, jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension, and when we were there, we thought we'd jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it is not an easy matter for a

stranger to approach the Emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like very well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well the people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the Vice Chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days he again appeared and said, "Well, I've seen the Emperor, and I've had a talk with him. He is a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much, as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand; and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and our railroads, and one thing and another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday, and she's a fine knowing wo-

man, I tell you ; and his daughters are nice gals."

"What did the Empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a thousand questions. Don't you think she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. "But then you do n't *call* them servants," said she; "you call 'em helps." "I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollop?" says I. We had that ere book aboard our ship. The Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself.—"You're right, sir," said he, "you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning." Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same.—I bid 'em good bye, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you did n't calculate to see me run such a rig."

"No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it is a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction."

A few days after, he called again, and said, "I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him, in a mighty fine carriage with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen at St. Petersburg.—

What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say. In a short time this strange visiter reappeared.

"Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the Emperor and bid him good-bye. I thought I could n't do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, "Is there any thing else you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?" I told him I *should* like a peep at Moscow, for I'd heerd considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a site of money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again when I've seen all I want to see! And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas.—What do you think, now?"

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting,—
"Good bye! good bye!"

Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a journal, which he intended to publish.

"TO A WAVE."

BY BRO. WM. D. BAKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

WAVE, in beauty dashing by
Appearing, to be lost for aye;
Com 'st thou from the mermaid's cave?
Tell us, ever changing wave.

Did'st thou wash the dolphin's breast?
Did the sea-gull on thee rest?
Did s't thou, ship-keeling, lave?
Tell us, ever rolling wave.

Art thou from yon pendant cloud,
Now the sun's bright mantling shroud,
Art thou from the sailor's grave,
Tell—but thou hast vanish'd, wave.

Beauty! joy is in thine eye,
Thy proud heart is bounding high,
Health is on thy cheek and—now
Death has settled on thy brow.

Haggard student! what thine aim?
Thou would'st gain a scholar's name—
Thou would'st climb yon rugged hill,
Student—but his heart is still.

Warrior! who art wont to tread
'Mongst the dying and the dead,
Thou art bravest of the brave,
Tell us—lo, the warrior's grave!

Wit! upon whose ready tongue,
Boon companions joyful hung,
Men have feared thy gay retort,
Worms now make thee, wit, their sport.

Wave! thou art an emblem fit
Of student, warrior, beauty wit;
Mortal! but I may be dead
Ere an answer can be said.

TRUSTING IN GOD.

BY BRO. S. G. ANDREWS.

OH, who is there who thinks of heaven,
And hopes to die in holy peace,
Would wish his lov'd one unforgiven,
Because with differing eye she sees
Those hopes alike held out to man
Before the life of each began?

Who, knowing all, and fearing each—
The acts, by Holy Writ forbidden,
Would stay that mercy which can reach
The secret sin—the unforgiven—
If Providence hath good in store,
Or balm on sin itself to pour?

Who will the Great Eternal Mind
Presume to fathom, and prescribe
To whom his mercies shall extend—
How vast his power, his sway how wide?
Man is at best a feeble worm,
And to the dust must soon return.

Then why should he his brother's faith
Arraign, and doubt its saving power?
'T is Christ alone can give us grace,
And cheer us in that darksome hour,
When earth from our dim sight shall flee:
Great God! I place my trust in Thee.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SALUTATORY.—To-day we present our readers with the first number of *The Symbol and Odd Fellow's Magazine*; and though our prospects at starting appear rather dark and discouraging, we cannot but hope we shall receive that assistance and support from the Order as to encourage us to proceed with a light heart and a merry one. We expect but little support out of the Order; and it therefore rests with the brethren to decide whether we shall be sustained or not. The rapid progress which the Order has made among us, and the elevated position that it now occupies, would seem to warrant the belief that a publication devoted to its interests and welfare, would meet with ample success. That a publication of this kind, properly conducted, would greatly tend to the promotion and prosperity of Odd Fellowship, will not, we think, be denied. We are as yet but in our infancy, and it requires the utmost unanimity both of thought and of action in order that we may the more successfully carry out those noble and heaven-born principles which Odd Fellowship inculcates. It is evident that in proportion as the principles of our Order are made known, in like proportion they will tend to bind the more strongly the *links* that bind Odd Fellows together—**FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.** And it appears to us that the most effectual way to accomplish this end, is through the Press.

We have heard it said that objections have been made by some in regard to to publications devoted to Odd Fellowship, on the ground that, as it is a secret society, so likewise should all matters concerning it be kept secret. This we consider to be an erroneous idea. We think the **PRINCIPLES** of our Order cannot be too widely disseminated, and this we believe to be the most essential part

of the institution. They are principles, which, if lived up to, would make men more happy and humane than those of any other institution on the face of the globe. They are all that men can desire to be possessed of; they are coeval with Christianity—they emanated from Deity itself; and any attempt to suppress the progress of these principles, is but an attempt to suppress the progress of Christianity itself. Therefore, we can conceive of no other reason why any brother should object to publications devoted to the Order, other than a fear that the signs, tokens, &c., will be revealed to the public. But until it is seen that something of the kind is attempted, let us not be so uncharitable as to even harbor a thought that a brother Odd Fellow will not forever keep inviolate the trust so sacredly entrusted to his keeping.

We have spoken of the rapid progress of Odd Fellowship. But there still remains in community a strong prejudice against any institution or society which bears the least semblance to secrecy. But we believe that this prejudice arises from ignorance—from a want of a knowledge of the true principles of our Order, and not from any wish or desire to suppress or keep back any thing which may have a tendency to benefit their fellow-man.—To conciliate the prejudiced, and to instruct the ignorant, will be one of the principal objects of the **SYMBOL**; and we shall endeavor to do this in a spirit of candor and sincerity, for we believe there may be, and are, those, who honestly believe institutions like and similar to ours, to be injurious; and to adopt any other mode to convince them of their error, will have a contrary effect. This ever has been, and always will be the case, however righteous the cause which prompts to such means may be.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN MASSACHUSETTS.

—It has been but about a year and a half since the revival of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts. At that time, but some half dozen brothers formed themselves into a Lodge—or club, rather—and held their meetings in a small room of a dwelling house in this city. Gradually new members were added to this little band, until it was found necessary to engage a larger place for meeting. In the month of June following, a charter was granted them by the Grand Lodge, under the name of Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1. A room was leased in Amory Hall, which would seat upwards of a hundred persons. This was thought sufficiently large to accommodate all who might become members, making allowance for those who might withdraw from the Lodge, for the purpose of forming new ones. Their numbers continued to increase so rapidly, however, that it was found to be impossible to seat their own members, much less brothers from other Lodges. The Lodge has recently leased the Encampment Hall, a very large and convenient room, and which is capable of seating two hundred persons. In the meantime three other Lodges have been formed in this city,—the Suffolk, Siloam and Oriental,—and seven others in the State, namely, two at Lowell, two at Cambridge, one at Woburn, one at Ware, and one at Charlestown. We cannot say for a certainty how many members these various Lodges number, but think they will not fall much short of one thousand.

The Suffolk Lodge has leased a very spacious and elegant hall at the corner of Washington and Essex streets, called the Covenant Hall. This hall is fitted up in a very superior manner, and will accommodate at least two hundred and fifty persons. The Siloam Lodge also hold their meeting at this place. The Oriental Lodge meet at Encampment Hall.

Thus it will be perceived that our cause

is onward. Boston alone numbers five hundred Odd Fellows, good men and true, and the cry is, "still they come." And as far as we can learn, this is the case in the various other Lodges throughout the State. In Charlestown, for instance, in the Bunker Hill Lodge, which has been installed but some four or five weeks, and which at the time composed but nine members, we are now told number upwards of forty !

No one, who has the good of the Order at heart, cannot but rejoice that such is its prosperity among us. It requires no great force of the imagination to look forward to the time when Massachusetts will not be behind any other State in the Union in point of numbers in this matter. She will now, in a great measure, make up in spirit what she lacks in numbers. The Yankees have the organ of go-ahead-a-tiveness remarkably developed, and our brethren at the South and West must not feel alarmed at the idea of being outdone in this business. It is a second nature with them, and whatever they undertake, success seldom fails to crown their efforts.

UNION AND HARMONY OF ODD FELLOWS.

—One of the most important things that Odd Fellows should keep constantly in mind is the necessity of union of feeling and love to one another. Without these, we labor in vain to further the purposes of the institution. True, among so vast a multitude as now compose the Order, it is not to be supposed but that differences of opinion will exist among its members in relation to many minor affairs relative to the Order. As our numbers increase, and men of different feelings and conflicting interests, meet together, this will be expected. But in these little differences, the grand object itself should not for a moment be lost sight of. We are all engaged the same noble cause—all professing to labor for

the accomplishment of the same object ; and in doing this, we should never suffer petty jealousies or little quarrels which almost always imperceptibly creep into all societies, be the means of causing division between brother and brother. The glorious motto, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH, which Odd Fellowship has adopted, should be engraven on the heart of every Odd Fellow ; and if at any time a brother feels himself agrieved by the conduct of another brother, let him at once go to him and converse with him in a spirit of love and forgiveness, and when it is ascertained who is in error, let the acknowledgment immediately be made. By this means, much of the unkind feeling existing between them, would cease, and Love and Friendship reign in its stead.

As brotherhood, we are engaged in a great and noble work ; and we must, in order to meet with success, live up to the principles of our Order, as far as in us lies. Our principles are before the world, and we are watched with eagle-eyes. Let it not be said of us that we *profess* one thing and *practise* another. Let us show to the world, that the motto inscribed on our banner are words of real meaning with us, and not placed there to allure and deceive the uninitiated.

"United we stand, divided we fall," is another motto which Odd Fellows should always bear in mind. Members of different Lodges should always meet on the most friendly terms ; and the utmost care should be taken not to prejudice the mind of a brother either against or in favor of any particular Lodge ; for a feeling thus engendered in one mind, will tend more to disturb the harmony and peace in the Order, than almost any thing else. Each and every member should consider himself on an equality as it respects the welfare and prosperity of the society, and the only rivalry that should exist between them, should be, which can do most for the good of the Order.

☞ WE intend devoting our time for a week or two to the procuring of subscribers ; consequently, our next number will not be issued until the first of next month. After that time, we hope to have no occasion to delay its regular publication.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Woburn.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND LODGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE.—Daniel Hersey, M. W. G. M. Thomas Barr, R. W. D. G. M. Solon Jenkins, R. W. G. W. Albert Guild, R. W. G. Sec'y. Hezekiah Prince, R. W. G. Treas'r. Eber Smith, R. W. G. C. Tho's F. Norris, W. G. Chaplain.

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ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Jos. B. Frost, P. G. Wm. Hilliard, N. G. Edward Tyler, V. G. G. L. Montague, Rec. Sec'y. F. H. Bowers, Permanent Sec'y. Wm. Durant, Treasurer. Jas. I. T. Coolidge, Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4.—Samuel Slack, P. G.—John Tufts, N. G. Wm. C. Brooks, V. G. Wm. E. Farmer, Sec'y. Brooks, Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—P. G. John Schohler, N. G. Michael Kenny, V. G. J. C. Waldo, Sec'y. Ichabod Fessenden, Treasurer. ———, Chaplain.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—J. Vaughton, P. G. E. H. Smith, N. G. Dexter Buckman, V. G. O. W. Badger, Sec'y. W. G. Alley, Treas'r. J. C. Waldo, Chaplain.

BUNKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—Benedict Anthon, P. G. J. Henry Browne, N. G. Jacob K. Dunham, V. G. Isaac Kendall, Sec'y. E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—P. G.—Alex'r Green, N. G. Wm. W. Curtis, V. G. Wm. Munroe, Sec'y. George Sanderson, Treas'r. ———, Chaplain.

MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—P. G. C. S. Dickinson, N. G. Thomas C. Gilmore, V. G. A. Rolfe, Sec'y. S. D. Emerson, Treas'r. ———, Chaplain.

(It will be perceived that the above list is very incomplete. If any of the brothers will favor us with perfect lists, we should be pleased to insert them.)

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Thursday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Saturday.
Mechanic, No. 11, " "
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Tuesday.

THE SYMBOL.

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THE ODD FELLOW'S GRAVE.

BY F. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

The life-streams of the earth, thy thirst
Shall never quench, till that bright morning shine
That bursts the sleep of ages.

IN the month of September, in the year 184—, travelling towards the interior of Connecticut, I had occasion to stop at the pleasant and beautiful village of H., a sort of rural paradise of itself, as far as nature had constituted the elements, consisting of green extending intervalles, and undulating pastures, broken and vine-clad defiles—mountain scenery, and dark green woodlands extending along the road for miles, relieved by here and there a rustic dwelling place, a neat cottage, or the more substantial fabric of brick.—As we neared the village, the spires of its churches were seen glistening in the departing sunlight, or hidden from view by the turnings and meanderings of the “village post road.” All nature was tranquil, and all around seemed to breathe of an unseen but all-creating divinity. It was determined by our party to tarry for the night at the pleasant village of H—, and to improve the hour of sunlight left us, in strolling around the village. A competent and agreeable guide offered in the person of an elderly man of some sixty years, whose white

and flowing locks gave him a mentor-like appearance, while his open and bland countenance was a ready passport to an agreeable intimacy which was at once established among us. Placing ourselves under the conduct of our venerable mentor, we passed an hour or two in the most delightful *ramblings*. After having paid a hasty visit to the noted and curious of the place, and were about retracing our homeward pathway, a suggestion from our venerable guide brought us to a rustic “wicket gate,” the wood-vined entrance to the quiet of the village grave-yard. After a moment's contemplation of this chaste and beautiful gateway to the tomb, covered with the fragrant woodbine, and festooned with clematis and evergreen, we entered to muse upon the last resting place of man—to look upon this city of the dead—to read the mementos of men, whose destiny ended not here—but who lived beyond the confines of their narrow bed; who had lived, acted, loved, and died; who had gone hence to be no more on earth. To look upon the way-marks of

death came we here—to muse on the end of human greatness, to think upon our own destiny; and from the contemplation, return, wiser and better men.

It was the hour of the sun's setting, the cool zephyrs of evening played upon the willow, and the aspen,—the myrtle seemed to gather a deeper green—the cypress waved gently before the breath of twilight,—light gently faded from the scene;—I was alone with my conductor. The old man upon perceiving my interest still unabated, and my curiosity rather excited than diminished by the scenes around me, remarked, while pointing toward the full moon just emerging from the horizon, "Yonder pale luminary will further aid you in decyphering these half effaced inscriptions, upon whose time-worn face, the friendly chisel of 'Old Mortality,' has never fallen—and," continued he, "If the poor aid a feeble old man can grant, will be of any service to you, it is freely given." Assuring him that his kindness was fully appreciated, we proceeded to investigate the early history of many who here slept that long last sleep, which knows no awakening, till the resurrection morn shall break the slumbers of the unnumbered myriads, who sleep beneath the clods of the valley.

It was a beautiful churchyard, (if I can be allowed the expression), such an one as one loves to contemplate—to look upon in life—beneath whose hallowed stillness one would like to repose in death—when we

*This grovelling world shall quit and seek the clime,
Where Life 's Eternal, glorious and sublime!*

II.

*"Earth hath hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one:
Through thy gate the mortal flow,
Has for countless years roll'd on."*

"Years have passed," continued my venerable guide, "since I first became a resident of this quiet and beautiful village. To me the tenants of these graves were

intimately known;—their history, and their fate witnessed by me. From the quiet of these graves, there arises before me the varied and chequered remembrances of the past—histories of men, that would fill a volume inexhaustless in the details of 'by-gone days,'—tales of love, and of hate, tales of hope, of disappointed expectation, of sufferings untold, of penury and neglect—tales of the broken hearted—tales of the penitent and uncomplaining. Alas! earth is filled with trouble; sorrow's tears have fallen upon these quiet graves, and sighs breathed here that revealed the full heart's affection. Here have I stood in this churchyard,—here behold at the brink of the newly-opened grave, the sorrows of the strong man bursting forth in the sobs of uncontrollable grief—here, too, the frail form of beauty has lingered to catch a last glimpse of the loved departed—and here also the aged man, the man of many sorrows, has followed his dear departed, and has drank his earthly cup of bitterness in thankfulness, and hope, for in it he recognized the promise of eternal life; to him the sweet echo 'we shall meet again' was as a strong staff in the day of his tribulation; he could fully realize the strength and beauty, the full pathos of these strains of a departed and gifted sister of song, attend in the contemplation of the dominions of death.

*"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither as the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast ALL, for thine own O, Death!"*

"Beneath this marble slab," said the old man, "repose the ashes of one who came as a stranger among us, the 'mystic' token of fraternal affection—of changeless fidelity. Inscribed upon this stone, constitute the last tribute of brotherly affection and enduring regard.—He came among us a stranger, journeying to the metropolis of New England; he tarried for a few days to wander among the green hills, and shady vales of

the village of H——. Possessing a highly cultivated mind and an easy and winning address, he soon gained the esteem and confidence of all with whom he associated—to him this was a favorite, a much loved spot, and many were the hours spent by him in this church-yard, doubtless in the contemplation of that last great event which alike awaiteth all men. And although short his tarry with us, his manly virtues still live in the sweet remembrances of many hearts.

"Whether the presentiment of the nearness of that event to himself, was foreshadowed or not, we cannot say—but this much we do know, that he often reverted to his own, 'far-off' home, in the sweet regions of the Southern clime, and expressed a desire, should he not again revisit those scenes of his affections, that his last remains might lie in quiet repose beneath the shade of this evergreen tree.*

"Soon, alas! were his expectations verified. Returning from a walk one afternoon somewhat indisposed, he retired to rest at an earlier hour than usual; but disease had fastened itself upon him, and the parched lip, and burning brow, plainly indicated the fever within. For weeks he lingered upon a bed of disease; for days he breathed in accents long to be remembered, of his home, and spoke of those dear ones upon whose faces he should look no more in life:

And oft array'd in all their genuine truth,
Rose the sweet visions of his early youth:—
More bright—more beautiful these visions rise,
Till Death's relentless Angel clos'd his eyes.

But he died not friendless and alone.—The chilling charities of the world were not his solace in the dark and trying hour. Although of his near kindred none were present to smooth his passage to the tomb, the unwearied tenderness of his brethren of the 'mystic tie,' was his solace still;

*A request which was strictly complied with by his brethren. A neat iron railing also encloses this slab, while the enclosed space is filled with evergreen, myrtle, &c.

and the tender care of that 'covenant band,' was to his troubled soul like an oasis in the desert of life—a green spot, whose brightness changed not, although the damps of death were fast gathering around him. The soothing hand of fraternal affection ceased not until the cold sweat of death gathered upon his forehead, and the freed spirit sought the presence of the ETERNAL ONE. He was indeed a stranger, but not unwept was he laid away in the repose of the grave. A long line of the brotherhood followed him to his resting place, and deposited the evergreen of remembrance upon his grave.

Yes, they come—

"They come, a sad regalled throng,
Moving with tardy step along;
With mourning badge and crape-bound sash,
Reflecting in the sun-light's flash.
Still on they come with solemn pace,
And grief sits throned on every face;
For now they bear with measured tread,
A brother to the silent dead!
One who in yonder mystic hall,
Had promptly leap'd to duty's call;
Whose spirit from their 'Order' riven,
Had joined the Eternal One in heaven;
They now with feelings warm and true,
Have come to sigh a last adieu!"

"In that solemn funeral service, all felt that the 'triple chord' had been broken,—the 'golden chain' riven,—a spirit gone to a long eternity. We felt, indeed, and in truth, that we should meet him not again until we met him in that Celestial Lodge above, where tears shall fall no more, where all sorrowing shall be forgotten in the full glory of the redeemed.

"Such," continued my friend, "is the brief history of him who sleeps beneath this stone. He was a brother in affliction, whose sorrows were assuaged by the hand of true benevolence. That benevolence was never more practically illustrated than in the instance of mortality before us. Often did young FREEMAN advert to the practical benevolence of the Order of which he was a member, and as often did he recommend it to the attention and regard of the philanthropic and benevolent of community, as an institution that was eminently calculated to make men wiser and better in an association than

they would otherwise be in an individual capacity. And may the last words he ever uttered, 'Be ye therefore kind-hearted one towards another,' be cherished and engraven upon the heart,—be

illustrated in the lives and conversation of every Odd Fellow, so that when we also repose in death, it may be said of us in deed, and in truth, a BROTHER has gone home to his rest."

DANGERS OF PROSPERITY.

BY BRO. I. D. WILLIAMSON, OF NEW YORK.

It frequently happens that prosperity is more dangerous than adversity. The one is borne with fortitude, and excites to persevering action: the other sometimes puffs up with pride, and induces supineness and insensibility to real evils. This principle is as true in its application to associations or societies, as to individuals; and it may not be amiss to make it the theme of a brief article for the consideration of the fraternity to whose interests our magazine is devoted.

Great, and perhaps even unparalleled, has been the success of our Order within a few years past. From obscurity and weakness it has sprung up as if by magic, to strength and importance, and now claims a respectable position among the benevolent and charitable institutions of the age. Its numbers have increased with an amazing rapidity, and its treasures have augmented to an amount capable of performing many ministries of mercy and kindness. The public attention is directed to the institution, and many are flocking to our doors and asking admission to our temples. These are pleasing matters of contemplation to those who feel interested in the prosperity of the institution. We think, however, it should not be forgotten, that although this state of things is desirable, it is not without its dangers. The institution has indeed stood the day of adversity, and passed unharmed through the very furnace of

opposition. That furnace has been heated burning and hot; and through its vehement heat the institution has passed, and not even the smell of fire is upon its garments. We may therefore safely say, that it has proved itself well able to abide the fury of the dark storm of adversity. But how well it can endure the cloudless skies and the clear sunshine of the day of prosperity remains to be seen. There is, doubtless, some danger that in the present rapid increase of our numbers we shall not be sufficiently careful of the character and standing of those that are admitted. One bad member will destroy more than five "good men and true" can build; for there are those who will point to him as a specimen of the body, and attribute his follies or crimes to the influence of the institution itself. It becomes us then, to guard with a tireless and sleepless vigilance the gates of the temple and settle it as a fixed principle, to be adhered to—without one hair's breadth of deviation—that no man of bad or doubtful character can pass the threshold of the Order. The standard should be raised high, and be sustained by strong hands and honest and fearless spirits.

We may also be in danger from another quarter. The intoxicating influence of prosperity may induce us to neglect the due and proper administration of our rules and regulations. The truth is, we are strong only in virtue, prosperous

only in its increase, and secure only when our laws are enforced, and our avowed principles carried out in practice. Our laws and regulations are eminently good, and when faithfully administered they cannot fail of securing our safety and permanent prosperity. Virtue is our safeguard, and harmony and good order will carry us through every storm; but disorder and immorality will positively destroy the proudest structure that man ever raised on earth.

How impressive are the lessons of history on this subject? Where now is Rome? Time was when she sat upon the throne of nations—kings were subjects, crowns her playthings, and her treasury was filled with the price paid for her friendship. Her heroes, and statesmen, and poets, and orators raised the admiration and excited the emulation of the world. Time was, when the eloquence of a Cicero in the Roman senate could decide the fate of nations, and reach with its power the four quarters of the globe. But where now is Rome? She has gone down to destruction. The crown has fallen from her head and left it naked and bare. Her strong arm is palsied and cold, and the sceptre it swayed is changed to the small dust of the balance. And what was it but disorder and vice, induced by the very excess of prosperity, that wrought her overthrow?

Where now is Greece? Once she was the emporium of science, and the "eye of the world." The arts flourished under her care—and she also had her heroes, and statesmen, and poets, and orators whose names are inscribed upon the highest niche in the temple of fame. But her laurels are faded, and her head is low in the dust. The dark raven broods in her desolated halls, and the bittern and the owl over the ruins of her temples; and the sculptured marble that bore the impress of her art, is eaten by

the moth of ages and commingling with the dust. If we examine the history of Greece, and ask the record of ages why she fell, there will come up a voice from the sepulchres of her wise men saying, that she became intoxicated with her prosperity, and rioting in disorder and vice went down to her grave with rapid strides. And if Rome in her glory and Greece in her wisdom, those stupendous temples of human greatness, reared in strength, and garnished with the riches of the world, found the seeds of their overthrow in the very prosperity in which they rejoiced; and if they fell at last through a want of good order and virtue in their people, should not the example admonish the friends of our beloved institution to beware and avoid similar disasters? These reflections are commended to the members of our institution with a desire, that they may in some degree elicit their attention to the matter presented, and lead them to keep a guard upon every avenue of danger. Pleased and gratified as we are with the rapid progress of the Order, and its great outward prosperity, we can but feel desirous that internal policy and action should be of such a character as to secure its permanency.

There may also be danger of divisions and dissensions in the Order. It is granted that the bond of union in our institution is strong; but it may, nevertheless, be broken. As we rapidly increase, and men of different feelings and conflicting interests are brought together, there is danger that divisions will come in and disturb our peace, and it requires no spirit of prophecy to foresee that they will end in our ruin. We should therefore flee as from the pestilence itself the first approach of any thing, and every thing, that looks like dissension or division. "United we stand, divided we fall," is a motto to which we should ever give the most earnest heed. It is to be ex-

pected of course, that there will be different opinions upon various questions that may from time to time arise ; but if these are met in the spirit of mutual concession and kindness, there is no necessity that

they should lead to any thing like a division. Let union pervade our counsels, and we shall go on to greater and yet greater conquests.

Original.

ON THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE AGE.

It has been often said, and with much truth, that we live in a remarkable age. The historian of these times, will find his powers taxed as never before, when he comes to bring a true and just analysis to the events which are at present transpiring. The student of history, may indeed force from us, our admiration, of many a brilliant era in the past, but he must confess that there is nothing in it to compare in moral grandeur, with the events we are now witnessing.

To say nothing of the preeminence of the age in other respects, let us look for a moment at what is emphatically its crowning glory. It is an age of benevolence, of moral and social reform, and of true, practical philanthropy. In past ages, knowledge was the privilege of the *few*. It was reserved for the philanthropy of the present age, to extend the means of education to *all*, of every grade and condition in life. However tyrannical may be the rule of the monarch over the *bodies* of his subjects, he dares not, at this day, keep their *minds* in slavery. It is painful for the philanthropist to cast his eye back upon the corruption of past ages, and to see the degradation into which man had fallen. Mind—immortal mind—cramped and crippled—and fettered to the dust, seemed to have forgotten that it was “an emanation from the Godhead caught.” It had sold its

high birthright for the veriest trifles. To think freely and independently, was a crime, which could scarcely be atoned for by the tortures of the scourge and the faggot. The ambitious *few*, knowing the tendency of knowledge to elevate and equalize mankind, held the *mass* of the people in fetters of ignorance and superstition. But now, upon the dark night of bigotry and intolerance, has broken the dawn of a better day, and the hoary superstitions of the past, have melted away, like frost-work before the sun. The gorgeous ceremonies of idolatrous worship, and the hecatombs of human victims smoking on the altars of sin, have given place to a sterner and more sublime faith. Man has burst from his slumber of ages, and stands forth regenerated and disenthralled. He obeys the rule of no fellow-man. He knows no superior but God. “All men are born free and equal.” This is the principle, the enunciation of which has shaken the thrones of tyrants, and, to establish which, men have been found to cross “a thousand leagues” of ocean in exile from their homes, and to peril “their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors.”

This age illustrates in its true beauty that noble sentiment, “Man was not born to live alone.” He cannot now wrap himself in freezing selfishness, and stifle all his natural sympathy. He can no

longer turn a deaf ear to the cry of the distressed, to the pleading of the desolate and forsaken. He must now be active in alleviating their distresses, and in satisfying their wants. It is benevolence,—heaven-born benevolence, which is making “the desert to bloom and blossom as the rose”—which is pouring light upon the eyes of the blind, and making this otherwise benighted world, a paradise of love. It has dotted the earth, with the trophies of its triumphs. At its command have sprung up the church, the hospital, and the asylum. The lame have been bid to walk, the dumb to speak, and the deaf to hear. It has sent its ambassadors to the farthest limits of the globe, and erected the monuments of its praise in every land. It has poured the light of the gospel upon the benighted heathen. It has substituted the peaceful and heavenly religion of Jesus, for the revolting rites of idolatrous worship. Wherever it has found man, it has found a brother, and with warm heart and willing hand, it has sought his amelioration the world over. It has come to the sick man on his couch, and said to him, “Rise, take up thy bed and walk.” It has hovered like a guardian angel, round his dying pillow. It has called back the rose to the pallid cheek of the invalid. It has whispered of heaven and immortality to the victim of despair. See how it is raising from the depths of vice and infamy the abandoned drunkard, and making him conscious of his true dignity. This alone would mark this age, and give it an envied pre-eminence.

Among the benevolent associations of this age, the order of “Odd Fellows” stands prominent, and claims the merit of having been active in this glorious

reformation. Benevolence is our grand watchword. But though much has been done by us, the spirit of the age is calling loudly upon us for increased exertions. Much remains yet to be done, for the great cause of humanity, before we shall have completed our work, and answered all which is expected of us, and all which the principles we profess demand of us. The waters have not yet abated from off the face of the earth. The dove which we have sent forth still returns to us. We cannot yet rest upon our arms. The victory is not yet won. When we shall have banished sin from the world—when vice and error shall find no resting place among us—when the orphan shall need no longer our protection, and the widow have no tear for us to dry—When “Friendship, Love and Truth” shall have taken complete and triumphant possession of every heart—when the immortal mind, with all its godlike energies, shall have been wrested from the thralldom of ignorance and error, with which it has so long mated itself—when it shall have been loosed from its bondage to the gross and material elements of our nature, and have had its passions purified, and its aims ennobled, by the humanizing influences of a higher cultivation—when animosity and party strife shall have ceased—when man thirsts no longer for the blood of his fellow-man—then, and not until then, can we say. “We have fought the good fight, we have won the victory.” Until then, let us never relax our exertions. Let us rather gird ourselves anew to the conflict, and offer ourselves as ready allies to the spirit of benevolence which is now abroad in our land.

F. G.

MAN, SOCIETY, AND LARGE CITIES.

—BY REV. BRO. E. H. CHAPIN, OF CHARLESTOWN.

— One that lives in singleness of folly,
His *summum bonum* is his melancholy;
A stray sheep from the fold, a piece of earth
Digg'd from a quarry, where the lead takes birth;
A lute untun'd, a strange mysterious fable
Of one unsociably sociable.

JORDAN—quoted by Brydges.

MUCH has been said of man in the state of nature, and many, perhaps, have imbibed the idea that this state of nature is that in which he ranges the woods and swims the streams, free from all human restraints. But this, while it may be a state of nature, is not, exclusively, *the* state of nature. Nay, if living in accordance with nature, means living according to our best capacities, then this savage roaming and foraging is *contrary* to nature. For, we affirm, man has in him a capacity for society, and, in proportion as he becomes educated—in proportion as his faculties are drawn out, and become active—that capacity for society manifests itself.

Man is capable of being considered by himself, separate from society, but society cannot be considered as distinct from man. Society is man developed and acting. Society grows out of man, not man out of society. He is not *forced* into society by laws from *without*—but he *goes* into society from an *inherent* impulse. Laws, institutions, customs, are but transcripts of the characters of the *men*, who framed, or who support them.

What, then, do philosophers mean, who speak of the savage, the isolated state, or the *natural* state of man? If they mean that this is his *primitive* state, the first stage in which humanity is developed—there are some who will dispute their premises even here, and con-

tend that the savage state is but a wreck, a marred and disjointed fragment of a better fabric, that *preceded* it. But we will not pause to discuss this point. We repeat, if these philosophers mean only, that the savage, or isolated state is the primitive state of man, we shall not dispute with them. But, if they mean that it is the only state in which the true nature of man is developed, we pronounce their doctrine an error, and point to *the very fact that society exists*, as a refutation of their assertion. How comes there to be any society at all, if it is an unnatural state of things? It is not pertinent to say, that this mode of argument would prove that all things that are in existence are not merely natural, but *right*, and of course, all the errors and wrongs that afflict humanity—it avails nothing, I say, to remark this, for, if their evils are natural they are but the over-growth, or excrescence of true principles. But society is itself a principle inherent and fundamental in human nature. We have shown that society is no abstract thing, that may exist independently—that without man there would be no society—no busy towns, no lofty palaces, no white sails dotting the sea, no rail-cars rushing over the land, no halls of science, no seminaries of learning, no churches. All these have grown out of an inherent principle in man—and that is the SOCIAL PRINCIPLE. Laws and institutions do not form and develop themselves—they are made,

unmade and altered by men. Good laws and customs prove that good men exist. The rejection of defective institutions and the establishment of better ones evince the fact that *humanity* is improving, since the fact of human progress, and when a revolution comes, in storm and fire, and sweeps away the rubbish of old ages, we trace that revolution not to any new life agitating in those ancient relics, but to a new impulse in men. Again we say, society is more developed, and its very existence proves that we are naturally social beings.

Yes, we are so. To all men are we drawn by invisible chords within us, strong to all sympathies, to all joys and sorrows—by which we rejoice with our brother of Japan, or weep with the red Indian by his hundred streams, as spontaneously as with our relative, or our friend. “In vain thou deniest it,” says Carlyle, “thou *art* my brother. Thy very hatred, thy very envy, those foolish lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humor: what is all this but an inverted sympathy? Were I a *steam-engine*, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.”

Here, then, are these two facts—man and society; or, rather, this one fact, that as a primary principle in the nature of every man, there are relations between him and other men. But, we proceed to remark, circumstances affect these relations. The relations themselves are not *altered*, any more than the relations between parent and child, brother and sister, are altered. But the relations are *affected*—we acknowledge their impulses more or less spontaneously, *according to the position in which we are placed as it regards the great mass of our fellow-creatures*. Now, if one were shut down in a dungeon deep in the heart of the earth, with no music of the human voice to greet the ear—no sound of human

footsteps—if for three years, two, one, that prisoner should thus be separated from his race, with what a thrill of rapture would he greet the sight of a man! We can scarcely conceive it. He would be ready to clasp him to his bosom—he would part from him in bitter agony. And his emotion would rise *spontaneously*, before that prisoner knew whether his fellow was friend or foe, gentle or cruel. But in the *street*—in the busy, crowded thoroughfare, a man passes us, and how little do we heed him!—how little do we care for his coming or his going! Yet, in neither of the instances specified are the relations between us and our fellow men *changed*—in both instances man is our neighbor; but *circumstances affect that relation*, and our feelings in the one case have far more depth and intensity than in the other.

Having considered this truth, that the social relations are affected by the positions of men, let us illustrate the fact by considering what influence large cities have upon those relations. It is plain, then, that there is less opportunity for general intimacy, and true-hearted sympathy with our fellows in the city, than elsewhere. In a country-town, or village, the inhabitants are, for the most part, acquainted with one another—know each other's character, circumstances, history. We do not say that all the results of this state of things are to be desired—the gossip and scandal so rife under such circumstances—the officiousness and prying curiosity. Still, in a country village you will observe true sympathy and intimacy much more prevalent than in a large city. If a neighbor is sick or suffers, the rest know it and seek to relieve him. If he dies, the whole village, as it were, follow his remains, respectfully and sorrowfully to the grave. But the state of things must ever be somewhat contrary to this, where multitudes congregate. If

rightly regarded, it is right that it should be so. The circles of individual sorrow must necessarily be narrow, or the whole mass would, at the same time, be incapacitated by grief from the ordinary avocations of life. If all were equally affected by the same grief, there would be nothing but one continual wail and mourning. But 'it is not the right or wrong of this state of feeling that we are discussing, but the fact that that this state of feeling exists. From the nature of things, there cannot be so general an intimacy or sympathy in the community of a city, as elsewhere. Enter some back street, and perhaps each story of every house in that street will be occupied by a separate family, who know no more of the history, the wants or the woes of the other families beneath their roof, than if they were in another land, and spoke another tongue. And in the streets, they meet like waves and part again, scattered wide asunder—new faces continually succeeding—for days one will see nothing but strange forms, meet no warm grasp, no smile. All are bent on something, all are brought together by some impulse, yet few know, and fewer care for one another.

Again, there is naturally much selfishness incident to the living in a large city. We will not say that there is, in proportion, more meanness, or avarice, or misanthropy; but that the objects that call men together in a city, the circumstances by which they are surrounded, are more calculated to engender a feeling of self-interest and prudential action, than is the case elsewhere. For, what builds up and populates a city? Trade, business, barter and sale. And what is the object of trade, of barter and sale? Self-interest, certainly—gain, competency. This is chiefly thought of by those who toil and traffic in the city. This sends out the laborer with his tools so early in the morning. This keeps up the ceaseless

hum of many wheels. This is the cause of the clangor that resounds from forge and loom, from shop and wharf. And, then, the means of living are to be bought with money—the rent and food and clothing are high—a more expensive living seems called for, a greater pride of equipage and dress is fostered. Now these things affect the relations between man and man in a city. The fact already stated, that there is less intimacy between men, increases this selfish spirit. Where the afflicted are known to us, our sympathies are roused, and our prudential and calculating sentiments are not so strong.

Once more; we would observe that there is more opportunity for fraud and imposition in a large city than elsewhere. Not being acquainted with most who dwell with us in the bosom of the city, absorbed in our own pursuits, and losing sight of thousands in the vast community, we may often be deluded by the garb and outward appearance of woe. The supplicant comes we cannot tell whence—he goes we know not whither. He may take our pittance to some cellar of debauch, some den of vice, some accumulative hoard of robbery, laughing at our credibility—and amid that great multitude what shall we know of it? Thus, instead of relieving affliction, in such a case, we are, innocently, pandering to vice and crime.

And, moreover, the vices and crimes that induce to these frauds, are more prevalent in large cities than elsewhere. Reduced to beggary at the gaming-table—driven to despair by some almost detected defalcation—or urged by a guilty avarice—men don the weeds of beggary, and shamelessly go out to deceive the benevolent and generous, with a face of well dissembled woe, and forced, unnatural tears. A large city swarms with vagrants like these, and this fact affects the relations between man and man, for it

begets suspicion, indignation, and an honest distrust, that otherwise would not exist, and that often refuses even real affliction for fear of imposture.

Thus while we have the fact that tender and universal relations between man and man do exist, we have this other fact, that these relations are peculiarly affected in large cities. While many fraudulently live upon good natured charity, and indulge in the gross enjoyments of vice purchased by their bounty, we must also remember that a still larger class live, toil and suffer almost alone—their tears never oozing through those high brick walls that force life in, their groans never reaching those densely-packed hearts that hurry forever by. We must remember, at least, that this would be the result, if no specific measures were taken to kindle a social spirit and to minister needed relief. But still there can be no change of principle. The relations between man and man are the same in the vast, full city, as in the less peopled place. That man, so mean in his garb, pale and almost crushed beneath his-burden, is verily thy neighbor, thy brother—and that shivering, haggard form, crouching in corners and searching the very kennels for food, enshrines an immortal soul. If this were not so, if change of place involved a change of nature—then duty might be changed too. If we could shut out from reason and conscience the truth that the sufferer is a *man*—that every wound humanity feels quivers upon fine-strung nerves, and sears a beating heart—that man, born for social delights, yearns for those delights wherever he may be—that men will hunger and thirst in London or New York as much as in Sahara, or on the desert peaks of Himmaleh—that cold waits not alone on the shrinking moss and the mountain herb, but enters the crannies of the poor man's hut in the midst of the crowd—that sickness needs relief for its

fevered lips and its burning brain, stretched out in view of the dusk sunlight lingering on the dial of St. Paul's, as much as in the leafy recess of the forest—if, I say, we could hide these facts that show us nature does not change, but that the relations that grow out of it are every where and eternally binding—then, the different circumstances of a city, altering the relations of men, would, of course, alter their mutual obligations. But it is not so, and hence arises another truth—that *to extraordinary circumstances must be adapted extraordinary means*. If the cultivation of the social spirit, and the relief of the needy, is in a city specially difficult, we are still bound to discharge those duties, and must, therefore use special agents.

Thus, then, by a consideration of Man, Society, and Large Cities, we have arrived at the legitimate reason for the existence of Benevolent Societies, Relief Institutions—for the existence of ODD-FELLOWSHIP. Having shown thus the grounds upon which it rests, I shall not proceed further at this time, to dwell upon Odd Fellowship in this aspect. Suffice it to say, love is the true object of its symbols and insignia, its signs and tokens, its pass-words and lodge rooms. This must not be forgotten—neither must its members most of whom live in cities, forget that in proportion to the social spirit cultivated, the relief administered, the good performed for the suffering and the needy, in that proportion will they act out the great social idea, and the spirit of ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

This we understand to be the chief idea of that system whose main pillars are FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.—These are not unmeaning names. They are *realities*. We would have them go abroad in the person of every true Odd-Fellow, not limited merely to kind deeds in behalf of the brethren of our Order, but cherished and manifested for all men,

for the suffering and the needy. Shall the *clasped hands* and the *naked heart*, shall the *triple links* of the chain and the *united arrows*, be mere empty symbols? Or shall they speak of a social spirit, that is the *essence* of which they are the *form*? Let our hands be ever ready to clasp the hand of our suffering, sorrow-

ing brother, let our hearts be ever naked in sincerity and truth, let our affections go out to others a triple chain more vital than iron or gold, and let us show by our *united sympathies* that we have turned the pointed arrows of warfare and hate to a peaceful symbol of changeless love.

Original.

FEMALE CHARACTER.

BY A BACHELOR.

BUT few of mankind are fully acquainted with Female Character. Called principally to mingle with their own sex in all the public, commercial, and political transactions of life; accustomed by instruction, habit, and feeling, to regard the fair sex as inferior in mind as they are in station; and, with the exception of a single circumstance, being under no interested motive to acquire a deep knowledge of their character, most men pass on either entirely destitute of any interest in its acquisition, or, at most, in the possession of a few bright lineaments which the hand of sisterly affection or maternal tenderness has delicately but deeply engraven on the mind.

It is time to direct the attention of the world to this most interesting and important and useful subject. It is time, and high time, that clear and distinct ideas were attained, and a perfection of knowledge in no respect derogatory to so lovely and bright a science fully attained and universally disseminated.—And we shall not flatter our fair readers when we affirm, what we intend to prove, that their character is as much superior in moral beauty to that of our sex, as they surpass us in form, and symmetry, and grace; and that if it wants the strength

of masculine intelligence, it is a happy deficiency resulting from their peculiar relation and employment, their education and habits, the design and special influence of Him who formed them to fill and who retains them in their sphere of action, and not from any intellectual poverty of spirit or mental imbecility.

We shall not, in our remarks, attempt a delineation from theory, but from fact; not from fancy, but reality. The strong and bright lines of demarcation are seen in the following facts confirmed by universal experience.

Other circumstances being the same, the female surpasses our sex in unchangeableness in affection; in unyielding and uncomplaining fortitude; in real benevolence of heart; in fervent and unostentatious piety to God, and in that intercourse of social life which forms the only bright spot of earthly felicity whose flowers and sweets have not been blasted by the apostacy.—These are facts universally known; these are demonstrable propositions whose truth is universally admitted; these are precious truths verified under the observation and experience of every attentive and discriminating mind. So fully is the world persuaded of these things, that it is deemed

unnecessary to adduce either confirmation or proof.

Admitted, and admitted they must be, and we have the great outlines of moral character—nay, the very foundation of all that is transcendently excellent or important in its formation. A higher degree of courage, which consists in greater firmness of nerves; a stronger intellect, which may result from cultivation and habit, form no ingredient in moral character when those virtues and graces which we have specified lie at the foundation. Besides, it is not a demonstrable truth that the female sex is deficient in strength of intellect or sterling courage. The few instances in which the habits of education have been changed, prove the contrary. They have successfully headed armies, commanded fleets, defended and besieged cities, seized and held, and, during a long life wielded, the sceptre of empire. Whoever is acquainted with ancient and modern history, knows this to be the case. Reverse, then, the scene, and we have every reason to believe that they would rise to a pre-eminence in courage and intelligence over our privileged sex.

But neither nature nor the human heart wills that the reversion should be made. We do not wish to see the beautiful Corinthian order transformed to the rude and massy and gloomy Gothic. We do not wish to see the soft and attractive feminine beauties of a Venus de Medicis harden into the rough and masculine sinews and muscles of a Roman Gladiator. We admire and love and almost adore this angel of mercy and of light, when, in all her soft and winning attractions, and in the sacredness of her relationship and the transcendent excellence of her moral character, she appears—

“Grace in her step, heaven in her eye,
And every action dignity and love.”

No wonder that she has so powerful an ascendancy over man, and over every

man, who has not blotted from his soul the faculty of perceiving heavenly grace, and eradicated from his heart the power of feeling heavenly tenderness.

I have seen man changing from object to object in his affection, while I have observed woman unchanged and unchangeable, still clinging to her virgin love, amid all the changes of life, as if it were flung around her heart warm, fresh, and glowing from the bright scene of hymeneal joy. I have seen the giant form and masculine spirit of man writhing and groaning under an ordinary fever; while I have seen the delicate form and timid spirit of woman, patiently suffering the most excruciating tortures, till finally, almost uncomplaining, she has sunk in death. I have found the heart of man cold and relentless, when he had thousands to give; but I have never known the heart of woman steeled to the demands of charity or the feelings of benevolence. I have seen real piety in man through pride, vanity, and interest, decking itself in gorgeous apparel; but I have never seen real piety in woman in any other garb than that of weeping penitence or heavenly love. I have seen man, other things comparatively excellent, disturbing the duties and enjoyments of domestic life; but I have never seen woman, when treated and esteemed as she deserves, any thing else than the harbinger of peace, the messenger of reconciliation, and an angel of consolation—and when her own loveliness has failed, I have seen her extend the lovely babe, the bright image of her own pure heart, as a mediator between heart and heart.

Let this subject make a deep and lasting appeal to the heart of the lover, friend, son, daughter, but especially the *husband*; and if he has a kind, discreet, amiable, frugal, intelligent, loving companion, let him value her, as

“Heaven’s last, best gift.”

We conclude these reflections, since we

are sure that we have made our fair readers in love with our subject and with themselves, with an affectionate admonition, that they continue to regard themselves in the light of this interesting sub-

ject, and that individually, in fidelity, fortitude, piety, and domestic excellence, they approve themselves the worthy objects of our sacred regard.

Original.

A MOTHER AND HER BLIND LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY BRO. M. H. WETHERBEE.

MOTHER, dear mother, is it true,
That the moon shines out, that the sky is blue—
That stars their vigils keep above,
And glean their brightness from a Father's love?

Sister told me the other day
That so it was—Mother, is it true,—say,
Why don't you answer?—tell me, do,—
Is there a sun, and does it shine on you?

Yes, so it is, my own sweet dove,
Effulgent light shines from his works above!
And though to you all forms are dark,
Yet, trust in God, and he will light your heart.

Then will a calm and holy hue
Pervade your soul as does the sky of blue!
Then will a gem more brilliant far,
Guide you above, to that Eternal Star.

Boston, Feb. 20, 1843.

BEAUTY.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A NOBLER want of man is served by nature, namely, the love of Beauty. We may distribute the aspects of Beauty in a threefold manner.

1. First, the simple perception of forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in nature, is so needful to man, that in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity

and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are

never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, Nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sun-set and moon-rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

* * * *

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with observing the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and road-sides, which make the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer.— The tribes of birds and insects, like the

plants punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia or pickerel-weed blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion.— Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament.

But this beauty of Nature which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 't is mere tinsel; it will not please as when its light shines upon your necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone; 't is only a mirage as you look from the windows of diligence.

* * * *

There is another aspect under which the beauty of the world may be viewed, namely, as it becomes an object of the intellect. Beside the relation of things to virtue, they have a relation to thought. The intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colors of affection. The intellectual and the active powers seem to succeed each other in man, and the exclusive activity of the one, generates the exclusive activity of the other. There is something unfriendly in each to the other, but they are like the alternate periods of feeding and working in animals; each prepares and certainly will be followed by the other.— Therefore does beauty, which, in relation to actions, as we have seen comes unsought, and comes because it is unsought,

remain for the apprehension and pursuit of the intellect; and then again, in its turn, of the active power. Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world. Some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art.

The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature. For although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analagous impression on the mind. What is common to them all,—that perfectness and harmony, is beauty. Therefore the standard of beauty, is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty "*il piu nell'*

uno." Nothing is quite beautiful alone: nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several work to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus is Art, a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus in art, does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. Extend this element to the uttermost, and I call it an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty.—Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must, therefore, stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP—ITS OPPOSITION.

THERE are opposers to all sects, societies and institutions established either for the benefit of the few or many. It matters not under what character they are introduced, whether in a private or public one,—whether the members prefer holding their councils apart from the multitude, or throw wide open their doors to those who wish to enter. The result is

the same. Prejudice, the handmaid of ignorance, has so warped the minds of many, that to attempt to convince them of their error, is but a waste of time. No institution, however praise-worthy its objects, ever met with universal acceptance in community. Individuals will always be found to step forward in opposition, even though they are utterly ignorant of

the principles of the institution against the spread of which they are exerting their influence. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in common with others, the institution of Odd Fellowship should meet with this opposition.

In addition to the prejudices and opposition with which we have to contend, in common with other institutions, we are called by many in community a secret society,—a combination, the main object of which is to overthrow the present state of society, and take its management into our own hands! As unreasonable and severe as this assertion may appear to many, it is nevertheless true. That the principles of our Order have been abused and perverted, I am not disposed to dispute. That there have been members in our Order who have even forfeited all claims to the respect and confidence of a moral and religious community, I am ready to admit. But are these any objections why the INSTITUTION ITSELF should cease to exist? Should such instances weigh anything against the goodness and purity of the institution? As well might it be argued that *all* benevolent institutions should be done away,—that even the Christian religion itself, should be at once annihilated, because individuals of unprincipled character are at times found among its worshippers.—But yet no one would willingly witness the downfall of Christianity. The *principles* become not in the least affected,—it is only the *abuse* of them that should be condemned.

Many persons condemn our institution on the ground of secrecy. They argue, that inasmuch as the institution of Odd Fellowship professes to be a benevolent one, and that its members profess to be laboring for the good of their fellow-man, any attempt to keep their doings hidden from the public eye, destroys at once the professed object of the society. This, at first, may appear to many a plausible and

correct conclusion. But, in reply, I would say to the objector, that we are not, strictly speaking, a secret society, though we *do* sit with “closed doors.” Any man in community, who sustains a good character, can become a member of the Order by paying a specified sum for his initiation, and receive the benefits of the society as long as he conforms to the rules and regulations of the Lodge to which he belongs. No one, we should think, could object to *this* mode of procedure. And in regard to holding our meetings in secret,—which appears to be the grand objection with *anti-Odd Fellows*,—I beg pardon for the expression,—I can say that in doing so, we do no more than *any other society* which is acting on its own business matters. No society or association, in the transaction of business immediately connected with it, ever thinks of making a public affair of it; and no one undertakes to censure them for *not* doing so. It is only on matters which they deem it necessary that the public should be made acquainted with, their meetings are made public.—And this is precisely the case with our institution. It is only on matters connected immediately with the Order, that we sit with “closed doors.” We have our public meetings and lectures; our Constitution and By-Laws can be read by any one who desires it; our *PRINCIPLES* are publicly avowed and proclaimed throughout the land: and, in short, every thing that concerns the public weal, is made in as public a manner as possible. But, yet, in the eyes of many we are looked upon as an association, the principles of which are decidedly at variance with, and opposed to, a democratic state of society. To such I would say, let us be judged by our *fruits*; if our *works* are not in accordance with our *professions*, then will it be time to condemn us. We are willing to abide the issue.

Professions amount to nothing; *works*,

every thing. As Odd Fellows it behooves us to live and act like *good fellows*—always ready and willing that our actions should be considered as a fair test of our principles. We *must expect* to meet with opposition from some, even though our lives are of the purest and

most exalted character. There are always those of this stamp to be found among us. But to the honest and candid mind, the merits of our institution will be judged by our labors in connection with our professions. And on this ground let us be willing to rest the issue. A. B.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. BRO. O. A. SKINNER.

RELIGION and philosophy teach that, whatever tends to strengthen the bonds of union, and encourage the growth of kind and generous feelings, is beneficial to the world, and worthy the support of all friendly to good order. Acting upon this principle, men have, in different ages and parts of the world, formed themselves into associations, for the cultivation of social feelings, and the promotion of each other's welfare. The propriety of such compacts is evident from the necessity of reciprocal benefits. All men are dependent, not only on the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth, but upon each other, and daily stand in need of each other's aid. They are all liable to sickness and misfortune, and however extensive their possessions, may suddenly be reduced to extreme poverty. Associations, formed for mutual assistance, not only cultivate the kindlier feelings of the heart, but secure to their members that cheerful sympathy and generous aid, which are so essential in the day of sickness and want.

But the utility of such associations depends chiefly upon the principles on which they are based, and the rules by which they are governed. If designed for the aggrandizement of a few, for the circumscribed purpose of partial advantage, they cannot long flourish; for being

contracted in design, and partial in their favors, they must be limited in duration. It is the eternal and unalterable law of nature, that such societies shall be doomed to immediate dissolution. They may aspire to a permanent existence, and hold out the delusive hope that they will remain to the end of the world; but they will stand only for a day. The few can never succeed for any great length of time in duping the many, and in inducing them to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their benefit.

I would observe, however, that the extinction of an association is not conclusive proof that it was based upon wrong principles, or designed to benefit only a few of its members. The unfaithfulness of its members, the opposition it encounters, or a change in the condition of society, and sometimes all these combined together, may be the means of its dissolution. But I would remark, that the existence of an institution for successive ages, and among all religions, under all governments, and in all nations, is strong conclusive proof that it is founded upon equal principles, governed by wholesome laws, seeks the good of all its members, and does nothing to conflict with the interests of society.

These general remarks apply with pe-

culiar appropriateness to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. It can be traced back for successive ages; it has flourished under different governments; its members belong to different religious sects and political parties; it is impartial in the distribution of its favors, and knows no difference between the rich and poor, the learned and ignorant. The brethren of the Order pay allegiance to various governments, are spread through different nations, and whatever may be their language, religion or color, they are all one in the fraternity. There, all peculiarities of custom and character, all diversities of rank and station, and all prejudices of person and faith, are forgotten, and the brethren are all one. If it were not so—if Odd Fellowship had any interference with politics or religion, it would necessarily be confined within the narrow limits of one kingdom or sect. Then its philanthropy would be limited—it could not traverse the distant regions of the earth, and it would be destitute of that power to produce peace, which is now its peculiar glory.

In this feature of Odd Fellowship, we see the impossibility of danger from its secrets. If they interfered with a man's allegiance to his country or God, they

would be obnoxious to a great proportion of the members. The secrets are simply signs and passwords by which a brother can be known in any part of the world, and secure that aid which he may need. In regard to the principles and duties of the Order, there are no secrets. These can be as well understood by the uninitiated as by those who have entered the sacred temple.

Again. Odd Fellowship requires an uncompromising integrity. This it does in all its obligations, forms, signs and lectures. It teaches that this is indispensably necessary to the safety and welfare of society. Integrity is among its principal watchwords. The importance of this will be admitted by all who have the least regard for correct principles. How dreadful would be the condition of the world, if this virtue were banished from the abodes of men.—The associating principles of our nature, that fruitful source of earthly felicity, would be a curse, all confidence would be exchanged for distrust, all contracts the same as if written in sand, bribery and corruption stalk abroad at noon-day, the brightest virtues of religion be derided and forgotten, and universal disorder pervade the world.

HABITUAL CHEERFULNESS.—Excessive grief is the heart's suicide. As the self murderer is in Silesia buried with his face to the ground, so he who indulges in excessive grief lies with his face turned earthwards, instead of lifting it, as he ought, to the heaven of the past, the present and the future. Raise thyself up, O man! Look around thee, and regard something higher and brighter than earth, with its worms and darkness. Cheerfulness, not enjoyments, is your duty: be it then our aim. In a soul filled

with gloominess and mistrust, the heavy stagnant air chokes the growth of all spiritual blossoms. Let your heart open to sweet sympathy and compassion, but not to cold mistrust and dejection; as the flower remains open to dew, but closes its leaves against the rain. So little is suffering, so much is happiness a part of our nature, that, with equal measures of delusion, we repent only that which has pained—not that which has given joy.

Great bereavements work afterwards

more refreshingly upon the spirit than great joys; so, on the contrary, minor sorrows weaken more than minor joys strengthen; for after the sunstroke of rapture the chambers of the heart are unclosed to all our enemies, while excessive grief open them easily to our friends. But the happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes, but in a steady, mild serenity: the heart lives in this peaceful and even light (were it but moonlight or twilight) its fairest time. The spirit alone can yield us this heavenly calm and freedom from care: Fortune cannot, for she gives as she takes—by starts; and feels ever the shocks of fate, whether they lift us up to heaven or cast us down to earth.

But in what way can man effect this? Not by planting joys, but in uprooting and removing sorrows; so that the soil unchecked by weeds, may of itself bear sweet fruits. Not by man's seeking after joys, and building on for himself heaven upon heaven, which after a single cloud may wholly veil, but by remov-

ing the furies, mask from grief, and uncovering and looking steadily upon its daily actor's face. If man has only once unmasked—that is, conquered—grief, he holds already the garden-key of Eden; for remains to him, beside all his higher blessings of circumference and of duty, the still, untroubled happiness of existence, which in this freedom from sorrow and joy can expand in fullness and strength—a happiness which although in a lower degree, the savage in his hut, the sun of the East under the shadow of his tree, and the countryman on his house door bench, enjoys likewise; whilst, without aught to do or aught to receive, he stretches himself there, quietly and at rest, and looks upon and feels the world without, and this tranquil feeling, not sorrow alone, but rapture, too, destroys; for as it is an abiding feeling, so, too, it is a weaker one. Thus have we a perennial forget-me-not of joy with us, but no similar one of pain; and thus is the blue firmament greater than every cloud that is therein, and more lasting too.

I. O. OF O. F.—BY C. D. STUART.

(Inscribed to Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin.)

Not in the halls of noise and mirth,
Among the proud ones of the earth

They lend the ear;

But to the fearful and distress'd,
The lowly, bonded and distress'd,

They drop the tear.

Not in that palace wide and high,
Whose walls the scowls of want defy,

Stoop they I ween;

But in yon dark and filthy lane,
Where worth sits languishing in pain,

Their feet are seen.

By that half-glimmering fire where drags
Misfortune's self—her load of rags,

Begrimmed with dust!

Behold their soft and soothing hand,
Through deeds of *Truth* and *Love* expand
With mercy's trust.

The brow of wo is wrinkled less,
And fainter wails forlorn distress

Where'er they go;

And brighter beams the weeper's eye,
'Mid city haunts, and deserts dry—
Or mountain snow.

Lo! at their touch, Promethean fire!
Humanity is lifted higher

From the cold sod;
And kindles with the native flame
It bore when God-like first it came
From Nature's God!

On! be their quest, the good of man
Shall find them foremost in the van,
For battle strong;
And on their banner folds *above*,
Will triumph—*Friendship*, *Truth* and *Love*,
O'er human wrong!

THE ORDER.

THE heart of every philanthropist must be gratified by the rapidity with which the forceful and invigorating principles of Odd Fellowship are causing themselves to be felt throughout our widely extended country. A few years since the mystic ties which bind our brotherhood together in the golden bonds of beneficence and active charity, were literally unknown even in Britain, the birth-place of the fraternity, whilst there are thousands yet alive who witnessed their first introduction into this land of untrammelled opinion. Humble in its origin and having none of the adventitious aids of rank or power to promote its advancement, Odd-Fellowship has laid hold on the good sense and kind feelings of Americans with a firmness and comprehensiveness of grasp to which prejudice can offer no adequate resistance. Linked together by sympathies that spring from the noblest sentiments guided by the soundest judgment, the members of the brotherhood behold themselves ranged under the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth, and devoting their energies far and near to the promulgations of opinions which have for their object the reinstatement of our kind in the proud position which ambition and worldly pride had for a time deprived our race. Under the glorious institutions of self-government, Odd-Fellows find ample scope for the full developement of the philanthropy which embraces within its ample fold every heart that throbs responsive to the touch of pity or glows beneath the genial sun of universal love. Awed by none of the imposing appliances by which power strives to lead captive the human will, they proceed upon their way rejoicing in their strength and looking forward with a confident hope that,

ere long, the shadows that have so long obscured the sunlight of human intelligence, will yield to the powerful influences of truth, and usher in the day of all pervading liberty. In the manifestations of the spirit of Odd-Fellowship we behold no wild speculations that serve only to delude and amuse for a season; but deep rooted practical benefits that must be recognized and felt so long as the social system shall exist. The philosophy of past ages, however calculated to surprise and astonish, had too often for its aim results with which the real happiness of the mass of mankind had but little if any thing to do, but in the doctrines of our Order we find a healing and restorative principle, which addresses itself alike to the fireside circle and the sick bed, the manly struggle for wealth and high station, and the enfeebled conflicts of sickness and of want. They teach us that, to be entitled to honor and distinction, we must aid in sustaining the dignity and moral bearing of those with whom we are associated, and that to establish a claim to the good feelings of our fellow-beings we must minister to their wants and make their sufferings our own. Where is the heart so lost to all generosity of impulse as not to feel itself ennobled and elevated by a warfare against ignorance and its attendants, misery and vice; or where is the spirit that gazing over the wide field of human usefulness, does not feel itself stimulated to new and redoubled effort in behalf of the happiness of our kind? With such glorious opportunities of doing good, let us press forward in the harvest of good works and gather in the fruits of well directed, unyielding effort in behalf not only of the present generation but of millions yet unborn.

Covenant.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ODD FELLOWSHIP—ITS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.—Perhaps no institution, since the establishment of the Christian religion, has met with more obstacles to its advancement, than the institution of Odd Fellowship. In our own country, in particular, the opposition to it has been organized and strong, and the injustice which has been done it, has been most bitter. This opposition, however, is being overcome, and we are fast outliving all prejudice. We ask but an impartial hearing, and we feel that the public will award to us the merit of having done much good, and of being capable, by our organization, of effecting much *more*, for the amelioration of man. By our *fruits* must we be known, and we ask no better evidence of the goodness of our Order, than the fact that it has existed so long, and so prosperously, under circumstances of more than ordinary trial.

Various have been the speculations with regard to the origin of our Order. It is enough for our present purpose to say, that the chronicles of almost every nation tell us of its existence, under one name or another. The first Lodge on this side of the Atlantic, was opened in the city of Baltimore, on the 26th day of April in the year 1820, and consisted of but five members. Since that time, our increase in this country has been almost wonderful. From obscurity and weakness we have sprung to strength and importance. We have falsified the calumnies and reproaches of our enemies. Multitudes are crowding the portals of our Temples, and demanding a participation in our rights and privileges. We have proved ourselves able to outstride

the storm of adversity, and to stand firm in the day of our trial. The sublime principles of our Order are finding an abiding place in every heart, and are extending themselves throughout the length and breadth of our land, until there is scarcely a city or a village from the Atlantic,

“ To the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon,”

in which they are not taking deep root. The number of Lodges at this time in the United States, cannot be less than three hundred, while the members of the Order number more than 40,000. The report of the Grand Lodge of the United States, at their annual session, in the city of Baltimore, in September last, presents the following facts. During the year ending September, 1842, 8368 members were added to the Order. The revenue of that year was \$169,183 65. During the year 2834 brothers were relieved at an expense of \$30,596 58. \$3,876 53 were expended for the relief of widowed families—\$831 59 for the education of orphans, and \$4,463 13 for burying the dead. The whole amount of relief, for the above and other purposes, was \$44,187 83. The amount expended in Great Britain during the same period, for the charitable purposes of their institution, was \$1,200,000.

Now, we ask any one, who is not a *slave* to prejudice, to look at the *facts* above stated, and to say whether the society of Odd Fellows has not been instrumental of much good. Who can estimate the amount of suffering which these sums of money must have relieved? Every member of the Order knows, that

"let fate do her worst," *he* cannot *suffer*. Misfortune, which is the lot of our humanity, is to him disarmed of half its terrors.

There is something, too, in the spirit of Odd Fellowship, so closely allied to the true genius of our free institutions, that every lover of his country should wish it "God speed." It is the grand object of our association, to ameliorate the condition of man, and to improve his moral and social nature. This has a tendency to elevate and equalize, and whatever has this tendency, must be regarded as truly republican. Our own institution is essentially democratic, in every feature. We acknowledge no distinction but that of merit. We believe that *real* worth, can be found as well in the hovel, as in the palace. Wherever we find man, we find a brother. We see in him the image of the same God who has created us, and we believe him adequate to meet all the responsibilities, which this age would impose upon him. The God who has given a common sun to warm us, and a common air to sustain us, has given to all of us also a common, sympathizing heart; and we feel that we do violence to every sentiment of our humanity, if we recognise any distinction other than that of merit. It is not our purpose in this limited article to go into a defence of Odd Fellowship. She needs none. We have never been met by *argument*, and of *prejudice* we have no fears, conscious as we are, that our principles are TRUTH itself, and that they must prevail.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, I. O. of O. F.—On Wednesday morning, 8th ult., P. G. P. WILSON SMALL, of New York, and P. C. P. WM. E. SANFORD, of New Haven, (Ct.) met the petitioners for MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, in this city, and presented a warrant of dispensation to Dan-

iel Hersey and others, and instituted MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, I. O. of O. F., State of Massachusetts, and installed into their respective chairs the following Brothers elect:—

DANIEL HERSEY, C. P., HEZEKIAH PRINCE, H. P., ROBERT L. ROBBINS, S. W., GEORGE T. CARRUTH, Scribe., ALBERT GUILD, Treasurer. SAMUEL TRULL, J. W.

On the afternoon of the same day, BRS. SMALL and SANFORD, assisted by BRS. HINMAN, CROSWELL and ELLIS, of New Haven, conferred the Initiatory, Patriarchal and G. R. degrees on thirteen applicants; and on the morning of the 9th, initiated twelve in the same degrees. In the afternoon and evening twenty-three brothers were exalted to the R. P. degree. About forty were proposed, nearly an equal number from each Lodge in the city, and several from the country Lodges.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The very flattering notice given of our first number by the respected gentlemen of the daily and weekly Press, merits and receives our hearty thanks. We have not room to mention all their kind greetings, or even to name them individually—so each will please to consider us his grateful debtor. And speaking of the *gentlemen* of the press, we must not withhold our compliments to a certain LADY of that distinguished profession, whose sparkling wit and fine genius have rendered her justly celebrated the country round. We mean the Editress of that gem of a paper, the Boston Daily Evening Transcript, whose kindly notice of "*brother Prince*," excites in us no small degree of complacency in remembering that we are encouraged in our experiment by so accomplished a *sister*.

☞ We must decline publishing "G. A.'s" communication. The subject is altogether too foreign to our purpose.

☞ We would again solicit of our friends original communications. There are many of the Order in this city and vicinity, who have the ability to furnish articles that would richly adorn the pages of the most distinguished works.—And having the *ability*, we hope they will have the *disposition* to favor us occasionally with an article for the Symbol. To those who have so kindly contributed to the present number, we return our sincere thanks.

☞ We would inform brother Kingsbury, of "The American," that the "hot gridiron" system of initiation, has been entirely dispensed with, and the Dutch oven substituted in its place. So, now, brother K., you have the *grand secret* which you so much desired. Do not, we pray you, urge us to reveal any more.

☞ Persons holding subscription papers for the "Symbol," to which are attached any subscribers' names, will please return them to the publication office, No. 32 Congress street.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, West Cambridge.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND LODGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Daniel Hersey, C. P. Hezekiah Prince, H. P. Robert L. Robbins, S. W. Sam'l Trull, J. W. Geo. T. Carruth, Scribe. A. Guild, Treas.

SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1. (New Haven, Ct.) Wm. J. Thompson, C. P. W. E. Sanford, H. P. Bela Lord, S. W. J. M. Andrews, J. W. S. H. Harris, Scribe. Wm. H. Ellis, Treasurer.

GRAND LODGE.—Daniel Hersey, M. W. G. M. Thos. Barr, R. W. D. G. M. Solon Jenkins, R. W. G. W. Albert Guild, R. W. G. Sec'y. Hezekiah Prince, R. W. G. Treas'r. Thos. F. Norris, R. W. G. Chaplain. Chester N. Clark, W. G. M. Eben'r H. Wheelock, W. G. G. Eber Smith, W. G. C.

Thomas Barr, W. D. D. G. M. for Lowell District.
Thos F. Norris, " " Cambridge do.
Eber Smith, " " Boston do.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Robt L. Robbins, P. G. Thomas C. Savory, N. G. Snadrach Dickson, V. G. J. W. Patterson, Rec Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y., Jos. H. Green, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

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CONNECTICUT.

QUINPIAC LODGE, No. 1.—Isaac Judson, N. G. Prelate Demick, V. G. Newell C. Hall, Rec. Sec'y. Wm. Jumper, Per. Sec'y. Alex'r O. Coburn, Treas'r.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Thursday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Saturday.
Mechanic, No. 11, " "
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Tuesday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
Quinpiac, No. 1, New Haven, Monday.
Charter Oak, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
Middlesex, No. 3, E. Haddam, Wednesday.
Pequannock, No. 4, Bridgeport.
Harmony, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

DEATHS.

Died, in this city, on Sunday evening, 19th ult. Mrs NANCY, wife of Rev. Bro. STEPHEN LOVELL, (junior editor of this paper,) and daughter of Rev. Freeman Sherman, of Nantucket, 39.

The following lines written by Brother L. soon after the decease of a previous dearly beloved partner, we trust may not be inappropriate here:

Could I but see that dear departed,
My soul would gain relief,
I should not then be broken-hearted,
Borne down with tears and grief.

Our cruel death, why did you sever
The tie that made us one,
And hide her from my eyes forever?
Tell me—why was it done?

I shall not long be thus annoyed,
For death itself soon dies;
And when his power is all destroyed,
The dead who sleep shall rise.

We then shall meet arrayed in glory,
In that bright world above,
And there again repeat the story
Of Jesus' dying love. (Olive Branch.)

In East Cambridge, on the 21st ult. Bro. — Curtis, 24.

THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME 1.

BOSTON, MARCH 15, 1843.

NUMBER 3.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

BY BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR.

THERE is wisdom in every thing. — Even the blade of grass will to-day tender us full volumes of instruction, that to-morrow may be rudely crushed beneath the foot of the passing traveller. — The towering and snow-capt mountain, and the rippling rill that gurgles quietly along its base, are imperishable monuments of wisdom. The thunder's roar — the dashing billow — and the music of nature, all preach solemn lessons to the heart. Every thing is ripe with powerful truth and impassioned sentiment. — Yet, so sluggish, so selfish, so ice-bound, are the human feelings, that God's own glorious and blessed book — the book of NATURE — is often left unopened until the clasps become rusty, and its pages time-eaten.

Such were my thoughts as, on my venerable and tottering Rosinante, I idly wandered towards an obscure village in New Hampshire, to obtain a night's lodging. The sun was just throwing out its last beams before retiring to rest. The whole heavens seemed to be a gorgeous and illimitable sheet of virgin gold. It was one of those evenings when all nature combines, by its harmony and beauty, to elevate, soften, and mellow the mind. God — the Mighty, the Benevo-

lent — was written on all his perfect works. I read his name in the flashing, transparent vault that canopied the earth. I saw it on the green and healthful verdure beneath my feet. His glory, like a mantle of light, encircled me then; and *then* I could have laid me down beneath the cool shadow of His wings, and felt at peace forever.

As I gazed, the sun disappeared. Thus, thought I, is man. *To-day* he is here, perhaps spreading over a broad circle the influence of a brilliant, an immortal intellect; *to-morrow*, like that burning orb, he disappears. His friends sigh — forget him — *and follow him.*

While thus moralizing, my eye fell upon a small, neat packet, lying by the road-side. I of course dismounted and secured it. Having made every reasonable effort to find the owner, unavailingly, I at last opened it, and finding that it contained matter of some interest, concluded thus to present it, untouched, to the public eye.

—
DEATH! how fearfully the name rings an alarum upon the ear of mortality. It is the mournful intimation that the current of Time is bearing us onward to the illimitable ocean in which all earthly

wealth, luxuries, friendships, the strong affections that are golden-linked to our heart of hearts — are lost forever. Death ! it is Earth's mightiest sovereign. The proud and strong are levelled to the humble and the weak. The ambitious man is hurled from the dizzyest height down beside the six feet of mould of the low-est. The rich, who have rioted in marble palaces, and the poor who have dragged miserable existences out in roofless hovels, "lie down together," until the resurrection morning.

It is a harrowing reflection that we *must* die ; but if that reflection be so bitter, who can fathom the sensations of one who has been pronounced dead, who has been laid in the tomb — and yet has been *buried alive* ! That was my fate. Listen, and ponder well.

I was the only daughter of wealthy, proud and fashionable parents, resident in Boston ; the round of my life until I was twenty, may easily be imagined. It was a series of dissipation that was crushing all the moral feelings and intellectual powers. That momentous period of my existence is a blank. Let it be blotted out from the record of time, and nothing good, pure, or holy will disappear with it. I mean not that I had committed any crime that is popularly stigmatized as heinous, but that, like thousands similarly situated, I had considered the "chief end" of life to be the fashions — the frivolities of technical "high life." So I could get my jewels and my satins, I cared not how the "inner jewels of the soul," long buried in ruin. I was daily bartering a glorious eternity for an ignoble mortality. But on the even of my birth-day—I was then twenty—the hand of disease rested heavily upon me. In three days I was struck dumb—paralyzed in all my faculties—as though by the hand of the Almighty. My mother entered the room, looked at me, shrieked, and exclaimed "*She is dead* !" The

physician was called in, examined my pulse, shook his head, and pronounced me "*dead* !" I tried to speak—tried to struggle—to groan. But though burning with agony, I was not able to give vent to the pent-up fire. While I lay in speechless consciousness, I heard the carpenter coolly ask the measure of my coffin. I heard the coffin itself brought up stairs—I heard them open the door and enter the room with it. As I was placed in it, I again attempted to speak, but could produce no sound, or exhibit any sign of life. The memory of the past was burning and blazing before me—the horrible future was vividly painted on the black canvass of the mind. I again tried to struggle ;—it was in vain. But now came the heart-harrowing scene.—It was my burial. They began to assemble in the room where I was confined.—All was solemn silence, unbroken, save my mother's sobs. The clergyman rose, and said, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He then laid the ashes upon my body, and uttered the thrilling words of the Litany : "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise Providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased sister, we therefore commit her body to the ground ; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Who can imagine my feelings at that hour ! It would require an archangel's power to describe them. Oh, how inapplicable was the title of *sister*, at that solemn moment ! But let me hasten. After being carried through the streets, followed by a splendid train, such as wealth could buy, I was laid in the tomb of my ancestors, upon a pile of mouldering coffins—to *die*. My mother came, dropped the tear of agony, and retired. Others,

as a matter of idle form, followed her example;—but my poor mother's solitary tear was all that wet my cheek. All had gone—the door was closed—the key turned—*I was alone*. The struggle was over. I must die. Yet at that moment a calm—sweet and balmy as the atmosphere of paradise—stole over my senses. I felt not alone. My mother's tear! it still lay wet upon my cheek. It was her representative. Oh, how I prized at that fearful moment, that jewel drop. It was to me the richest diamond of her soul. It soothed me and—*I slept!*—ay, sweetly slept, even in the very tomb; slept in companionship with the dead!—But it was a sleep that could not last forever. At first when I awoke I imagined myself in my father's house. Then the consciousness of where I was came rushing upon me with accumulated horror.—I made an effort to move—I did move—the paralysis had past. With the energy of desperation I struggled—the coffin toppled from its pile of dead—fell—burst the lid, and rolled me out upon the damp, stone floor. I rose, rushed to the door, and tugged at the ponderous fastening, as though Samson's strength rested in my attenuated fingers. I raved—I even cursed—I prayed—I laughed the

hideous laugh of the maniac. My brain was like molten lead. I was mad. Phantoms of the imagination crowded around me. I saw the grinning and dusty skeletons of the dead rise before me—hissing serpents twined themselves around my throat. I fainted and fell.

When I awoke, I was on my own bed, in my father's house, with my mother by my side. In my calm moments I ascertained that my screams had arrested the attention of the sexton, who was then preparing a neighboring tomb for the reception of the dead. Notice was immediately given, and I was rescued from a living grave.

Reader, while perhaps you shudder at my narrative, I bless the horrible *cause* for the salutary *effect*. I had been living as though earth and its people were immortal. The lesson I have received has taught me to prepare for a residence in Heaven; and now I can exclaim truly, in the language of the almost inspired Young,—

“Happy day that breaks our chain!
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And readmits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne,
Who hears our advocate and through his wounds,
Beholding man, allows that tender name.”

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS.

OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE

NUMBER I.

UNION AND HARMONY OF ODD FELLOWS.

“No shades unreal for effect I use.”

I was much gratified in looking over the first number of the Symbol, to find a well written article, under the editorial head, with the above title. It exhibits in

a practical light the living principle of Odd Fellowship which, if worthy of regard, (*as all admit it surely is*), is indeed a great principle developing itself in the

life and intercourse of every *true* brother of the Order. The writer gives a passing glance at the Order as it now exists, and hints at the "different feelings" and "conflicting interests," which are always to be expected in so large a body of men as constitute our Order.

"We are all engaged in the same cause—all have in view the accomplishment of the same object."

And what, let me ask, is this great object?—this object so desirable? It is nothing less than BENEVOLENCE, as exhibited in the alleviation of the physical maladies and distress of mankind—one of the most glorious objects within the reach of every sympathetic heart.—It is the march of humanity through the waste places of the world,—it is the mission of the Good Samaritan fulfilled. Behold its effects—the light of joy and gladness bursting forth from a thousand hearts, testifying to the truthfulness of the benevolence of Odd Fellowship :

"And oh! its blessings there,
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,
Powerless no more—a gift shall surely bear
A joy of sunlight shed."

The object of this paper is not to write a review, but merely to call the attention of every Odd Fellow to a careful perusal of the article in the first number of the Symbol, entitled, "*Union and Harmony of Odd Fellows.*" There is much practical information which may be derived from it—information which *all* concede to be "valuable to all," but which I am sorry to say, exists oftener within the pages of the magazines and works of the Order, than in the hearts and lives of many of its members. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," has a fine effect as rehearsed in the lectures and charges of the Order, and looks well in print; but how

deep, and how abiding, let me ask, is its influence in our hearts? Do we behold its effect reflected in *honor*, and *sincerity*, with *truth* and *fidelity*; or is its image dim and indistinct, by reason of deceit, double dealing, and misrepresentation? These are plain questions: let them be honestly met, and candidly considered. Do we feel to look upon the errors of a brother with lenity, and in the spirit of forgiveness—with that charity which "seeketh not her own," but another's good? Or do we look with indifference on the errors of a brother? Do we magnify a trivial fault, a venial transgression, one arising from circumstances, rather than wrong intention? Do we go to that brother with open hand, in truth and sincerity, and say to him, "Brother, I have erred against thee, and I seek thy forgiveness—I am sorry for my fault,"—offering that apology which a noble mind ever accepts, and one which raises, rather than lowers, the dignity of human nature, well knowing that "to err is human, to forgive, divine;" or do we, recreant to every principle of *honor*, *truth* and *fidelity*, circulate the venomous inuendo, which, like a slow poison, imperceptibly but surely undermines the reputation of a brother?

Let not such things be, brethren. Let us, whenever there may be occasion, through misconception of motive, or any other cause, (to call in question the actions of a brother,) be careful to *judge dispassionately*, *speak candidly and truly*, *act consistently*, *forgive freely*, and *forget mutually*. By so doing we may be enabled to carry out in some faint degree the great and glorious example of TRUE BENEVOLENCE so admirably shadowed forth in the life of Him who was meek and lowly of heart—whose daily teachings were, "Brethren, love one another."

THE JOYS OF LIFE.

Shall it be said that Religion is the great refinement of the world ; its tranquil star that never sets ? Need it be told that all nature works in its behalf ; that every mute and every living thing seems to repeat God's voice, Be perfect ; that Nature, which is the *out-ness* of God, favors Religion, which is the *in-ness* of man, and so God works with us ? Heathens knew it many centuries ago. It has long been known that Religion — in its true estate — created the deepest welfare of man. Socrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Antoninus, Fenelon can us tell this. It might well be so. Religion comes from what is strongest, deepest, most beautiful and divine ; lays no rude hand on soul or sense ; condemns no faculty as base. It sets no bounds to Reason but Truth ; none to Affection but Love ; none to Desire but Duty ; none to the Soul but Perfection ; and these are not limits but the charter of infinite freedom.

No doubt there is joy in the success of earthly schemes. There is joy to the miser as he satiates his prurient palm with gold : there is joy for the fool of fortune when his gaming brings a prize. But what is it ? His request is granted ; but leanness enters his soul. There is delight in feasting on the bounties of Earth, the garment in which God veils the brightness of his face ; in being filled with the fragrant loveliness of flowers ; the song of birds ; the hum of bees ; the sounds of ocean ; the rustle of the summer wind, heard at evening in the pine tops ; in the cool running brooks ; in the majestic sweep of undulating hills ; the grandeur of untamed forests ; the majesty of the mountain ; in the morning's virgin beauty ; in the maternal grace of evening, and the sublime and mystic pomp of night. Nature's silent sympathy — how beautiful it is.

There is joy, no doubt there is joy, to the mind of Genius, when thought bursts on him as the tropic sun rending a cloud ; when long trains of ideas sweep through his soul, as constellated orbs before an angel's eye ; when sublime thoughts and burning words rush to the heart ; when nature unveils her secret truth, and some great Law breaks, all at once, upon a Newton's mind, and Chaos ends in light ; when the hour of his inspiration and the joy of his genius is on him, 't is then that this child of Heaven feels a godlike delight. 'T is sympathy with Truth.

There is a higher and more tranquil bliss, when heart communes with heart ; when two souls unite in one, like mingling dew-drops on a rose, that scarcely touch the flower, but mirror the heavens in their little orbs ; when perfect love transforms two souls, either man's or woman's, each to the other's image ; when one heart beats in two bosoms ; one spirit speaks with a divided tongue ; when the same soul is eloquent in mutual eyes, there is a rapture deep, serene, heartfelt and abiding in this mysterious fellow-feeling with a congenial soul, which puts to shame the cold sympathy of Nature, and the extatic but short-lived bliss of Genius in his high and burning hour.

But the welfare of Religion is more than each or all of these. The glad reliance that comes upon the man ; the sense of trust ; a rest with God ; the soul's exceeding peace ; the universal harmony ; the infinite within ; sympathy with the Soul of All — is bliss that words cannot portray. He only knows, who feels. The speech of a prophet cannot tell the tale. No : not if a seraph touched his lips with fire. In the high hour of religious visitation from the living God, there seems to be no separate thought ; the tide of universal life sets through the

soul. The thought of self is gone. It is a little accident to be a king or a clown, a parent or a child. Man is at one with God, and He is All in All. Neither the loveliness of nature; neither the joy of genius, nor the sweet breathing of congenial hearts, that make delicious music as they beat,—neither one nor all of these can equal the joy of the religious soul that is at one with God, so full of peace that prayer is needless. This deeper joy gives an added charm to the former blessings. Nature undergoes a new transformation. A story tells that when the rising sun fell on Memnon's statue it wakened music in that breast of stone. Religion does the same with nature. From the shining snake to the waterfall, it is all eloquent of God. As to John in the Apocalypse, there stands an angel in the sun; the seraphim hang over every

flower; God speaks in each little grass, that fringes a mountain rock. Then even Genius is wedded to a greater bliss. His thoughts shine more brilliant, when set in the light of Religion. Friendship and Love it renders infinite. The man loves God when he loves his friend. This is the joy Religion gives; its perennial rest; its everlasting life. It comes not by chance. It is the possession of such as ask and toil and toil and ask. It is withheld from none, as other gifts. Nature tells little to the deaf, the blind, the rude. Every man is not a genius, and has not his joy. Few men can find a friend that is the world to them. That triune sympathy, is not for every one. But this welfare of Religion, the deepest, truest, the everlasting, the sympathy with God, lies within reach of all his Sons."

Theodore Parker.

THE DUTY OF ODD FELLOWS.

A STRICT and uniform adherence to the elementary principles of Odd Fellowship, cannot but fail to awaken in the human breast the most elevated and philanthropic emotions of benevolence and love; for, while a sincere observance of its interesting precepts tend to make men better and happier, the incentives to promote the laudable objects of the Order are made too apparent to be disregarded.

We still feel a degree of honest pride in cherishing the belief that none claiming the hand of fellowship with us, have ever felt an indifference to the substantial and ennobling interests of the Institution, or have ever entertained misgivings as to the permanent utility intended to be made manifest by the impartial distribution of the honors of office, and a judicious and liberal appropriation of its resources for the general good.

To assuage the sorrows of the unfortunate, to make glad for a season the heart of him whose energies have been crushed to despair by the accumulating cares attendant upon a period of protracted illness; and to afford such prompt and heartfelt sympathy and relief to the bereaved widow or orphans of a worthy brother, as either their isolated condition or circumstances in life should seem to require, comprise some of the pleasing (though oftentimes sad and trying) duties incumbent upon the office of a whole-souled Odd Fellow; those who deem such exertions to alleviate the sufferings of the oppressed as too onerous and self-denying to their own repose, would prove but indifferent acquisitions to our number.

To those made familiar with our forms, such remarks as the preceding may seem

somewhat unnecessary, perhaps; and were they addressed exclusively to the more interested members of the Order, the object for which they were really intended would be wholly lost.

There are within the somewhat extended circle of our own immediate acquaintance, men of sterling and exemplary worth, whom we know to be favorable to the objects which this Institution professes to promote; men who waver only in their determination to throw their means and zeal into this channel, to be first assured that the *germ* which has given existence and method to the Order, and which holds out the promise of such goodly and abundant fruit, embodies also those vital principles indispensable to its long and healthful preservation.

The selfish and aspiring pretensions of unworthy demagogues, whose mad ambition clamors for immediate, undeserved,

unmerited advancement, should on all occasions be met with a mild yet determined and unflinching opposition, by every well meaning, high minded Odd Fellow.

The primary causes of decay in many associations instituted for the same praiseworthy purposes, may generally be traced to a calculating partiality in proposing incompetent or inefficient candidates for office; and when we calmly reflect that similar schemes for personal aggrandisement may at any time be sufficiently well framed by the "unfaithful" as to mislead the judgment and lull the suspicions of the most wary and watchful, what may we not apprehend in our own midst, should the beacon-light upon the watch-tower of the temple fail to keep before our view the rock upon which they, in the unrestrained madness of their ambition, have split?

Ralubow.

HOPE.—The last refuge of man is Hope. When afflictions come upon him fast and thick—when care fevers his brain and sorrow gnaws his heart—when the tide of misfortune has parted the last cord that held his bark to her moorings, and the sound of its parting sinks like a death knell into his inmost soul, awakening all its sympathies to the fearful reality of the moment—the intensity of excitement gives way to a burst of anguish, a bitter tear of disappointment, or to that more strange and uncontrollable yet silent power, despondency. But it is for a moment only—one convulsive throb—one long-drawn, heart-heaved sigh, and it is all over—a flush passes over the heart, like the fleet sun-shadow of an April day, and Hope, the divine prince of cheats, the glorious emperor of deceivers, sits smiling on its throne!

And so, not satisfied with having been

befooled a thousand times ten thousand—not content to wipe away the tear of sad and melancholy disappointment that has just been made to gush from the fount of life's feelings—not imagining that the scene of sorrow through which he had just passed could be enacted over again, and that the same foot that spurred him can spur him again—he falls down and worships its light, as the Perian kneels to the sun-god of his soul's idolatry.

Mas has but one nature, in common with all mankind. His life is one continued shifting and changing of scenes, varying like the shadows of the wind-cloud, and marking his career on earth in a like manner. He has but one heart, and that heart is moved by the same impulse to-day that it was yesterday, and will be till it is still in death; the wide range of human nature is the same, unchangeable and eternal, and the same

fount that ebbs and flows and exists within him, gushes from a spring that knew no creation, and will know no termination of being.

His thoughts are always before and beyond him—he is ever looking ahead, to see the eventful approach of that mys-

terious being whose hand is seen in the heavens, beckoning him on to the highest goal within the reach of human power to attain. He has one object to pursue—one life to endure—one death to encounter.

THE BURIAL.

BY REV. BRO. E. YEATES REESE OF BALTIMORE.

THEY are moving to the church-yard,
For "the soul of *one* has fled!"
And the sound of solemn music
Follows close behind the dead!
There is gloom upon each feature—
There is sadness in each eye,
As the long line of the brotherhood
Is passing slowly by!

They are moving to the church-yard
In regalia-honor clad—
But each step is slow and heavy,
For each anxious heart is sad.
The widow's grief—the orphan's tear—
Have claimed their kindred sigh
From that noble band, who never pass
A suffering brother by!

They will stay the widow's anguish,
They will dry the orphan's tear,
In the darkest hour of sorrow,
Will the helping hand be near;
And the man of after years shall bless,
Those guardians of his youth,
And link his father's memory
With FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
—We are none of us exempt from losses, deprivations, and calamities, which from a state of high prosperity, may at any time hurl us into one of want and suffering. Such an institution as this is, is then invaluable. By becoming a mem-

ber, you provide against the darkest of earthly calamities. In sickness, you are comforted; and should grim death, bearing you to "that home from whence no traveller returns," tear you from the wife of your bosom—the children of your affection, he is robbed of half his terror.

You know, though your exchequer be empty — though ruin has blighted your prospects; and you are allied to hopeless bankruptcy. Poverty — the torturing fiend of many a death bed — cannot add to your misery, by pointing to a wretched hereafter for those you love, when your spirit, that would fain linger here, has obeyed the mandate of its maker. You know, that your wife in her sorrowing love will not have to deprive herself of her last cent to procure a coffin. You know that your little ones will not be left

unprovided for. You know that when you have breathed your last, your brethren will gather together, that they will bury you with decency, and will show their respect by following your remains to the grave. You know that your widow will receive a sum of money sufficient for her support for a considerable time, and that your children will be provided for according to their necessities. Thus in your membership are you assisted in sickness, and cheered and comforted in death.

New York Atlas.

Original.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD MAN IN GREY.

INTRODUCTORY. NO. 1. HUMBUG.

BY F. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

SITTING alone one evening in the recess of my little sanctum, and listening to the loud beating of the storm without, ideas of comfort naturally stole upon me. I looked around upon the various ornaments of my room, and felt happy. I glanced at the contents of my table and felt comfortable. The fire burned brightly, and the lamp clearly, — the old clock ticked in monotonous cadence as usual, and stillness reigned within — without, the tempest. Seizing the half-emptied flask of old Rhenish, I poured out one deep libation to Morpheus, and set the glass upon the board to meditate upon life and its changing scenes ere I sought the oblivion of his embraces.

The village clock at this moment tolled the hour of midnight — the witching hour, when the spirits of the departed, goblins, spectres, and the like, flit o'er the earth and become visible to the eye of mortals. The last stroke of the ponderous hammer had just ceased to echo, and its vibrations were lost upon the

"stilly night," when the door of my apartment was burst open with great violence, and a *little old man in a grey doublet*, walked in, and pulling from his head a broad brimmed beaver, he leisurely seated himself in my arm-chair, and at the same time commenced wiping an enormous pair of silver-bowed spectacles. Up to this moment he had observed the most perfect silence, notwithstanding my observations about the weather, and repeated questions of "what is your pleasure?" or, "can I assist you in any way?" all of which had not the effect intended upon him, nor could I draw from him any indication that he had heard my questions. A long, loud and hollow laugh broke his hitherto imperturbable silence, and gave the first indication of his quality and mission. His keen, grey eye sparkled, and his countenance at once illumined with expression, which upon close observation I found not to be unpleasing.

"Young man," said my guest, "my

visit is not of chance, nor have I sought your room as a shelter from the storm that sings so merrily without ; neither is my errand a luckless one, or one of caprice. Times long passed have owned my sway, and many have acknowledged my existence, who would have lived longer had they known me not. I am called the *Genius of Humbug*, and have found in you one that will profit, I hope, by my councils ; whose shrewdness and wisdom, if united with discretion, may aid much in my undertaking. Discretion is absolutely necessary, in order to practise with success upon the credulity of others. I have a revelation of import to make, — a “long yarn” to spin, — a momentous object to accomplish, and have sought you out, as one fitting to farther my great end. I have had many friends, and known many foes, and *they* still exist, the one to assist and comfort me, the other to perplex and annoy.

“The professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity, have each favored me with their notice, and among them I have many sons. From the earliest history of man have I had existence, though my natural life ceased in the year of the great flood, upon the second day of the increase of the waters ; from which time I have not ceased to exist, though thousands are the number of the bodies that I have animated. Many, yea, very many, have been my transmigrations, and wonderful their effects ; but still my misfortune lies in being

‘Doom’d for a certain time to walk the night,

And for the day confined in fires,

‘Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.’

“In the first place,” continued my guest, “in whatever species of quackery you embark, it is necessary to put a bold face upon the matter, to the end that mankind (the public) may believe you sincere, and that you believe what you teach. Only gain their favorable attention, and you have good reason to hope ere long

their conversion to your sentiments or theory. Remember, also, there is no absurdity in modern quackery, (alias humbug,) so great that many among men will not swallow, provided the dose be well gilded.

“O, Humbug ! thou deceiver ! how many and varied are thy personifications. Were I to attempt to speak of them, they would be more than I am able to number, or to unravel ; thy many forms are as hydra-heads, continually springing up to the annoyance of man ; — the many colors thou assumest are as changeable, as numerous, as amusing, as they are extraordinary. Thou art not content with the license given to thee by the exuberance of youth, but art found to have numbered thy disciples from among the hoary headed and men of years. Thy sceptre extends not only from the self-deluded fire-worshippers of India — the credulous Brahmin of Egypt, but traces its name in letters of superstition and blood at the wheel Juggernaut. Leaving the darker ages far behind, or seen only to be remembered as the fitful images of the past, its phoenix-fires burn with undimmed lustre in the enlightened era of the eighteenth century. Thy able auxiliaries in all climes, and in all nations, have been mysticism and credulity. If the ancients believed in charms, and gave heed to monstrosities, can we censure those who live in modern times for some few of their absurdities ?* Surely not ; for in proportion as the light of science and knowledge advances upon the world, there have been those who have ever sought and still strive to tell and impress upon popular belief some new and extraordinary discovery, invention, or nostrum.

“Those are they who (many of them) are enlisted under the broad banner of

* We wish to be understood not censoriously, when we say a few only of the humbuds of the times are at all to be tolerated, for in this we think the good sense of a discerning public will bear us out in saying.

Humbug, into the dark *dealing*, and hidden mysteries of which I intend to initiate you. From the primitive times of the early settlers, before the rock-bound coast of Plymouth was pressed by the foot of the Puritans, the "charm" of the savage of these eastern wilds hung suspended from his neck—the medicine bag of the Indian, an amulet whose virtues were supposed by the credulous native to be a sovereign remedy for all evil and accident—was of so potent a nature, that the scalp of their reeking victim has been left untouched when in his dying struggle the hand of his victim has held it in his grasp. However sincere a man may be in his belief, is not always proof of its correctness. If a man willingly *abuses* the talents God has given him for *using*, it is to be lamented: if his abuse of these talents are only harmless in themselves, the exercise of them is not so much a cause for censure, as when developed in many of the specious humbugs of the present time, which are a positive injury to the public.

"The Indian indulging in the belief that the virtues of the "great medicine" he wears, protects him from evil influences, commits nothing censurable, nor does he do an injury to his fellows. But now the times are changed, greatly changed, and Humbug is most extensively practised in city and in country, as you will acknowledge by what I am hereafter to relate."

Up to this moment my guest had not ceased speaking; but as night wore apace, he manifested some little uneasiness, and when the crowing of the morning cock caught his ear, in a hurried manner he exclaimed,—“My time is spent—my hour is past—we shall meet yet again,” and immediately vanished.

What communications the old man in the grey doublet, may have further to disclose, I know not; but that he has something farther to communicate of a particular nature, I have no doubt—all of which shall be duly made to those for whom intended.

OBSERVATIONS ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.

More particularly addressed to new members.

I SHALL, in the first place, direct the attention of the minor branches of the Fraternity to what I conceive to be the *Principles of Odd-Fellowship*.

Secondly—*Its maintenance of discipline*.

Thirdly—*The duty of one member towards another*.

First—*The Principles of Odd-Fellowship*. One of the fundamental rules of life laid down by our Great Master is, "to do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." An injunction emanating from so divine a source cannot fail to inspire every rational being with

that sense of social fellowship which is due from one created individual to another; and must, therefore, elevate his mind to a perfection of purity, far above the common feelings of life. This, I apprehend, was the chief intention of our ancestors, in guiding them to the attainment and general spread of Odd-Fellowship throughout the universe. The ordinary obligations of Odd-Fellowship are attached to the members of Lodges in their collective character, but there are some positive and some negative duties arising therefrom, which specially belong to such members; every brother is re-

quired to have faith, and all the virtues therein composed are to be evinced by him. Before entering on this topic, it may be useful to notice, generally, the purposes of Odd-Fellowship, because those who are any ways ignorant of such purposes, their real virtue must to them be involved in clouded doubt and mystic oblivion; this, I conceive, repels many from pursuing it with the required avidity, and naturally tends to confuse and perplex them. Odd-Fellowship is the exercise of the social principle in matters of common life—the junction of men who agree in views, and tastes, and purposes for their joint assistance and united endeavors for providing relief in the hour of need. It is not confined to one particular occasion, or limited to one transaction; it extends its advantages to all who recognise each other as members, who rank under one common head; every expression of fraternal regard, every participation, in the enjoyments of friendship, every act of sympathy and benevolence, as truly belongs to the principles of Odd-Fellowship as the celebration of a natal day. Such ought to be the predominant feature displayed in the conduct of all who enter a Lodge-room. “In truth,” says the late Rev. R. Hall, “if we are strangers to communion with our fellow-Christians on other occasions, it is impossible for us to enjoy it there, for the mind is not a piece of mechanism which can be set going at pleasure, whose movements are obedient to the call of time and place. Nothing short of habitual sympathy, springing from the cultivation of benevolent feeling and the interchange of kind offices will secure that reciprocal delight, that social pleasure, which is the soul of Christian communion.” By this you will perceive that our frequent flow of benevolence should not be limited to those who belong to the order alone, but to all our fellow-creatures, when time and circumstance give occasion, in order that we may more

cheerfully perform kind intentions to those who have a more immediate claim upon our liberality in the Order; as, if such sentiments do not sway our bosoms upon ordinary occasions, how can we voluntarily, and without a struggle, perform an act of good-will to our individual Lodge-members? And when a moiety is contributed with a turbulent spirit, the recipient had much rather remain in his penurious state than seek relief from such a donor. Thus Odd-Fellowship requires its votaries to manifest a feeling of benevolence in public as well as private; the one will naturally lead us to perform good deeds towards the other; therefore, if we fail on the one hand, a total neglect and indifference will arise on the other. To advance the principles of Odd-Fellowship it is necessary to cultivate and entertain its foremost purpose, the benign spirit of philanthropy, as regards the welfare of others. Can we, without compunction, exercise benevolence to our individual relatives, if we exhibit a dereliction of that principle for a stranger?—Can we imitate the timely compassion of a Samaritan, if we foster the detestable feelings of vicious pride and contempt of a Levite? “When,” asks Cowper,

“When was public virtue found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
Who slight the charities for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?”

Thus, then, we may conclude that the principles of Odd-Fellowship as much depend upon our general conduct out of the Order as our character in common life depends upon our energetic fulfilment of discipleship in the Order.

A constant provision (which is the great object of Odd-Fellowship) against the needs of brethren is an operation and display of principle far more exalted in the eyes of all good men than the incidental manifestation of charity, under the impulse of a momentary sympathy. To

lay by a store of bounty for suffering and needy brethren is to treasure up love and happiness in the heart—is a work of principle far surpassing the acts of a temporary compassion; it is the foundation stone on which the sublime structure of Odd-Fellowship was raised, and finally became the formidable edifice we now behold. Nor could a more suitable plan be brought into operation for expressing our filial attachment to that portion of mankind whose reciprocity of feelings demand our aid. Whatever plan might be adopted, we arrive but to one conclusion; we are bound, not only by the law of nature, but by the law of Christ, “not to see any Christian brother have need, and shut up our bowels of compassion from him.” Odd-Fellowship is constructed upon as divine principles as those which sway other institutions. Every votary at its shrine is expected to love and exalt its precepts—to love them for the sake of their Christianity—to love them for the sake of those benefits which we all in common enjoy—to love them in this life for the sake of that heavenly communion in which we hope to dwell hereafter.—Odd-Fellowship is loud in prohibiting all jealousies—all rejoicings in the evils of another—all encouragement to vice, irregularities and vicious propensities; it encourageth all good deeds, and condemns all frail habits; it advanceth man in the social scale of life, and retards, by avoidance, him whose absolute viciousness requireth admonition; it requires us to cherish love towards all mankind, though not immediately connected with them; not that it requires us to neglect the officers and brothers of a Lodge, with whom we are directly allied—no, this would be to destroy our membership in a particular coterie, and lose our social privileges, and the peculiar advantages therewith attended, in a vague generality of communion. The very fact of our entering one particular Lodge intimates our

preference for that Lodge in distinction from the rest, and requires our participation and exertions in its services; still, while such does not merge our membership in a vagrant indifference to its privileges, we are not to lose our feeling of catholicity in the restrictiveness of a general communion. Here Odd-Fellows maintain a *visible* bond of union in the world. An individual unites himself to a Lodge, that Lodge is united to other similar bodies, and thus has arisen universal association, whose praiseworthy efforts to do good is augmented by each individual putting “his shoulder to the wheel.” It must be remembered that an union with one particular society does not dissociate us from the general body; we are members of a *community*, though immediately connected with a *particular family*; we belong to a kingdom, as well as a city within it, and are not allowed to lose either our patriotism in our citizenship, or our citizenship in our patriotism. All Lodges are to be regarded with the same benevolent feelings which characterise its uniformity, notwithstanding our intimate connection with one of them in particular. In an army are many companies, yet one great fraternity, “distinct as the billows, yet one as the ocean.”—So with Odd-Fellowship; we belong to a Lodge, yet are accountable to the Order for our actions; and it appears but reasonable that one Lodge should recognise as a sister Lodge similarly consisting of individuals acting under the same cause. In this spirit Lodges are allowed to visit each other as brethren, and even receive each other’s members as brethren—they *co-operate* for the good of the Order, and thus recognise each other—they reciprocally seek and render advice—they contribute to each other’s necessities, and in various ways are esteem and confidence exhibited and expressed. The principles of Odd-Fellowship emphatically hold forth, that, how-

ever useful, and delightful legitimate, and it may be to hold communion with other Lodges, *regular* attention to our own is obligatory — is indispensable.

In a word, "universal love to all mankind," and a mutual sympathy with the wants of our fraternal brethren, are the two great pillars that support the laudable capital of Odd-Fellowship. Long may they stand — long may they remain

an impenetrable barrier to rebut the attacks of the prejudiced and the unprincipled — long may they flourish in the refined sculpture that now decks them — long may they serve as a beacon-light to guide the hesitating and the waverer unto where true felicity may be experienced — and long may they prove a source of relief to the afflicted, the needy, and the oppressed !

To be continued.

ODE.—BENEVOLENCE.

BY BRO. PASCHAL DONALDSON, OF NEW YORK.

Sung at the Anniversary Celebration of Mercantile Lodge, No. 47, I. O. O. F., New York, 14th January, 1842.

FAIR, lovely daughter of the skies,
Bless'd attribute of Deity,
To thee our cheerful thoughts arise,
And fain would *rest* awhile on thee :
Thy deeds oft dwell upon our tongues,
And find a place in our glad songs.

Within thy smiles fair FRIENDSHIP lives,
Sweet LOVE exists where thou art known,
TRUTH to thy cause her blessing gives,
And KINDNESS dwells beneath thy throne :
And peaceful HARMONY is found
Where'er thy voice is heard to sound.

In lowly cot, or palace hall, —
On land or sea, — in desert place, —
Where'er thy glad some footsteps fall,
Thy bland address, thy smiling face,
Cheers up the drooping mourner's heart,
And bids his fears and cares depart.

Thy gifts are scattered wide and far :
Where'er we tread, thy deeds we trace ;
Thy bounteous, kindly hand of care
Is stretched o'er man's afflicted race,
To cheer him in his rugged road,
And lead him safe to heaven and God.

Oh ! let thy light beam on him still,
Still may he heed thy gentle voice,
Till the whole world is freed from ill,
And all mankind in LOVE rejoice :
Till the dark reign of wo is o'er,
And pain and grief are felt no more.

Original.

ON ASSOCIATED EFFORT.

ONE of the principles which lie at the foundation of the institution of Odd Fellowship, and which seems calculated to give it great success, is the principle of association. The power of associated effort is acknowledged in every department of life, and it is the glory of the present age, that so much has been done by means of it, for the benefit of our race. Individual, isolated effort, is insufficient to meet the wants of the suffering. True, there are, in every community, individuals whose ears seem ever open to the cry of the needy—whose hands seem ever ready to satisfy their wants—whose birth-right it seems to be to do good, and who, like ministering spirits, are ever exploring the depths of misery and vice.—Such persons need no artificial associations to open the fountains of their charity. These examples are however rare in this selfish and sinful world. The benevolence even of such individuals is circumscribed, and is confined chiefly, if not entirely, to the limited sphere of their own personal acquaintances. They can employ but a divided time and attention in dispensing their charities. Most of us, however ready to aid a suffering brother, when his case is presented to us, forget, amid the bustle of our daily avocations, to *search out* fit objects of our charity. How often do we pass the poor way-farer in our walks, not because our feelings are untouched, but because we cannot know whether he is a worthy object of charity, and whether the sum we would give him, may not be misapplied. That we may not give to the undeserving, we turn a deaf ear to the cry of all, and thus we become hardened to these scenes of misery which we continually meet. But let our efforts be united and organized, and let some *one* person be em-

ployed by us all, who shall spend his *whole* time in seeking out proper objects of charity, then will we most cheerfully meet the demands made upon us for aid, in the fullest confidence that it will not be misapplied.

How full is history of examples of the power of associated effort. It has accumulated vast corporate wealth, which has in its turn built great public works, bridged oceans, annihilated space, and made even the elements subservient to man. Ages of isolated, disconnected effort, could never have achieved the great moral revolutions which this age has witnessed. Individual influence might be withstood, but nothing can meet the *torrent* of opinion which sweeps all before it. It is this principle which is the origin of families, communities and governments. In union there is the fullest strength. The mountain streams may fertilize the valleys through which they flow, but it is only when their waters are united in the lake or the broad ocean, that the clouds can be supplied which fertilize the whole earth.

The Institution of Odd Fellowship, is a benevolent institution, upon a scale of association, at once vast and influential. We are united together for the moral and social well being of man, and for the mutual assistance of each other, in times of distress. Our design is eminently charitable. We profess to do good unto all men, but most of all to the brethren of the Order. Every brother, sick or in distress, is entitled, as of right, to a specified weekly sum, from the funds of the Order, and is provided with every comfort his circumstances may require. Nor does any brother, however affluent may be his condition at the present moment, feel that he is above the reverses of fortune. Misfor-

tune is the lot of our humanity. "We know not what a day may bring forth." The rich man of to-day, may find himself on the morrow stripped of all his wealth, and dependent upon the charity of his friends. Then will he experience the blessings of our Association.

Nor should we be thought selfish, in applying our charity principally to ourselves. It is the *end* and *object* of our association, that the *members* of it should alone reap the benefits. We are thus enabled to obviate the great evil of indiscriminate benevolence which we have alluded to. We are enabled, by our organization, to *know* the individuals upon whom we bestow our charity, and conse-

quently we are not easily deceived. We do not seek however to circumscribe or limit our benevolence. Our invitation is to all who have purity of thought and honesty of purpose. *Beyond* the limits of our Order we are not *required* to exercise our charity, but charity in its *fullest* extent is inculcated, and is it to be supposed, that the holy principle, when once implanted in our breasts, will suffer us to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the distressed, *without* the immediate sphere of our operations? It is thus, by a close brotherhood—by united, organized action, that Odd Fellowship effects so much, and its success is another triumph of the principle of associated effort. P. G.

UMBRELLAS.—I love an umbrella—not a gay modere-made fashionable silk affair, slender as a walking stick and "prating audibly" of some whipper-snapper manufacturer, but an old, substantial looking article that has done service in years gone by, and bears the battering of elemental warfare with but a few trifling air-holes and a partial fading of its material.

It is of infinite service in times of nocturnal warfare with other opponents than the noisy elements. Had Bob Logic's "rain-napper" been of ancient make he would not have been floored and vanquished in the midnight *row* at St. Dunstan's. Had the French army at the battle of Crecy planted a range of "canvass-tops" in front of their line, the arrows of the English archers had failed of half their effect, and the Black Prince had been shorn of half his laurels. Place an umbrella in my hands and I become invincible. Indeed so great is my belief in its efficacy that I have actually drawn up a code of regulations for its management. Here it is.

1. In rainy weather hold the handle of

your umbrella (which should always be a stout one) perpendicularly—never mind politeness, but sweep the whole sidewalk, and if any fellow dares to mutter any thing, pretend you carry the article so low as to impede your sight.

2. In fair weather carry your umbrella folded and ringed, horizontally under your left arm, the ferule poking out ahead in the most belligerent manner possible. If you happen to poke out a lady's eye—never mind—people should always look out for themselves, and Dr. Scudder makes most capital glass ones—so says our friend Froth.

3. If an editor happens to speak ill of a member of your club, generously take the offence to yourself—march up to him in his office and (umbrella are good things,) threaten to punch him in the ribs if he doesn't write a recantation.

4. Go into a bar-room where your credit is upon the wane, order a bottle of Rudesheimer, and if you observe the waiter hesitating, talk rather large about being sorry that you poked that fellow's

eye out in a passion t'other day — my word upon it you succeed.

5. If you get into a duel make the appointment on a rainy day: carry your umbrella to the field of battle; silk turns ball — you understand the rest.

In short in every scene of life umbrellas stand your friends. Your umbrella shelters you from a pelting if people at elections happen to be unruly; your umbrella throws a delicious shade over your

person at midsummer noon, and finally, when foes thicken and money grows scarce and life is dark, you can firmly grasp the handle of your umbrella, entrust yourself to its guidance and the faithful thing, like Blanchard's great balloon, will bear you unhurt through "seas of air" to some fairy island — some Oasis in the boundless desert, where you may rove in clover till your death.

PARTY SPIRIT IN LODGES.

THAT "union is strength" is an universally acknowledged axiom; yet, strange to say, evident as is the necessity of union, and self-evident as is the above proposition, the conduct of some of the brethren would seem to show that they do not see the necessity of the one, nor feel the truth nor force of the other.

If union is strength, the stability and permanency of every community, whether small or great, must necessarily depend on close union. It must be, therefore, of paramount importance that in all our Lodges there should be unity of purpose, unity of interests, and a most cordial co-operation in every thing relating to the good and welfare of them, if they are to go on in any way like comfort and prosperity. I feel the delightful assurance that such is the real state of many, very many of our Lodges, presenting the pleasing spectacle so well described in the words of the poet —

"How blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When brothers joined with brother meet
In bands of mutual love;"

and surely none other than a demon could look upon such scenes with indifference, and have no desire to participate in such happiness, where

"Kind desires to serve and please
Through all their actions run;"

9

It is to be exceedingly regretted that any thing like a factious and disorderly spirit should be found invading the almost sacred retirement of the Lodge, where nothing but harmony and unanimity ought to prevail. Sometimes a little misunderstanding, or difference of opinion, which ought to be met with calm and temperate discussion, will call up in the breasts of those who have little command of temper, the very worst feelings of our nature, which too frequently vents itself in no very measured, but often in unguarded and very unbecoming language. It is almost unnecessary to say how ill such scenes accord with the place; and I would most earnestly beseech all such well and duly to consider their social obligations as Odd Fellows, and the immense importance of the due exercise of kindness and mutual forbearance, and seriously to reflect upon the incalculable mischief of division in Lodges, so totally inimical to their peace, comfort, and prosperity.

A nation weakened by internal feuds becomes an easy conquest to an invading enemy; and a Lodge rent and divided by party spirit and party feelings opens a door of ready access to the demon of discord, whose confusing and withering

influences paralyze its better energies, and destroy its vital interests, and, without a speedy return to the peaceable path of procedure, must soon cease to exist as a Lodge. Such evils, if they do not absolutely break up all the Lodges where they exist, tend very much to weaken the hands and discourage the hearts of those who have the best interests at heart, and without whose presence and kind endeavors to sooth and tranquilize these jarring spirits, the Lodge would soon fall to the ground. And this is not the *ne plus ultra* of the evil, for some worthy and peaceably disposed brethren, wearied and disgusted with the angry bickerings, which from time to time mar the happiness and harmony of their meetings, have at length withdrawn from their Lodges, and eventually been lost to the Order.

Let it not be thought that I am deploring an evil which has no existence but in imagination; too much of the painful consequences of such a spirit have come under my own personal observation.—And such things do exist, notwithstanding the infliction of the severe fines of our penal laws for their suppression.

For the credit of our Order, and the peace and harmony of our Lodges, I trust that the brethren whose conduct is here censured are not *very* numerous; still that there should be *any* amongst us must be regretted by every peaceable and well organized mind. The entire disappearance from all our meetings of every thing like discord is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

What shall I say to such? If they will bear with me, I would say in the language of the apostle, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and

evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another." And shall our admirable lectures, which breathe the pure and gentle spirit of love, charity, forbearance, and universal good will, be heard in the Lodges from time to time, without making any impression? Are they only amusing the ear, as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals? Shall such things continue? Forbid it, gracious Heaven! rather may our country have to say that which was said of the primitive Christians by an envious world, "See how these Christians love each other!" That we as a body, without one exception, may be deserving of the like admiration, let each strive to rival the other in the constant and assiduous cultivation of mutual forbearance, brotherly love, and that Christian charity which "suffereth long and is not easily provoked;" and though one brother may deserve, and undoubtedly will have, more of our respect and esteem than another, still we ought for the common good to avoid all undue prepossessions, and every thing that may in the remotest degree savor of party feeling, and endeavor to generalise, as much as possible, our feelings of respect and kindness, which

"Gives the flower of fleeting its lustre and perfume
And we are weeds without it."

Thus by harmony, and the consequent happiness, we shall strengthen the general bond of our union, which, as Odd Fellows, we ought to cherish as a blessing and a gift from heaven. We have also the additional gratification of knowing that such conduct is pleasing to the eyes of Him who is the "author of peace and lover of concord."

Rainbow.

Original.

PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

ANY one acquainted with the Institution of Odd Fellowship, I doubt not, will pronounce it one of the best of the age. It brings together men of the most discordant opinions; it acknowledges, as brothers, all who live up to its precepts; it encourages Morality, Love, Charity, Temperance; and in short, every virtue which tends to make man better and happier. And shall it not be called a religious society, while there are three great principles which all are bound by the strictest ties to adhere to,—namely,—the first, love to God; the second, to our neighbor, and thirdly, to ourselves. As a society, it asks the blessings of our Heavenly Father on all its actions, and prays for his assistance that will enable them to live up to the truths as laid down in His holy word.

One of the main principles of Odd Fellowship is to “do unto others as you would have others do unto you.” And every *true* Odd Fellow will act up to this principle. Therefore Odd Fellows have that confidence in each other, which is seldom found among the members of any other Institution. If a brother is in poverty, or distress, or affliction, he is taken by the hand, and encouraged, and helped, as his case may require, instead of being passed by, and left to the cold charity of the world.

These are but few of the links that bind Odd Fellows together; and so far from being a secret society, they invite all mankind to become members, so that they will live up to its principles. Then there would be happiness on the earth. And it does not end with brothers. How many widows and orphans bless the name of Odd Fellow. In them they have husband, brother, father and friend. How can any one object to become members of such a society? and how can wives and sisters object that their husbands and brothers and friends should be united to the Order? It is hoped that soon all friends to religion and good morals will rally around our standard, which bears for its motto, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.

ODD FELLOW.

Original.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY M. E. Y.

HAIL! FRIENDSHIP! — hail! — thine is the silken cord
That binds each heavenly feeling to the heart: —
Thine arm of might sustains the helpless child,
Whose parents slumber sweetly in the grave.
Where the foul canker-worm is revelling
Within the poor man's household — there art thou,
A ministering angel in the hour
Of need. — We hail thee, FRIENDSHIP, for thou art
The spring from whence arise, in beauty, LOVE and TRUTH.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND ITS EXCELLENCE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, was related to us a few days since, which so fully exhibits one of the excellences of Odd Fellowship, that we cannot forbear to give it to our readers as one of the many evidences of the utility of such societies as ours. One fact like this is worth a thousand theories, especially such as are often urged with all the dogmatisms of the stoic against all special organizations, particularly those denominated *secret societies*.

In the year 1840, a gentleman from the interior of one of the northern states, unfortunate in business and actuated by a desire to make a comfortable provision for his family, removed to one of the southern states. In the midst of the troubles and perplexities incident to a residence in a new and strange country, he was taken sick; his scanty means were soon exhausted, and his family reduced to a state bordering upon starvation. The wife, an industrious, frugal woman, bore up under the circumstances until the last hope was gone and grim want had crossed the threshold. Two days had elapsed without food, and the last flickering flame of life was slowly going out with the sick man. On the afternoon of the second day, a neighbor, on his way to the town, about one mile off, called to water his horse at the well of the sick man. Hearing of his illness, he on his arrival in town, mentioned it to a physician, who immediately rode out to see him, and in the course of conversation remarked that he would mention his case to the *Odd Fel-*

lows. The sick man requested his wife to hand him his pocket-book, from which he gave the doctor a small paper. No sooner were his eyes cast over it than he grasped the hand of the sick man with the fervor of a friend, and leaving him immediately, returned to town. In that evening, a cart containing an abundant supply of needful articles came out from town attended by four gentlemen, who assisted during the night in nursing the sick. For four or five weeks the sick man seemed standing upon the verge of the grave, but good nursing and the presence of every thing he needed succeeded at length in restoring him to health. The assistance of his kind friends continued; they assisted him in business — his affairs improved — and he is now living in the enjoyment of a competency, near the town of —.

The emigrant was an Odd Fellow, so was the doctor — the paper he gave him was the *card* — the friends that assisted him were Odd Fellows, and members of — Lodge.

We give the story as we received it, without the least embellishment. The names our informant suppressed, because all are now living. But for this same reason, we could give a number of anecdotes, all illustrating the utility of our Association. These are the arguments we like to use; like experiments in chemistry, they demonstrate “elective affinity” of Odd Fellowship for the suffering and distressed.

Independent Odd Fellow.

THE only kind office performed for us by our friends of which we never complain, is our funeral; and the only thing which we are sure to want, happens to be the only thing which we never purchase — our coffin. — LACON.

A good master is tender of his servant in sickness and in age. If crippled in his service, his house is his hospital. Yet how many throw away those dry bones out of which they themselves have sucked the marrow.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MANCHESTER UNITY.—Many of our readers are undoubtedly aware of the diversity of feeling between the Odd Fellows of England, and those of the United States, in relation to the work of the Order, and it may not be uninteresting to them, to know somewhat of the origin and history of this difference. To render the account intelligible, it will be necessary to glance briefly, at the history of our Order in England. The history of Odd Fellowship, like that of other great, influential and time-honored institutions, is a record of alternations of prosperity and adversity. We see it at one time, standing out in bold relief upon the past, at another, almost lost amid surrounding gloom. The *present* period is one of unexampled prosperity. Our Lodges have sprung up in every land, and we every where command respect and admiration.

We have, however, but to go back to the close of the last century, and we find Odd Fellowship existing in England, under very unfavorable auspices. It was confined, at that time, to the cities of London and Liverpool. The Lodge meetings, were held at the public Inns of those places, and the members seemed to have no higher object in view, than the indulgence of mirth, and conviviality. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising, that the Order should have been looked upon with distrust and prejudice, and have been discountenanced by all good citizens. These Lodges, were united under one common head and jurisdiction, under the title of the "Union Order of Odd Fellows."

In 1809, the first Lodge was instituted in Manchester, and was under the jurisdiction of the Union Order. This Lodge was for many years conducted upon the

same principles as those of London and Liverpool, and received quite as little consideration. In time, however, individuals of intelligence were admitted into the Manchester Lodge, who felt the degeneracy of the Order, and were determined to make zealous efforts, to render it a worthy, and valuable institution. — They saw from its organization, that under proper management, it was capable of effecting much good. They assailed boldly the evil practices of their brothers, and endeavored to combat the existing prejudices. As a preliminary step, they withdrew from the jurisdiction of the "Union Order," declared themselves independent of it, and assumed the title of "Independent Order of Odd Fellows."

Freed from the degradation which had so long weighed upon it like an incubus, Odd Fellowship straightway renewed its youth. It sprung, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of its decay, and assumed at once an important station and influence. Lodges were rapidly formed in Manchester and its vicinity, under the new organization, and it was soon found necessary to unite them under a general head. The result was, the formation of the "Manchester District or Unity," which soon had under its jurisdiction the larger and most respectable portion of the Order.

From the "Manchester Unity," as distinguished from the "Union Order," Odd Fellowship in America derives its descent. On the 15th of May, 1826, a charter was granted by the "Manchester Unity" to the Grand Lodge of the United States. In that charter was given the power, "to conduct the business of Odd Fellowship, without the interference of any other country." From that time until the year 1833, the English and American Lodges went forward in their work, with great

uniformity and unanimity. They rapidly increased in numbers, and zealously co-operated, in carrying out the true principles of the Order. That year dates the commencement of the diversity of feeling between the Lodges in the two countries. In May of that year, the "Annual Committee," as it is termed, of the Manchester Unity, saw fit, most materially to alter the work of the Order, by revising the lecture books, and making an almost entire change in the language and signs, thereby making Odd Fellowship in England and America, two distinct things.

No reason for this step was ever assigned, and no consultation was had with their brethren in America upon the subject. The new work was never adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, on the ground, that there was no *reason* for this alteration of the ancient work, that no consultation was had with them upon the matter, and that a departure from the ancient landmarks, was to be deprecated, as introducing a precedent, which would in all future time injure us, and leave us forever upon a sea of doubt and uncertainty. As a necessary consequence of this change in the language of the Order, Brothers from England found great difficulty in obtaining admission into our Lodges. The Manchester Unity, immediately took offence at this, claiming its right to control the Order everywhere and asserting its supremacy over it in the United States, when by virtue of the very charter they had given to us, they openly declared us independent of them. A short time since, a letter was sent to the Manchester Unity, by the Grand Lodge of the United States, informing them of the disadvantages to which Brothers coming from England were subjected, and desiring information as to the extent of the changes made in the work of the Order, and the reasons which influenced them in making such a change. To this letter no answer has been received. We find

however, on the records of the next annual meeting of the "Annual Committee," a series of resolutions adopted, empowering their Board of Directors, to open Lodges in the United States, and to make such arrangements for the interest and comfort of English Odd Fellows, now in America, as might seem to them most proper. As nothing of this kind has as yet been attempted, it is presumed that their "sober second thought" has taught them the utter futility of any attempts of that kind.

Notwithstanding this somewhat uncourteous proceeding on the part of the Manchester Unity, it being admitted by all, that the difficulty is one of their own making — the Grand Lodge of the U. S. have never lost sight of the fact, that the true interests of Odd Fellowship demand an uniformity in the work, throughout the world. They seem ever to have been actuated by true brotherly feeling, and to have made advances again and again, towards a settlement of the difficulty. — A Committee, with full powers of conference, was recently sent out, to make one more effort to bring back our English Brethren to their ancient faith. That Committee have returned, without having accomplished the object of their mission.

Such is the history of this controversy, and the question arises — what shall be done? Shall we surrender a system, which has all the beauty of simplicity, and all the advantage of long tried experience to recommend it, and adopt one, which is an acknowledged departure from the ancient landmarks, and which offers no advantage to counterbalance the great evils of change? We think not. — Justice seems to demand, that those who originated the difficulty, should heal it.

☞ The lines sent us by Bro. WETHERBEE, have been misplaced, which will account for their non-appearance in our present number. Will Bro. W. please to send us a copy?

[The following excellent remarks, from the "Covenant," are peculiarly applicable at the present time, when our Lodges are about changing their officers. We recommend them to the careful perusal of all who shall be honored with official stations during the next quarter.]

THERE is an important responsibility resting upon the officers of our lodges. To their hands for the time being, the business, and the interests of their respective lodges are committed, and much of the peace, harmony and prosperity of the Order, depends upon the promptness and fidelity with which they discharge the duties of their stations. This is especially true of the N. G.—who is the presiding officer of the Lodge. The duties of a presiding officer are various and sometimes complicated, and perplexing, especially to a novice in the business. They require a quickness of perception, a suavity and dignity of manners, a thorough knowledge of parliamentary proceedings, and a decision and energy of character, not often found united in the same individual. There are in fact, but few, who can discharge the duties of that office, in a masterly manner. Still, there are as few who may not, by a little application and observation, qualify themselves to preside with tolerable dignity and efficiency; and the importance of the office, should stimulate every incumbent, before he assumes the chair, to qualify himself for a respectable discharge of its duties. Nothing is more trying to the patience and good feelings of a large body of men, than to be detained for hours, in doing business, that might be despatched in a few minutes, but for the inefficiency of the presiding officer. Frequently the harmony of an assembly will be disturbed, and every man will be completely in the dark as to the business in hand, for the simple reason, that the presiding officer did not understand a point of order, or could not clearly state a question. We think we should not err in saying, that nine-tenths of the difficulties and delays that occur in all

deliberative assemblies, originate in the incompetency or inefficiency of those who preside. Sure we are, that our subordinate lodges in a particular manner, suffer much from this cause. And the reason may perhaps be found in the fact, that brethren think more of the honors of the office, than of an able performance of its duties. Let those who aspire to this office, study well the constitution and by-laws of their Lodge, so that without a moment's hesitation, they can decide upon the legality of any proposed measure. Let them study well the laws of their State Grand Lodge, and the general laws of the Order, as enacted by the Grand Lodge of the United States; let the prescribed rules of order be made familiar; then let a strict performance of duty be enforced, upon the subordinate officers, and the reward will be great, in the ease, harmony and despatch with which all the business of the Lodge will be transacted. In this way the Lodge may be made to move like a well regulated machine; but without attention to these things, its operations will be like the crashing and creaking of machinery whose regulator is lost. Will our brethren think of these things?—

EXPLANATION. — When we first issued our prospectus for publishing the Symbol, it was proposed to publish it in *quarto* form, of eight pages, semi-monthly, at \$1 50 per year. But afterwards, — when some twenty or thirty persons had subscribed, — at the request of many of the brethren, we concluded to alter the form of our publication to that of *octavo*, with *twenty-four* pages, at \$2 00 a year. The expense of doing the work in this way, is very much more than the way first proposed, as it contains about one-third more reading matter, besides that of covers, pressing, &c, which is no small item. — The change has been to our disadvantage in a pecuniary point of view. We con-

sider this explanation due, inasmuch as some few of our subscribers have not, probably, been made acquainted with the reason why their bills are \$2 00, instead of \$1 50.

Persons holding subscription papers for the "Symbol," to which are attached any subscribers' names, will please return them to the publication office, No. 32 Congress street.

MISCELLANY.

NONCOMMITTAL. — 'Mrs. Slang, what is your opinion of Mr. Smith?'

'Well, Mr. Snacks, I declare I do n't hardly know what to think of Mr. Smith. You know I never talk about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Smith, sometimes I think, and then I'm not so sartin, but raly I believe he'll turn out to be just sort of a man as I've always thought he would. Now, mind if he do n't.'

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache? — to which he replied, 'No, ma'am, I have been married twenty-eight years.'

A young widow who edits a paper 'down east,' says, 'We do not look so well to-day as usual, on account of the non-arrival of the *males*.'

An eminent physician has recently discovered that the nightmare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced from owing a newspaper bill.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear — one that hath no sympathy with humanity, and no feeling in common with the rest of the species.

'Thkool marm! thkool marm! Ithaac thword!' screamed out a little lisping urchin in school one day to his mistress. 'Isaac swore! naughty boy! what did he say?' 'He thaid goothe, he did.' — 'Goose! naughty boy, Isaac; do n't swear goose again.'

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS — Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues.

Silloom, No. 2, do do Thursday.

New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Thursday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor.

Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Saturday.

Mechanic, No. 11, " "

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Tuesday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.

Quinipac, No. 1, New Haven, Monday.

Charter Oak, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday.

Middlesex, No. 3, E. Haddam, Wednesday.

Pequannock, No. 4, Bridgeport.

Harmony, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1843.

NUMBER 4.

THE PIRATE.

WE advise those who can derive pleasure only from fiction, to turn over the page and look for something else; for the tale we are about to relate, albeit marvellous, is true — too true to make a joke of.

It is well known, that in times gone by, his Excellency Sir William Phipps went a fishing on the reefs and keys of the Gulf of Mexico; not for cod or haddock, or any other kind of fish; but for gold, of which he fished up more than we dare mention, from a wrecked vessel. His success was long a matter of admiration in New England, and many embarked their substance in similar enterprizes, which were invariably unsuccessful. In this, however, as in other lotteries, the prize was spoken of, and the blanks forgotten, and men still continued to venture.

Among the adventurers was Samuel Bellamy, a young seaman, employed in the coasting trade between Boston and Cape Cod. He might have continued to sail his tight little schooner in and out of our harbor till the day of his death, had not love disturbed his philosophy. He was enamored (as sailors are very apt to be) of a damsel, called Margaret Noble, the daughter of an old fisherman, who owned a Chebacco boat, and was reputed the richest inhabitant of Wellfleet. Old Noble was wont to say of his daughter that she had as clean a run as any craft belonging to the Cape, and Bellamy

agreed with him in opinion. He danced once with her, and the touch of her hand, he said, made him feel "as if some one had struck him on the elbow." At his next trip to Boston, he bought an elegant assortment of ribbons for her use, and — but what need to relate the progress of his courtship; he offered her his hand, and she referred him to her father. The old man heard him patiently, and answered that as both parties were very young, they could afford to wait awhile. When Bellamy could say he was above the world, he might marry his daughter and welcome. At present, he forbade farther proceedings in the matter.

This was a severe stroke to the lovers, but the buoyant spirit of youth suggested a remedy. Bellamy's mate had been on the West India reefs, and affirmed that he knew pretty nigh where a galleon had been wrecked. He had often told Bellamy, that if he owned such a smart little pink stern as his schooner the *Seal*, he would not long sail her in the waters of Massachusetts Bay. The young man now called the success of Phipps to mind, and resolved to be rich at once. One obstacle only impeded his intent; he had not the means of fitting out his vessel for so long voyage, and in those days it was not easy to obtain credit. Contrary to his expectations, when old Nicholas Noble was informed of his plan, he approved

of it, and agreed to lend him half the money he needed. A certain lawyer in Boston, named Francis Facias, furnished him with the rest, but Bellamy did not get the needy in either instance without giving security on his vessel. At last the Seal sailed. Need we say that Bellamy returned to Boston a ruined man?

He had hardly set foot on shore, when an officer laid hand on his shoulder, and told him he was a prisoner, at the suit of Attorney Facias. Our hero cursed and swore a little, according to the custom of seafaring men, and showed some indications of a pugnacious disposition; but a moment's reflection convinced him of the folly of resistance, and he requested to be shown into the presence of his creditor. This was soon done, and as might be expected, the cunning of the man of the law was an overmatch for the plain, downright, straight-forward simplicity of the sailor. Before Bellamy left the lawyer's office, he had quitted claim on his little schooner Seal, and on sundry logs of fustic and mahogany that he had brought from the Gulf, for want of a richer lading.

However, the seaman felt relieved when he left the presence of Mr. Facias, and forthwith repaired to his vessel, in order to bid her farewell, and to get his personal baggage. In the cabin of the Seal, he found the man to whom he wished to be a son. Mr. Noble stretched out his hand with, "What cheer, my hearty?"

"Bad cheer enough, sir. You see there's more wood aboard than gold."

Well, never mind, you've brought back the schooner without losing a stick, and you can try it again."

"No sir, the Seal will never get south of Cape Cod again."

"Well, you can do well enough this side of the Cape. I don't mean to be hard with you, Sam, you may keep the beauty of a boat under your foot yet. Only give me a little piece of paper to show that I've a right to her."

"I can't do it, sir. The boat has been boarded by that privateer Facias."

"Ah, I ought to have seen you sooner. I might have known he was too much for your young wits. However, the wood here is worth something. You can let me have that."

Dire was the anger of the old man when he learned that Bellamy was wholly unable to refund a penny of his debt. He did not swear, for he was a pious man and a deacon; but he protested that our hero was a rogue and a rascal, and that he should never have his daughter; and moreover, that he would immediately cast the offender into a place of utter darkness, from whence he should not depart till he should have paid the last farthing. Nicholas Noble was a man of his word, and forthwith departed to put his threat in execution. Before many minutes, our hero was again aware of the presence of the same officer who had before arrested him. Williams, and the crew would have thrown the man into the dock, but Bellamy forbade all violence; and quietly surrendered himself.

The first day in jail passed well enough and so did the second. Bellamy thought of the fair Margaret, indeed, but without desponding. "I've missed stays this time," said he to himself "but the Seal will go ready about next time, I warrant." Then he began to sing "O my little roving sailor," an air, which tho' not very elegant, was extremely popular in those days. The second night he looked at the grates of the window, and then at his own legs and arms. It occurred to him, that though the bars were of a firm material, they were not so big as his limbs, and the idea of a trial of their respective strength came into his head. Forthwith he began to tug, and the bars began to yield, yet slowly. In about an hour he had torn away three of them, and began to think of getting out. The window was about six feet from the ground and

it seemed to our hero that if he ventured head foremost he might do himself a mischief. Therefore, he determined that his nether man should be first exposed to the outer air. He had scarcely, however, thrust his legs through the wreck of the grates, when he felt his ankles grasped with a force that rendered all his struggles ineffectual. The mystery was soon solved. The jailor had heard him twisting the bars, and stood outside waiting for his egress, with two assistants, and a strong suit of irons. After these decorations were applied, our hero was dragged roughly through the window, and reconducted into another and a higher apartment. Here his reflections took another turn. He thought that he had committed no crime, and that his intended father-in-law had dealt hardly with him. Then he began to question the justice of the laws which operated on him, as men are very apt to do in such circumstances. Their expediency next awakened his consideration. "If Deacon Noble had left me at large," thought he "I should at least have tried to pay him. Now, I can't, if my will was ever so good." Finally, he came to the conclusion that all men were rogues alike, and that the only difference between robbers and other men was, that these got to windward of the law, and those fell to leeward.

The fourth night of his imprisonment, the door of the apartment opened, and the turnkey appeared, followed by two persons, the one a man and the other a woman. The man was the mate of the Seal.

"Come," said Williams to the turnkey, "you may as well go below, and let us take an observation on deck by ourselves."

"It's impossible," said the turnkey.

"It's agin the rules. He's tried to break out once already."

Williams took the man by the button and drew him gently toward the door, where he spoke with him in a whisper. Bellamy saw him slip something into the turnkey's hand, who incontinently spake aloud.

"Well, well, that alters the case entirely. It would be hard not to let him speak to his sister." So saying the considerate jailor departed.

The female now threw off her cloak, and discovered the form of Margaret Noble. We cannot undertake to describe the scene that ensued: suffice it to say that the lady, on hearing what had happened to Bellamy, had given her father the slip, in order to effect her lover's deliverance. On arriving in Boston, she had readily found Williams, who promised important co-operation with her measures.

These premises being stated, Williams produced saws and files, and the irons soon fell from the limbs of Bellamy. The mode of egress was then discussed, the lady wishing her lover to avail himself of her cloak and bonnet, and to pass forth in disguise. To this there was a decided objection. Bellamy was full six feet high, and it was, therefore, next to impossible that he should pass unquestioned. A more manly way was suggested by Williams: that on the return of the turnkey they should knock him down, gag and bind him. This plan was acceptable in the eyes of the prisoner. As soon as the underlin re-appeared, Bellamy seized him by the throat, and threatened him with instant death if he made the least noise. The man was silent and Williams proceeded to secure him. The party left him lying on the floor, and sallied forth into the street.

To be continued.

Original.

BENEVOLENCE TAUGHT FROM EXTERNAL OBJECTS.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

THERE are some subjects which at all times interest the observer, and student of nature; (though in different degrees,) but there are some objects that are more interesting from an assimilation, to our tastes, or feelings—a something which seems to sympathise with the gentler influences of our hearts. All men will not enjoy alike a gorgeous sunset, yet very many love to dwell upon the retiring splendor of the “king of day” as he sinks robed in crimson and gold,—canopied with curtains resplendent with the painting of an Almighty hand. Such a scene as this may well engage the attention of the curious beholder for a passing moment; but it is a vision of loveliness that also calls forth the silent enthusiasm of the poet, the rapt admiration of the most devout worshipper at the shrine of divinity.

Who can look at the repose of the elements after a summer's shower, without feeling within himself thoughts, and aspirations, spontaneously arising, and carrying out the feelings of the divinity within him towards the great first cause of their being and destiny? I know it a generally conceded point, that all our actions are balanced by the dross of our sensual appetites and the sins of our mortal nature;—but how can we think and feel as we do oftentimes, if there is not a regenerating influence within our hearts that aspires after an immortality of blessedness, that desires a unity with the Eternal One?

There is in our existence an enigma, which solve we cannot. The deeds of the body, what are they?—The result of a volition of mind caused in a great meas-

ure by the circumstances or objects by which we are surrounded. Our thoughts and feelings are variously affected by these natural causes, as revealed in the world around us. A natural religion seems taught alike to all, from the works of the Great First Cause, whether those works are like the summer's frail plant of beautiful hue, or the bowers of winter, in their ‘snow clad’ mantle. What more than this is taught from inspiration? Our free agency is uncontrolled, and we pursue the desires and hopes of our being as though their end once gained we should be happy; yet having arrived at the threshold of our hopes, the summit of our pleasures, there is still before us a wide unexplored field we would yet examine,—a mountain, from whose summit we would view the surrounding country. Some fresh impulse urges us again forward in our course of investigation—our pursuit after happiness.

“What art *thou*, then, oh! child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur—say?—
E'en as insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas!
Yet fear *thou* not!—the Sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath still for *thee* a Father's care.”

Again, in everything around us we behold a bright lesson of *Benevolence*;—a lesson taught by the Almighty One; He it was who spread before us those hues of brightness and beauty; who made the flower and the early blossom; who scattered forth fragrance on each passing gale; who causes the earth to teem with plenty, and the fields to bring forth abundantly. One universal lesson of the goodness of our God, is outspread

before us ; and we are under infinite obligations to study it aright, to learn from a careful contemplation of the works of Deity around us that we are his *stewards only*, that of the abundance which a gracious Providence hath so liberally scattered around us, we are to dispense to the poor, the needy, and the destitute.

In the language of *true* Odd Fellowship, "we are not to sit content, and see a Brother, perhaps more worthy than ourselves in want or distress"—but we are to give liberally, of our sustenance—to the widow and the orphan, to dispense freely of the bounties which a gracious and kind benefactor has placed in our hands—to make less heavy the pillow of distress—to strive by the tender offices of

benevolence, and affection, to smooth the rugged pathway to the tomb,—to point the soul to immortality and life beyond the grave.

Ever keeping in mind the great truth of God's written promise, "That it is more blessed to give than to receive," let our only emulation be, BRETHREN, who shall honor God the most, by imitating those acts of Benevolence and Charity so eminently illustrated in the life of the Saviour. So that when our earthly pilgrimage is ended, we may hear the voice of the *Great Sire* on high, saying to us,

Be thou at peace!—th' all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance, which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turn'd on thee.

OBSERVATIONS ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.

More particularly addressed to new members. (Concluded.)

Secondly — *Its maintenance of discipline.* Human nature is formed of a material so frail in texture, that, unless bound by an adamant chain of resolution—however plausible may be its tenor for a time—temptation soon makes an inroad upon its territories, and wantonly destroys all its barriers—all its good intentions. It cannot, therefore, be surprising that in a fraternity of twenty-five thousand or so, let their designs be ever so pure, some means must be taken to exercise a spirit of consistency among them, having for its object the perpetuity of the cause and the benefit of each individual. Every human institution provides against departure from the purpose and spirit of its establishment. We see the Society of Friends—a fraternity whose apathy to form is proverbial, where it can in the slightest case be dispensed with—even they have rules framed so as to protect its principles against the possibility of per-

version. Every bill for the enclosure of a waste or the construction of a railway is marked by the suspicious prudence of mankind in dealing with brethren. Now in scarce any other case is there so great danger of innovation as in the case of Odd Fellowship—a tender plant in an ungenial soil. Hence our General Laws—hence our By-Laws—how they operate the increasing prosperity of the Order tells aloud. To prevent a general decay we must put forcible restrictions upon a defaulter. We must have control somewhere. It is nothing but reasonable, therefore, that a government be formed, at some particular spot, for the guidance of the whole, and the preserving a general and perpetual spirit of uniformity. If we are to remain a company of unflinching advocates in the cause of philanthropy, we must exact an unrelaxing discipline from all. The object to be kept in view is the purity of the Order

and the good of all who oppose its interests by a base perversion of its principles. Still we are to avoid all rashness—all hasty conclusions. Reproof should be administered where a disposition is shown to infringe upon a law, and that in a serious manner—"with great meekness and pity"—and with *perfect impartiality*. Admonition will often bring an erring brother to contrition. St. Paul treats admirably on this point, when writing to the church at Thessalonica: "Note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother." In every case of infraction the object should be to "*restore*" an offender, rather than to punish or expel him. We see, then, the necessity of not entirely abandoning those who err—they should be warned, and, if possible, convinced of their departure from rule, that they may be "restored in the spirit of meekness." I consider persons are placed in a very delicate situation who incur the censure of a Lodge, and ought to feel and know the dishonor and danger that not only fall upon themselves, but upon the Order in particular; for the prejudice of the world is strong, and many who "lie in wait for our halting" would rejoice at the prospect of our downfall.

You will immediately perceive how requisite an earnest adherence to rule is necessary to Odd Fellowship. Hence the importance of never allowing discipline for a time to be relaxed, as the number of cases which must by such means require it becomes increased, and the Order must contain many who are indisposed to employ the goodly resoluteness.—Hence, too, none but such as entertain a strict desire for the prosperity of the Order can be expected to maintain a real discipline. Many "roots of bitterness" will spring up in Lodges, and we cannot expect to arrive at so desired a state of perfectness but some will be "found

wanting;" for whereunto is the palace that foul things sometimes intrude not?

Brethren, I do not hesitate to assert, and that deliberately, my decided opinion that *on us who are young depend the future prospects and welfare of the Order*; the time must eventually arrive when our elder brethren will be "gathered to their fathers," and the guidance of the Order devolve on us. If then, we indulge in odious petty differences now, we must bid farewell to the tranquility, content, and peace exhibited and enjoyed to-day, and dread the anarchy, confusion, and turbulence that will assuredly prevail to-morrow. "Can such things be, and overcome us, like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?" To obviate so dire an aspect in the perspective, so bitterly repugnant to the feelings of every true Odd Fellow, so utterly at variance with the purposes for which our praiseworthy Institution was founded, let us by our uniform adherence to its principles—by our united attachment to those who form our directing council—by our firm decision in supporting such council in all their endeavors to promote our mutual happiness—and by a *rigorous exertion of discipline*—let us, I say, by such resolves evince our determination to secure unviolated, unsullied, without stain, and without alloy, the purity of Odd Fellowship in our own day.

Another circumstance I would point out, wherein a decided enforcement of discipline is necessary, is the promotion of unity among us, without which we may, as the numerous sands on a seabeach, lie in accidental proximity—in a seeming connectedness with each other; but, upon a more superficial observance, our manifold and important parts are woefully disjointed. We must exhibit a solidity of purpose and principle entirely connected. We must, like a mass of gold, uniformly allow all our parts and particles to adhere and combine; and so

evinced an ardent desire of resolution to fulfil the important duties we are called upon to perform in a manner that will reflect credit to the Order, and convey satisfaction to ourselves. We must, by unity, not only constitute a great number, but a great *one*. We must be united both in common interests and reciprocal esteem.

In the third place I purposed to express my ideas of *the duty of one member towards another*. It will occur to you, that every one should feel and display a deep interest in the prosperity of the Society in which he has a part. Its interests are his interests — he, too, is a professed supporter of its objects — he is, as far as his abilities go, responsible for its proceedings; he will actively concern himself for the faithful preservation of its tenets — he will rejoice in its peaceful state of activity. This only is to be accomplished by a continued affability and familiarity of manner towards those among whom we associate; austerity, pride, and pedantry, are the three great enemies to such a consummation; do not, therefore, by exercising an undue degree of the baneful tendency of self-opinion, destroy that fellow-feeling, so requisite among all who enter a Lodge room. Let no degree of slight originate between us, because the individual who sits next you has, by his ordinary avocation, a more grimy dye upon his features, or the shallowness of his purse causes his coat to be made of a coarser material than your own; his interests in the Lodge are conjointly formed with yours, consequently, so long as the principles of the Order are held in deference and esteem by him, he deserves the same mark of respect from you, which, perchance, is due from you to others of a higher *caste*. Again, let not the latter party imagine a slight where none is meant. His fellow-member's carriage and deportment in common life may seem to rank high to pedantry,

or his style of language and general comportment seem like affection; still, however dissonant it may be to your own feelings, he may hold good the principles of Odd Fellowship, and condemnation of his demeanor is not justifiable without sufficient proof to his prejudice. On either hand we must withhold judgment until experience has bade "look for Othello's visage in his mind." Particularities should have very little to do with the Order, which is noble and plastic, is meant for the world, and is adapted for man in all his diversified circumstances; equality and brotherhood should be our greatest aim. * * *

Towards those who are elected our officers let us exercise a befitting degree of respect and deference, that they may find we do not set an idle value upon the offices they fill. By our own voice they preside over us, and, consequently, we virtually engage to accept their instruction in all that pertaineth to the good of the Order. Hence members of the Order are expected to welcome official admonition, reproof, and advice. I mean no slavish, mental, or bodily fear or adulation — no sacrifice of conscience or judgment; but I mean a readiness to hear the inculcation of the different principles of the Order; I mean an uniform obedience to his laws, however apparently disagreeable. This is a duty we solemnly promise when we enter a Lodge, and to swerve from such duty is a gross violation of honor as a man, and throws contempt upon the Order as an Odd Fellow. * * *

As the light of intellect improves, Odd Fellowship will acquire adherents and keep pace with it. Already, with a gigantic stride, has it crossed the Atlantic; and among the shrewd and perceptible inhabitants of the New World it meets with a hearty and enthusiastic welcome. — Wherever it once becomes known, its benign influences are embraced, and no ex-

citement is needed to blazon forth its precepts to accumulate disciples. Opposition has been made to it—is likely to be made, by the base, the self-sufficient, and unworthy; but its purity has ever stood the fiery ordeal, and come forth in more vivid colors—its pristine brightness untarnished, unsullied. Let us, then, persist in the glorious work we have commenced with vigor and unflinching stability; let our bark, while sailing on the extensive ocean of fellowship, be guided by the compass of justice; and, if I may continue the metaphor, let us persevering-

ly pursue the tract its needle indicates; that, when arrived at our destined haven, we may, with a pure consciousness of having supported to the utmost our purpose of benevolence and charity, securely recline our heads on the satisfactory pillow of contentment, and indulge in the aspiring hope that when summoned from this sublunary sphere we may meet with an eternal welcome in that "angel land" where "sorrow intrudes not"—where "the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling."

English Magazine.

ODD FELLOWS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

At a recent meeting of the Society of "Odd Fellows," in Grennock, Scotland, in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, one of the members made the following interesting speech:—"The origin of the Order of Odd Fellows is of very great antiquity. It was established by the Roman Soldiers in the camp during the reign of Nero, in the year fifty-five. At that time they were called "Fellow Citizens." The present name was given by Titus Cæsar, in the year seventy-nine, from the singularity of their noting, and from their knowing each other by night or by day, and by their fidelity to him and their country, he not only gave them the name of Odd Fellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them a dispensation engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems, such as the sun, moon, stars, the lamb, the lion, the dove and other emblems of morality.

The first account of the Order being spread in other countries, is in the fifth century, when it was established in the Spanish dominions, and in the sixth century, by King Henry in Portugal, and in the twelfth century it was established in

France, and afterwards by John de Neville in England, attended by five knights from France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor in London, which order remained until the eighteenth century, (in the reign of George the Third,) when a part of them began to form themselves into a union, and a portion of them remain up to this day. The lodges that now remain are very numerous throughout the world, and call themselves the Loyal Ancient Odd Fellows, being a portion of the original body. The "Manchester Unity," is of more recent date, although there is no doubt of its emanating from the same source. Its first introduction into Manchester was about the year 1800, by a few individuals from the union in London, who formed themselves into a Lodge, and continued in connexion with them for some time, when some difference caused them to declare themselves *Independent*. They have kept their word—*Independent* they have been since.

They have progressed in number, in talent and respectability—and now the flag of Odd Fellowship proudly floats in

many a clime, waving over the ruins of poverty and sadness. The genius of Benevolence may be seen pointing the way where sorrows may be solaced, and poverty ameliorated. Look to the increasing number in Great Britain—the United States, where it has stood the blast of twenty years, and upwards—Holland, Germany, Spain, New South Wales, Gibraltar, Malta; in short, from the burning rays of the Torrid, to the cheerless sky of the Frigid zone, an odd fellow may find a brother who has inspired the same fraternal principles. The increase during the past year has been more than one hundred per day, (Sundays excepted.) The aggregate number is now two hundred and forty thousand. It has been calculated that if this vast body were to form a procession two and two, a yard asunder, that the line would extend sixty-seven miles, or from Grennock to Edinburgh, walking at the rate of three miles per hour, would require twenty-three hours to pass from first to last—so that ten thousand four hundred and seventy-five would pass before a standard observer per hour—and among this great and agreeable multitude, would be found admirals, generals, senators, magistrates, clergymen and gentlemen of every rank and title, and last, though not least, the humble and industrious artizan.

Such a spectacle, seen through medium of the imagination, will form some faint idea of the number, the respectability, the talent of the Order, and in proof, I need only refer you to those around me. The speaker then gave a lengthened and

interesting detail of the principles and government of the Order, and adverted to the same basis on which it was founded, and gave a luminous description of the working of a system in relieving the sick and the afflicted, and stated that should a brother's illness be of such a nature that he lingers long on a bed of sickness, his ailment is not reduced; and instanced a case where a brother had been ill for five years, and received the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty-one pounds two shillings and seven pence—and that the sum of one hundred and twenty-two thousand and four hundred pounds was paid by the Order last year for the sick and distressed.

Nor do we confine ourselves to our own brethren in particular. In every town where Odd Fellowship has raised its head, you will find its donations to some benevolent institution; and at the general procession of the deaf and dumb in Manchester, in 1837, for the benefit of that institution, the Odd Fellows came forward with the sum of four hundred and six pounds, eighteen shillings four and a quarter pence, which caused one of the committee to exclaim; "If contributing to the charity the handsome sum of near five hundred pounds was a symptom of Odd Fellows, I can say that I wish there might be more Odd Fellows in the world." And what will weigh more in the opinion of the public generally is, that out of twenty thousand applications for relief to the poor-law guardians of Leeds, not one was from an Odd Fellow."

MUTABILITY.—There is no continued train of feeling which lasts long undisturbed or unbroken; the sombre and the brilliant mingle with each other; the tear and the smile, the sublime and the ridiculous, alternately appear to our view,

in rapid succession. It is scarcely possible to separate one from the other for any length of time. These changes, this mutability, teaches to all a lesson—happy those to whom it is not preached in vain.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "ODD FELLOW."

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ.

"I AM almost persuaded to become an "Odd Fellow," said Lewis Foster to his friend James Layton, "but I must wait first, to have some practical demonstration of its usefulness among its members.—Who else are "Odd Fellows," that I may as you say "observe their conduct among men?"

"You will find many in Boston among the venerable as well as the youthful, among the rich and the poor, the humble and the eminent."

"But who of my friends——"

James was about to reply when the street door bell was rung and the next moment the maid came in and said a man wished to see the master of the house.

"Ask him in?" said James.

"He says he is too wet—besides, sir, he is a poor looking man and looks as if he wanted to beg," added the girl pertly.

Mr. Layton rose and went to the door, where he saw a man poorly clad and looking very destitute, who handed him a dirty, wet paper, and said—

"Read it if you please, sir."

"I have no time now, my good man," said James whose hour to be at the club had already come; "I suppose from your appearance and the title of the paper, "To all good Christians," that you are in need. There is a dollar for you. It will get you supper and lodging. Good night."

"Be so kind as to open the paper, sir, perhaps, sir, you might be one of——" the man hesitated.

His manner led him to comply; and glancing over it his eye rested upon a mark near the bottom which at once arrested it.

"Ah, my brother, I am very glad I

read the paper," he said in a gratified tone. "Give me your hand."

"Thank God! now I am no longer a stranger in a strange land," said the man in a grateful voice. "I was in hopes some brother would see that sign and relieve me!"

"I am glad you have come to me. Walk in, and while you are drying yourself and taking a warm cup of tea, I will see what you are in need of."

This conversation had been but partially overheard in the sitting-room and left them in mystery as to who the guest was so cheerfully invited in. When they saw Mr. Layton usher in a young man about twenty-six years of age, dressed in a thin jacket, though it was the month of February, a ragged vest and sailor's trowsers and holding in his hand an old torn straw hat from which the rain was dripping, they started with surprise. He was truly an object of any one's compassion.

"This is my wife—this her mother! Be seated close to the fire! Catharine, pour out a cup of warm tea for him!"

"You are too kind, sir!" said the grateful stranger.

Catharine obeyed; but all the while was asking her husband with her eyes what all this meant. Lewis was also sorely puzzled. Mr. Layton sat down by him, handed him the tea and ordered fresh toast for him.—When the poor man had warmed and refreshed himself, he looked round with more confidence, and meeting Mr. Layton's eye, was answered by a glance of kindness and sympathy that brought a grateful smile to his pale cheek, and was not unnoticed by Lewis.

Mrs. Layton now by a side-glance saw that the man though pale had an intellectual face, and that his manners were polite. His voice too, though at first undertoned and humble as was natural to a person in his position, was agreeable and modulated by feeling. She became interested to know who he was.

"It is my duty to apologise to you and your family for my intrusion upon you in this guise," he said understanding the lady's inquiring gaze. "I feel," he added, glancing at Mrs. Layton, "that I am among friends and that my narrative will be listened to, not only with courtesy but with sympathy."

"James," said Lewis addressing him in a low tone of voice, "before he begins, pray relieve my curiosity! Is your guest an 'Odd Fellow'?"

"Yes," answered James with a smile.

"This then accounts for this extraordinary benevolence and unusual hospitality?"

"Yes. We are bound to relieve one another, whatever the condition either may be in, as brothers."

"How very singular the coincidence of his appearance with our conversation!"

The stranger then began, as in some sort to apologize for his claim upon Mr. Layton's hospitality, to narrate his story, to listen to which the latter delayed an hour his attendance upon the meeting of the society.

The story of the guest with the torn hat and ragged habiliments was full of interest to the little party of listeners, and was narrated in a pleasing manner. It was briefly as follows: He had been shipwrecked six weeks before on the coast of Maine, with the loss of everything; and had been dependent upon the charity of persons in the towns he had passed through for means to reach Boston, where he knew he should be assisted to Baltimore, his residence, by the Association of Odd Fellows, of which he was a member. He said he had left Baltimore

six months before as supercargo of a ship bound to the North Sea, and was shipwrecked in her on his return voyage.

"I had no claim," he said, proceeding on his narration, "upon the citizens of the small towns I passed through, beyond the ordinary one of charity, which has been so often reiterated that I find it has got to be little heeded. I knew if I could find a brother Odd Fellow, I should find a friend and a home. In Portland I inquired but found there was no Order established there; and also in Portsmouth and other towns. Finally, this afternoon I reached Boston a stranger to every person in it. I had previously drawn up a paper stating my situation, in which I had put the secret designation of a membership in my Order, knowing that if by chance I should present it to a 'brother' he would immediately recognise the 'mystic sign' and extend to me, ragged and wretched as I was, the fellowship of his heart and hand."

At these words James Layton turned slightly and glanced both at his wife and brother-in-law, while a quiet smile of prideful triumph sparkled in his eye.

"I had been to several houses," continued the stranger, "without obtaining even courtesy from the servant at the door, yet hoping Providence would at length bring me to that of a 'Fellow' of our Order, of whom I knew there was a large number in Boston. I had inquired in the street of two or three, asking if any of them would tell me where I could find an 'Odd Fellow,' when taking my question as an *odd* one they called *me* an 'odd fellow' and bade me walk about my business! I had passed by your door when something within me prompted me to turn back and once more make an effort; for in finding a member of the Order depended my hopes of sustenance and shelter to-night, as well as my return to Baltimore. I now feel that Providence prompted me to call at your door, and I

cannot be too grateful for your hospitality and kindness too a stranger."

"A brother of our Order is never a stranger," said James kindly, "I feel happy in being the instrument of doing you the service you need. Our brethren meet to-night, and I was going out when you called, to attend the meeting. I will lay your case before it to-night; and as I have no spare bed, if you will put on this camblet wrapper and oblige me with wearing this hat,—for the night is rough out,—I will accompany you to a comfortable inn which lies on my way, and find you a lodging. To-morrow at ten o'clock call on me here and I will tell you then what we have done for you."

The wants of the wanderer were inquired into by two of the "brethren" sent early the next morning by the Order, to the inn where James had left him; and in a short time, under their kind hands, there was a manifest change made in his wardrobe and external appearance. Money was also placed by them in his hands, and they parted from him with that fellowship and good will which is so beautiful a characteristic of their Order.

"It is already past ten o'clock, James," said Lewis, who had waited at home to see the issue of his brother-in-law's benevolent purposes towards the guest of the evening before; he was, also, after a night's sleep upon it, less zealous in becoming an "Odd Fellow." The arguments of James had been partially forgotten and their impression in a manner passed away. "I should not be surprised, brother," he said, laughing, as the hands of the clock indicated half past ten, "if you never saw your new camblet wrapper more!"

"You will not triumph over me, Lewis," answered James, pleasantly; "he will yet be here."

"You were so generous, too, as to loan him your new beaver, bought lately at Barry's. You had best call in to-day

and purchase another—for your's is by this time at a pawnbroker's, or on its way to Baltimore or Symmzonias! Did you look, Catharine, to see if anything was missing from the front entry?"

"You laugh at me, Lewis," said James Layton; "but rest assured you will not have the victory."

"If your friend returns I will offer myself for membership, at your next meeting. On his good faith, you see I have hung the faith and honor of your whole Order."

"And on it I am willing it should hang," said James firmly. "There is the door bell."

"If it be your Barry and wrapper I am an Odd Fellow from this day," said Lewis laughing.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, Mr. Layton," said the maid.

"Show him in!"

"Are you sure it is a gentleman and not the man who was here last night?" asked Lewis.

"Yes, indeed. Don't I know a gentleman from a loafer like him! It took me half an hour this morning to get the mud from his heels off the rug! This is a gentleman, Mr. Lewis, you may be sure of it."

"It is not your man, James," said Lewis with a look of triumph, as the girl returned to the hall.

"You are right," said James, as she ushered in a very gentlemanly looking man, who bowing politely stood as if he expected to be recognised.

"You do not know me, I see, sir."

"Now you speak I do," said Mr. Layton approaching and extending his hand. "Now, Lewis," he said aside, "what think you of my camblet and Barry?"

His brother made no reply, but stood surveying the stranger with incredulity and surprise.

"You will pardon my delay," said he, "but I was taken in hand by two 'breth-

ren," whom your kind mention of my misfortune, brought early to my Inn this morning; and they would not be satisfied till they had taken me to a clothing warehouse and provided me with a handsome suit of clothes besides other conveniences of which I stood in need. It is not a quarter of an hour since they let me go, when I directly hastened hither. Your hat and coat, sir, I brought and have left in the hall. I know not how to thank you for your hospitality and attention;" he continued pressing James' hand in both of his own; "I hope you will not fail to present my grateful acknowledgments to the society which has so generously contributed to my aid, and accept for yourself and family my best wishes for your happiness."

"When do you leave?" asked James.

"In the cars this afternoon. I shall be in Baltimore probably in three days, when I will write you, and assure you that I have not been an unworthy object of the regard of my Order."

"Pardon me the inquiry—but have you money?"

"Yes, furnished me by the two "brethren," sent to execute the will of the Order in my behalf."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Drummond, for he gave his name as Henry Drummond, took his leave, followed by the kind wishes both of Lewis and Mr. Layton. * * * *

A week—ten days—a fortnight passed, and yet no letter had been received from Baltimore. Lewis was about to declare himself the victor in his opinion of the shipwrecked stranger, and James' hopes in his integrity to misgive him, when a letter mailed at Baltimore was brought from the Post office. Without opening it, James left his store and went to Lewis, and exhibiting the outside, broke the seal. As he unfolded it hurriedly a bank note

fell from it, and fluttered to the floor. Lewis caught it and exclaimed,

"A hundred dollar note, as I live!—Read the letter!" he cried eagerly.

James read as follows:—

"Baltimore, March 10, 183—.

"My Dear Friend and "Brother:"—I am happy to inform you of my safe arrival here yesterday, having been detained in New-York by illness. I am now quite well again and hasten to return you my acknowledgments for your kind assistance and that of your Order. The amount of money generously advanced me, and the bill for my wardrobe is something under the amount I enclose, which I beg you will do me the favor to return to the Society, for the aid of others of the Order who like me may be thrown by Providence in a condition to call for its benevolence. I pray you will present my regard to your family and accept the assurances of my grateful friendship. If you, or any of your friends should visit Baltimore, where I shall remain and engage in the mercantile business, I shall esteem myself signally happy in extending to you our hospitality.

Respectfully,

Your friend and humble serv't.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

To James Layton, Esq."

When James had finished the letter he looked up and met Lewis' eye.

"Forgive me, James," he exclaimed warmly and with much feeling, "I will no more doubt, after this, the purity of your Order, nor the principles of its members, than I do the goodness of your own heart and the excellency of your understanding. From this hour I am heart and hand with you. In your next meeting I hope you will not forget to propose me as a candidate for initiation as a member of the noble association of the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows."

Original.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BRO. A. G. NORCROSS.

BY F. G. DAVID DAVIS.

With painful emotions our hearts are now beating,
 We miss the dear brother we met here before;
 He has gone to that bourne from which none returneth,
 And places that knew him will know him no more.

When God sent his angel, that servant was ready
 To join in the anthems they sing in the skies;
 By Friendship and Truth we were firmly united;
 O, Death! thou hast severed the tenderest ties.

Beside the lone tomb-stone in yonder cold grave-yard,
 They think that good brother is now laid away;—
 They mistake—it is not so, he never did go there;
 It was not the spirit—'t was only the clay.

He had "passwords" to mansions in far brighter regions.
 Where angels hold meetings where God doth preside;
 Where grave-yard apparel is not for his wearing,
 For his garments are brighter than any beside.

Then let us make ready and go up to meet him,
 Let us fully determine to reach the bright goal;
 And by this bereavement, O! let us take warning,
 For what can we give in exchange for the soul?

Suffolk Lodge, Boston, March 1843.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WHEN Nature first sprang into life,
 And all was fresh with youth,
 The first instruction man received,
 Was, "Friendship, Love and Truth."

As 't was in time of old, so now,
 The voice comes from above,
 That all on earth are taught to live
 In "Friendship, Truth and Love."

No other bond can e'er cement,
 Nought else so close can bind,
 As these three simple, magic words,
 "Love, Friendship, Truth," combined.

H. G. L.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER II

In the capacity of a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," I take the liberty of noticing an article in No. 2. of the Symbol, entitled "ODD FELLOWSHIP—ITS OPPOSITION," and would particularly recommend a careful re-perusal to every member of the Order, as containing much practical information and sound good sense. All who read this article may derive some profit from it; and the expression, "as Odd Fellows, it behooves us to live and act like *good fellows*—always ready and willing that our actions should be considered as a fair test of our principles," should be inscribed upon the breast-plate of every Odd Fellow—should be as the polar star of life, his ambition, and his aim to do good, and to communicate the desire of every member of our honorable fraternity. Odd Fellowship, consists not in name only—neither is a man an Odd Fellow in deed, and truth, if he belongs to this or that Lodge. Odd Fellowship *consists in doing to others as we would wish others to do unto us, in similar circumstances.* Visiting the sick, educating the orphan, and burying the dead, are but a small part indeed of Odd Fellowship;—these are the externals, and though shining and resplendent gems in the coronals of our Order, they alone constitute but a small part of the duties of a *true and genuine* Odd Fellow. In the daily walks of life, the every day affairs, the business transactions, conversations and all the numerous little trifles of life, go to constitute a large part and portion of true Odd Fellowship.

The world, we readily acknowledge, to be made up of trifles, and "many trifles, make *no trifle*." And we as Odd Fellows are judged not by the one or two acts of benevolence or charity we may have performed, but by the great principles of every day life in our *daily intercourse*. To call a member of our Order *Brother*, does not always convey the true feelings of the heart. "To err, is human,—to forgive, divine," is often forgotten in the scrambles of ambition and self aggrandisement. The end and aim of Odd Fellowship is in a great measure to smooth the asperities of life, to blunt the thorns of persecution, and to spread the veil of Charity before the erring or wandering Brother; to hold out to him the hand and heart of a true Odd Fellow, an affectionate friend, a sincere councillor. Its office is to lead the wanderer from the seductive and devious path of false pleasure, and place his feet within the path that leads to the temple of Truth and Affection.

"Would'st thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and restless spirit tame,
Pause—if thy spirit's wrath be stirred,
Speak not to him a *bitter word*.—"
Go kindly to him—*make him feel*
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal,
Tell him the dangers thick that lay,
Around his "widely devious way;"
So shalt thou win him, call him back,
From pleasure's smooth seductive track,
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven."

Original.

FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH AND LOVE.

BY BRO. M. H. WETHERBEE.

THE ocean hath its sparkling spray,
And stars their heavenly light—
The glowing earth its rising day,
And flowers their beauty bright.

The low wind sweeps its plaintive moan
O'er the billowy sea,
And ocean heaves its snowy foam
Upon the pebbly lee.

Thus FRIENDSHIP wears a golden sheen,
Like ocean's sparkling spray,
Changing misfortune's ghastly mien
To a less plaintive lay.

Where friendship is, LOVE's music swells
Through all life's pebbly way,
Guiding all TRUTH, where virtue dwells,
To an immortal day.

Original.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PRACTICAL ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. G., L. WYMAN, JR.

THE benevolent principles of *our Order* commend themselves to every person; to those who stand high in offices of trust, and others having the confidence of their fellow citizens and townsmen. *They* should not only approve, but they should also sustain, our Institution—for it relieves *them* of much care and expense, both in a moral, and a pecuniary point of view. We can boldly appeal to the past history of *our Order*, and she sustains the assertion, that not a *solitary* instance can be found of an *Odd Fellow*, of good standing and character, who has ever been any expense to the town, in which he may

have lived on account of his *poverty*:—*Odd Fellows, fill not your alms-houses with paupers*—your *Jails* with *felons*, or your *Houses of Correction* with *drunkards*.

Its principles on the contrary, when adhered to and practised, make the members better citizens in their associate than they would otherwise have been in their individual capacity,—for that "*golden chain*," which binds us together in love, and strengthens us in affection—binds us in no unholy compact,—'tis the connecting link of that chain of which it may truly be said, "It matters not which link

you strike,—tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.” So in our bond of brotherhood, when sickness,—distress, or death, strikes a link from the bright chain of *Odd Fellowship*, it matters not *what link*; the chain has been broken,—all feel,—all suffer,—all help,—all mourn alike at the grave of our departed Brother, in unison of heart, and oneness of affection.

I will give you the testimony of a physician, a resident of a southern city,—one quite eminent in his profession, a man of veracity, and skill. In reply to my question as to the practical *use* of Odd Fellowship, he replied:—“When first I became a resident of the city I now call my home, there were many of its citizens, who were connected with the Association known as Odd Fellows; but notwithstanding the respectability of their character, and the rank they held not only in private, but in public life, I imbibed a deep prejudice against them, and I objected to them on the ground of their secrecy. I reasoned, If they are so good a society as they say they are, why veil their good deeds from the eye of man? I had other objections also,—those I expressed both freely and fully, to members of the *Order* and men not connected with it. My professional duties called me much about the city, and I visited the abodes, not only of wealth and luxury, but of poverty and distress. *Here* it was that I learned the full and *practical* meaning of *Odd Fellowship*:—I had looked upon the silken banners of the Encampment of *En-Hakkore*,—I had read in golden emblazonry:—

“*We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.*”

But I knew not their power, and the duties of my own profession, alone taught me to revere the *talismanic* principle inscribed upon their banners.

Whenever I visited the family of an Odd Fellow, I found others had been there

before me,—the brothers of the Order, had ministered to his wants, and the wants of his family, who were sometimes needy, were always relieved—the hungry fed,—the naked clothed. I know not the instance of a single Odd Fellow's family, *either* where the husband and father was alive, or where the widow and orphans alone survived—who were not the especial objects of the care of the Association, and whose wants were not promptly relieved.

I have often been called, in the duties of my profession to the abodes of the comparatively poor, where the idea of payment for my services never entered my mind,—or where the expectance of fee or reward was deemed hopeless, but I *never* lost a farthing, from attendance on the sick, and the comparatively poor, among the fraternity of *Odd Fellows*. My bills were *called* for, and when presented, always promptly, and fully paid.

With such, and other evidences constantly before me, how could I help appreciating the essence of that *Benevolence* whose fruits I daily and hourly beheld. I could resist its appeal no longer; and since my connection with the Association as a member, I have beheld such results, as can only spring from right principles of action.

And, said he, did physicians know the benefit they themselves frequently derive, in a pecuniary point of view from this Association, they would be the *first* to sustain and encourage it, and the last to lift their voice in uncharitableness against it.”

Said a man of much influence, one for a long period selectman and overseer of the poor, in a flourishing manufacturing village in N.Y.: I have had in the course of eight years, under my care, eighty individuals, as “town's poor,” in this flourishing village—“paupers,” you call them in Massachusetts; but I never have had an individual or any members of the families

of those persons who belonged to the association of *Odd Fellows*, but I know by experience that I have had many of *their neighbors*. The *Odd Fellows*, continued he, take care of their own *poor*, bury their own *dead*, and pay their own *doctor's bills*,—which I am sorry to say many, who sneer at Odd Fellowship, often fail in doing. I have seen, said he, the results of *Odd Fellowship* in my own town,—I have seen a hungry, wretched, ragged brother-man, stand shivering at the door of the wealthy, and honored,—I have heard him begging for a *cold potatoe*, or a dry-crust,—and I have seen the door rudely shut in his face,—I have seen the tear start from his eye,—I have marked the supplicating look of the poor mendicant as he slowly departed from the door of the opulent and the honored, to seek the humble tenement of the mechanic and the day-laborer,—I have heard the story repeated and the pittance asked,—and with outstretched and trembling hand, received!—and I have heard the blessing implored upon the giver of this morsel of bread, and this cup of water. Indeed, thought I, it is “more blessed to give than to receive;” even in this world there is a satisfaction in doing good, known only to those who practise and delight in it.

In this case the opulent—the honored—and the respected, was a man of standing in the community,—and what think ye was his excuse for denying in the name of *charity* to a famishing brother-man—a “cup of water and a crust of bread?” He had “conscientious scruples” he might give to the unworthy, and encourage beggary. My friends, is this according to the commands of the Savior

of men, to “feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the down-trodden?”—Did the Savior of men while on earth enquire of the sick which he healed, if they were sinners? Or did he ask of the “multitude an hungered,” which by miracle he fed, if they were all clean? I tell you, nay. The bright example of Christ taught that *whenever* humanity was in suffering, want and distress, there was the field of action for *his* disciples,—“Go thou and do likewise,” is a command equally binding upon every Odd Fellow.

When I followed this poor wanderer from the rich man's door, I had a curiosity to gratify; I wanted to see if Odd Fellowship was all *profession*, and no *practice*; and I knew this humble artisan to be one, (and I had a deep prejudice against the whole association.) I wished to see if he would meet with a better reception than he had just received. I saw, and was satisfied. With a nobleness of spirit that lighted up his whole countenance, he replied to his supplication for alms, “most certainly I will give thee, for thou art a brother in distress.” But his benevolence did not stop here; he sent him to his brethren in the neighborhood, and they fed and clothed him;—they bid him God speed on a journey of search for a long lost son. And my friends, this old man was not an Odd Fellow. This I relate as one of the many instances which go to confute that popular and unjust error, that Odd Fellows assist only their brethren. As Odd Fellows we are bound to assist the sick and distressed everywhere, according to our means and circumstances, although we are particularly bound to the Brethren of our Order.

FORGET not in the youth to be mindful of thy end: for though the old man cannot live long, yet the young man may die quickly.

THE difference between politeness and rudeness is this: rude people speak ill of you to your face—polite people wait till you are gone.

Original.

A WORD TO ODD FELLOWS.

[Our respected friend and brother of Lowell, who sent the following communication, will please to accept our hearty thanks for the very flattering manner in which he has spoken of our magazine, and the deep interest he manifests in its success. With such friends, we never need despair.]

A FRIEND handed me a few days since a copy of the "Symbol," which was the first intimation I had that a periodical devoted to the cause of Odd Fellowship, was published in this State. And I hope I may be excused of flattery in expressing my entire satisfaction with the work. It is just the thing; and if the Odd Fellows, particularly in the New England States, do not give it a liberal support, for one I have greatly misjudged them. No true hearted Odd Fellow, it appears to me can, with any degree of reason, object to become a subscriber. In regard to the quantity of reading matter, it will not I think be denied, that this magazine contains more than any other similar publication in this country, for the same price. I have not been made acquainted in relation to the encouragement the publisher meets with; but he should, most assuredly, be well supported. He has a *right* to expect it, and *it is the duty of Odd Fellows to give him their support.* — The amount of subscription is so small, that it places it within the reach of every one.

There are in community individuals, who, *professedly* have at heart the deepest interest and well-being for any cause in which they may be engaged, but who *in fact* are laboring only from motives of self. I do not wish to be understood as applying this charge to our Order. — Heaven forbid! But is it not too often the case, that when brothers are called

on to lend their support for the "good of the Order," they offer any thing but sufficient and reasonable excuses for not doing so? And is not often the case, that those very individuals are first and foremost in getting up and joining in rides, parties of pleasure, and almost any kind of temporary amusement, and be the expense whatever it may, it is all the same to them? In a word, have we not those among us who, while they plead inability to support a publication that is devoted to the cause in which they appear so much interested, will, without a moment's hesitation, expend five times the amount of a year's subscription, in that which gives but a moment's enjoyment, and in nine times out of ten, is an injury rather than a benefit?

These are plain questions, but every brother can answer whether or not they are true of himself, and if it is right or not. The question is, Does a publication devoted to the cause of Odd Fellowship, tend to its advancement? It appears to me there can be but one answer given — that it does; for what other mode can the principles of the Order be better explained, or more widely diffused, than through the medium of the Press? and to have our principles enquired into and rightly understood, is all we ask. — Public lectures, it is true, have done, and are doing, much to dispel the clouds of prejudice which have so long and heavily existed in the public mind, and the mass are becoming daily more acquainted with our institution. But the numbers that are enabled to attend those lectures, are indeed small compared to those who have the privilege of reading publications devoted to the Order.

It rests with Odd Fellows to decide as to the success of the Symbol, for it is not expected that others out of the Order will give it but little if any support. And if the Odd Fellows are *good* fellows, they will come forward as BROTHERS, and

extend to the publisher that encouragement and support to which he is so justly entitled, and which they, as brothers enlisted in the same glorious work of reform, are bound to give him. W.

Lowell, March 22, 1843.

Original.

DEATH OF BRO. A. G. NORCROSS.

Announcement of the death of Bro. A. G. Norcross, before Suffolk Lodge, No. 8, March 17th, by P. G. SAMUEL TRULL.

BROTHERS! It becomes my painful duty to announce to this Lodge the death of a much esteemed and beloved member. Bro. A. G. NORCROSS is no more! He expired at his late residence in Franklin, on Tuesday evening last. Brothers, death is at all times solemn. On this occasion it is peculiarly so; for God in his inscrutable providence has seen fit, *for the first time*, to remove from us one of our number; one whom we all loved; whose heart was open as day to charity. He was a tender husband, a kind father, and an affectionate friend. Deeply impressed with the glorious principles upon which our beloved Institution is founded, he labored hard to disseminate them. But he has gone from among us. No more will his presence gladden our hearts; no more will the manly tones of his voice be heard in

this Hall; no more will his warm hand be clasped by us in "Friendship, Love and Truth." "The places that knew him once, will know him no more forever." Silent and cold he lies, with the damp clod of the valley resting upon his breast. The tears of his wife and children, the last sad tokens of affection water his grave. He has left our terrestrial Lodge, to dwell with God in his celestial Lodge above. Brothers! This is a solemn lesson. Death has come near to each one of us. Let us be instructed; and let us

"So live that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
We go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach our graves,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Let all the Brothers say, Amen!

INFANCY. — There is something at once beautiful and terrible in the total innocence and fearlessness of infancy. The spirit that has never opened the book of knowledge will clutch the razor or sport on the brink of a precipice. The child is soon taught to dread the steel and avoid the chasm, but, alas! reason comes not alone; it is hand in hand with suspicion, and every fruit that worldly wisdom offers has its Dead Sea mouthful of worldly ashes.

THE human heart rises against oppression and is soothed by gentleness, as the wave of the ocean rises in proportion to the violence of the winds and sinks with the breeze into mildness and serenity.

NEVER lend your umbrella; if you do, it will be sure to rain for a week, and just so sure it will not be returned to you until fine weather — if at all.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RELIGION AND ODD FELLOWSHIP. — The question is often asked, whether the institution of Odd Fellowship is a religious institution. It is not our *object* to make men religious, in the ordinary acceptation of that term; though no one can be a good and worthy member of our Order, without being a religiously disposed man. We do not ask the faith of a brother, or to what denomination he belongs. Religious disputes are not permitted among us. We would not encroach upon the province of the church. We consider our Lodges as schools of morality, as places where all the friendly and generous feelings of our nature may be cultivated and enlarged. These things are inculcated by frequent charges and lectures, received at every step of our advance, some of which, contain lessons of impressive morality and solemnity, equal to any you will hear from the pulpit. Who, that remembers the charge of one of the officers of the Lodge, which he receives as he enters upon the very threshold of the Order, does not feel that if he lived up to its high precepts, he would be a better and a purer man. He is charged by it, to love and serve that God, in whom "we live and move and have our being," — "never to mention his holy name, but with that reverential awe, which is due from the creature to the creator," — "to look upon him as the source of all our blessings," — "to be industrious, sober and temperate," — "to love his neighbor, and to do unto him, as he could wish his neighbor to do unto himself, and never to rest content while his fellow creatures are in distress, and it is in his power to relieve them." The corner stone of our Institution is the Bible. From it, we draw the precepts which are to guide us, and those emblems

of our Order, which seem all idle to the uninformed, but which are so full of meaning to every true Odd Fellow, are derived from its sacred pages. We do not, it is true, all of us, profess to live up entirely to its sacred commands, but we *do* profess, as a body, to make a prominent object of our institution, the inculcation of moral and religious duty, — of every thing, in short, which can make us better men and better citizens. We do not acknowledge among us any one sect or creed. We leave every brother to worship his God in his own way. Our *aim* is to make him, *practically* religious, — *practically* benevolent. But you ask, do all your members live up to these high precepts? Do they strictly keep these articles of their faith? As a *body*, we challenge the scrutiny of the world. True, Odd Fellowship has often perverted its high calling, and impious hands have often ministered at its shrine. We acknowledge even, that there are unworthy members among us. But what association is not liable to objections of this kind? We might almost ask, where can you point us to an institution, so extensive, in which there are so few unworthy men? Every good thing has its counterfeit, and if there are occasionally found among us "wolves in sheep's clothing," you ought not to do us the bitter injustice, of saying that there is no good thing in us. The existence of a counterfeit bill, is good evidence, that the bank on which it is drawn is sound, else why were the bills counterfeited. Would you pronounce the church a grand scheme of imposture, because there are those within its fold who bring contempt upon the religion they profess? Would you blot out the light of the sun, because the telescope reveals to us dark spots on its surface?

It will be seen then, from the foregoing remarks, that Odd Fellowship claims a high rank as a moral association, and that its *influence* must be correct upon its members. Our doors are open to all, and we assure all who may desire to unite with us, that they will find nothing among us which can in the least degree compromit, those high and exalted duties, which they owe to their God, to their country, their families or themselves. It may be asked, if your principles are thus pure and your motives thus correct, why are you so secret in your operations? This is the point to which our opponents last resort, and which they consider impregnable. We have not time here to expose, as we think we can, the folly and inconsistency of this objection. We may do so in some future number. Meanwhile, we ask all, who fear that we have any plots among us to undermine the State, to join us, and they will find that their fears were entirely groundless.

"THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON."—We have the pleasure to notice the institution of another Lodge of I. O. of O. F. in this city, under the name of TREMONT LODGE, No. 15. The Installation took place on Saturday evening, March 18th. Number of members, eighteen; since which time, (only two weeks,) including those proposed for membership, the Lodge now includes nearly fifty members! This is indeed cheering, and cannot but be gratifying intelligence to all Odd Fellows. If ability to perform the duties of the various offices, and a disposition to please, be requisite for the success and prosperity of a Lodge, then the TREMONT will not be backward of any that have preceded it. A list of its officers will be found on the last page.

☞ WE have copied from the "Rainbow" a list of Lodges in New York State, as a matter of convenience for those

of our friends in this city and vicinity going to New York, and who wish to visit any of the Lodges.

☞ OUR readers will be gratified to learn that Rev. Bro. E. H. CHAPIN, of Charlestown, is to be a regular contributor to the Symbol.

☞ The communication from "R. S." was received too late for insertion in our present number. It shall appear in our next.

LAME DAVY'S SON.—By the author of "Lafitte," "Capt. Kyd," "The Quadroon," "The Dancing Feather," ect. ect.

To yield this work *faint* praise, were to do it an injustice, which we cannot. — A more pleasing, or a more true delineation of "money made," aristocracy we have rarely seen. In fact, Prof. Ingraham has drawn a picture so true to the life, that *all* who read cannot but appreciate the quiet satire of the "poor relation," or help smiling at the mortifying discomfiture of the would be "Countess of Almore, of Collonade Row." This work will find a ready sale.

THE "ODD FELLOW," OR THE SECRET ASSOCIATION.—A Tale portraying the principles, character and usefulness of the Order of Odd Fellows.—By J. H. Ingraham, author of the "Dancing Feather," ect.

To an Odd Fellow, it would be superfluous to say any thing in commendation of this excellent production, as every member of the Order will duly appreciate the value of this correct illustration of their principles, and readily acknowledge the justice, that so happily portrays the character and usefulness of this great moral and benevolent institution.

The above named Tales may be found at Mr. Roberts' No. 5, State street, together with many others of deep and exciting interest. Give Mr. R. a call, general reader; you will find him always ready to place before you a rich treat, and you may be sure to get your *money's worth*.

"THE RAINBOW."—The 6th number of this work, devoted to Odd Fellowship, has been handed us by a friend, (as we are not favored with an exchange,) and we are much pleased with it. Its contents are mostly original, and are written with great ability and taste. We are happy to learn the "Rainbow" meets with an extensive support, as it certainly is most deserving of it.

The "Rainbow" is published semi-monthly, at New York, by Messrs. Ade & Eastabrook. Octavo, 32 pp. It can be had at Redding & Co.'s, No. 8 State street, Boston. Price 12 1-2 cents per number.

THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW.—This work is published monthly, at Richmond, Va., at two dollars, in advance, by James M. Ford. We are indebted to the kindness of a friend, for the No. before us, which we find to contain much practical, and useful information, both on general and local subjects. We doubt not the work is well sustained, as it has reached the second volume.

THE ODD FELLOW'S OFFERING.—A few copies of this beautiful annual for Odd Fellows, may be had at the Symbol office. It is a rich work, and should be in the possession of every Odd Fellow.

☞ We have corrected the list of officers of the several Lodges, so far as we were able. Will the Secretaries or some of the brethren have the goodness to send us corrected lists of those which are not correct?

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

USE OF SNUFFERS.—A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil, put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, was placed a hand-pair of plated snuffers and their stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking of the candle-snuff, to throw it about the floor, or, perchance, on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly amused spectator!

I.I.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
Eu-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgely, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10	do do Wed.
Getty's, 11,	do do Tues.
Germania, 13,	do do Fri.
Perseverance, 17	do do Thurs.
Tentonia, 14,	do do Mon.
Mariner's, 23,	do do Mon.
National, 30,	do do Fri.
Metropolitan, 33,	do do Tues.
Concorde, 43,	do do Wed.
Hancock, 49,	do do Thurs.
Oriental, 68,	do do Mon.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	do do Wed.
Ark, 28	do do Tues.
Enterprise, 36,	do do

Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.
 Harmony, 44, do Mon.
 German Oak, do Fri.
 Empire, 64, do Tues.
 Croton, 78, do
 Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson, Tues.
 Greenwich, 40, do do Mon.
 Meridian, 42, do do Wed.
 Grove, 58, do do Thur.
 Jefferson, 46, 327 Bowery, Tues.
 Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.
 United Brothers, 52 do Tues.
 Howard, 60, do Wed.
 Marion, 34, do Thurs.
 Commercial, 67, do Fri.
 Knickerbocker, 22, do Thurs.
 Mercantile, 47, do Tues.
 Olive Branch, 31, do Wednes.
 Mount Vernon, 73, do Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn, Tues.
 Nassau, 39, do do Thurs.
 Atlantic, 50, do do Mon.
 Fulton, 66, do do Wed.
 Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.
 Williamsburg, 62, do Tues.
 Whitehall, 54, Washington Co., Thurs.
 Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co., Tues.
 Orange Co., 74 do do
 Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co., Thurs.
 Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co. Tue.
 Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co., Thu.
 Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do Mon.
 Dutchess, 59, do do Wed.
 Fireman's, 19, Albany, Thurs.
 German, Colonial, 16, do Mon.
 City Philanthropic, 5, do
 Union, 8, do
 American, 32, do Wednes.
 Watervliet, 38, West Troy, Mon.
 Spartan, 62, do Fri.
 Phoenix, 41, Albany, Wednes.
 Franklin, 24, Troy, Wednes.
 Trojan, 27, do Mon.
 Star, 29, Lansingburgh, Tues.
 Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Thurs.
 Halsey, 56, do Thurs.
 Niagara, 25, Buffalo, Mon.
 Buffalo, 37, do Tues.
 Tehosororon, 48, do Thurs.
 Genesee, 51, Rochester, Fri.
 Teoronto, 69, do
 Mohawk Valley, Schenectady, Mon.
 Ithaca, 71, Ithaca, Thurs.
 Rockland County, 76, Tues.
 Onondaga, 79, Syracuse, Tues.
 Cayuga, 80, Auburn.
 Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.
 Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.

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 Hezekiah Prince, H. P. Robert L. Robbins, S. W. C. C.
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 Smith, W. G. C.

Thomas Barr, W. D. D. G. M. for Lowell District.
 Thos F. Norris, " " Cambridge do.
 Eber Smith, " " Boston do.

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 er, Treas'r.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their loca-
 tion and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1. at Encampment Hall, 339
 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.,
 at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
 Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
 Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
 Tremont, No. 15, do do Tuesday.
 Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues.
 Silkom, No. 2, do do Thursday.
 New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Thursday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor.
 Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
 Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Saturday.
 Mechanic, No. 11, "
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Tuesday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 Quinipac, No. 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Mihillexet, No. 3, E. Haddam, Wednesday.
 Paquannock, No. 4, Bridgeport.
 Harmony, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1843.

NUMBER 5.

THE PIRATE.

Concluded.

THE next question was, whither should they go. It was answered by Williams, who said that he had a vessel, ready manned and equipped for sea, and he supposed Bellamy would ask nothing better than a voyage. To all questions, respecting the way his vessel had been obtained, he declined to answer.

The fact was, that since Bellamy's imprisonment, he had gotten together a gang of desperadoes, thirty in number, including the late crew of the Seal. His object was, to "go on the account," as the then fashionable business of piracy was termed. Williams was, however, incompetent to navigate a vessel, not knowing how to read, and needed a coadjutor. Bellamy was the person he fixed upon. Previous to attempting his deliverance he seized the Seal, then lying at one of the wharves under the charge of a keeper, treating the said keeper as he afterwards treated the turnkey. The whole proceeding was so managed as to occasion no noise or alarm.

Under the guidance of Williams, Bellamy and the loving Margaret reached the vessel.

"Now Maggy," said our hero, "I don't ask you to sail with me, because we must stand before the minister first, but I'll ask you not to forget poor Sam Bellamy altogether."

"Forget you! never, never. You'll come home again sometime."

"I'll come once, and after a wife."

"I must leave you now, dear Sam."

"I ax pardon ma'am," interrupted the rude Williams, "but we can take you to Wellfleet quicker than you can get there any other way. The wind's fair."

After some expostulation the maiden consented. The sails were set and the little schooner glided toward the Graves, slowly, for the tide was against her. We leave it to the reader's imagination to supply the pledges of love, and vows of eternal constancy that passed between the principal actors in our drama that night.

As the morning broke, Williams called Bellamy to the forecastle, informed him of all his views, and demanded his assistance. Bellamy hesitated.

"I should not like to be hanged in chains," said he.

"You're in for it, and you can't get out of it, replied Williams. If we're taken, there's a rope reeved for you already. Did you not help to run away with the Seal?"

"My own vessel? Yes, I made the main sheet fast when she fell away from the wharf."

"Don't all men rob one another?"

"Yes, by—they do; especially that rascal Facias. As to the old Deacon—

if he did not rob me of my money, he did of my liberty. Jack, I'll take on with you."

"Well you shall be captain, that's certain. Look ahead. Hurrah! a Sail! here's a chance now to begin the world."

A white speck was now seen on the extreme verge of the horizon, which grew more and more distinct, till the square rig and three masts of a gallant ship were clearly discernable to all on board. The schooner ran down upon her, and Williams having ascertained that she was the Whidow, from Liverpool, bound to Boston, ordered her to lie to; an order which was enforced by a volley of musquetry through the mainsail. Bellamy ordered his boats out, and gaining the deck of the Whidow, told the captain he was a prisoner. He then made a speech to the crew, informing them that he was "a friend to the sea, and an enemy to all who sailed upon it," and invited them to join the brave fellows already under his command. Twenty-seven of them threw up their tarpaulins, and cried "Hurrah for the brave Captain Bellamy!" The rest, thirteen in number, shewed no inclination to comply with his proposal. These, by the suggestion of Williams, were forthwith put under hatches.

The Whidow was a stout ship, pierced for twenty-four guns, which at the time of her capture, she carried in ballast. Her lading was of small value, but the pirates were entirely satisfied with their prize, thinking that with such a vessel under them, they should soon be rich. The Seal ranged alongside, and the crew quickly transferred themselves to the new vessel, and set about mounting the guns. Bellamy, in the meanwhile descended to the cabin of the schooner, where he found Margaret Noble in tears. She complied with his request to allow herself to be "whipped" on board his ship, but either could not, or would not explain the cause of her grief. "Leave me, leave me,"

was the only answer he could obtain. When he told her, however, that he was about to steer for Wellfleet, she expressed herself better pleased." "I am glad to find that you do not make war on women," she said.

The next morning the Whidow anchored near the table land of Wellfleet, and Bellamy manned a boat and landed his mistress on the beach. He walked a little way homeward with her, protesting his affection, and renewing his vows of constancy. He promised her that he would return in a few months, and transport her to some place where they might enjoy the wealth he should have acquired undisturbed. She had hitherto walked in silence, but at these last words she turned and stood still.

"Captain Bellamy" said she, with a dignity that dismayed the pirate the more, as it was wholly unexpected, "the time has gone by when such words would have pleased me from your mouth. Go, get money, and enjoy it if you can; but you must enjoy it alone. You are not Sam Bellamy now, but a pirate captain; and such a man shall never call me wife."

"But Margaret," replied Bellamy, "hear me. Your father forced me to this."

"He forced you to fly, or hide yourself, but not to become a robber. I thank my maker that you are not a murderer also, as you would be, had yonder crew been honest men."

"Margaret, I will leave this vessel though she is a ship that a sailor ought to love. I will leave this ship, and these men, I say, and become what you think an honest man, for your sake." "That is," he added, smiling bitterly, "I will get money by merely grinding the poor, and by villainies strictly lawful, and not by the strong hand."

"It will give me joy to hear that you are once more the warm hearted, kind Sam Bellamy I once knew. I entreat you to make the change as soon as may

be, not for my sake but for your own. If you are again seen in the Bay State, you must die on a gibbet. I think I shall never marry, but if I do, my husband shall never fear such a death, nor deserve it. Speak to me no more, for it is all over between us." With these words she turned from him.

"Then, by him who made me, the gibbet you speak of shall bring me up, by the run, as it did Kidd, and you shall know that you helped to bring me to it. I will go directly to the village, and give myself up to Justice Markham, and confess all I have done." As he spoke these words he moved to follow her.

"Not so fast, my handy lad; not so fast," cried Williams, fixing on him a grasp like that of a manacle. "You're not going to leave us to the hangman, if you want his acquaintance yourself. What! leave Jack Williams? He did not leave you so. I see how it is though. Bear a hand there, boys, and bring yonder galley to an anchor. We'll take her aboard, and then he'll be in no hurry to leave us."

His orders were obeyed. One of the pirates seized the screaming girl, and bore her towards the boat. She called on Bellamy for protection, and he became furious. Wrenching himself free from Williams, he drew his cutlass, and rushed on the fellow who held her. The man fell beneath his first and only blow. Then, cocking a pistol with his left hand, he addressed his followers.

"Villians," he cried, "are you men? Stand where you are. The first one that takes a step toward her, shall drink of the same cup. I'll go with you, but lay your hands on her at your peril. Fare you well, Margaret."

"And farewell Sam, and may God reward you for this."

She departed, and Bellamy sad and gloomy, embarked in his boat, and gained the Whidow. As he set his foot on the

deck, he looked toward the shore, and saw Margaret Noble wave her handkerchief to him, just before she disappeared behind a sand hill. He then ordered all sail to be set, and steered southward.

Toward the close of his career, Bellamy had taken a richly laden Spanish vessel, which had been blown north of her course. He had divided his crew, and sent the galleon off to one of the islands on the coast of Maine, to make a deposit. Thus weakened he fell in with a French frigate of thirty-six guns, off the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This vessel had two companies of French troops on board, intended to strengthen the garrison at Quebec, over and above her complement. Bellamy did not scruple to attack her. He came by the worse, and the Frenchman boarded him. At the head of his men, our pirate repelled the assault, but in so doing, received a sabre cut across his cheek, which trenched from the temple to the jaw, and destroyed one eye. However, he managed to shake the frigate off, and by superior sailing, left her. The pirate suffered severely. No fewer than thirty-six of his followers were killed outright.

Thence steering to Cape Cod, Bellamy fell in with a small vessel, which he captured. Finding her of no value, he would have returned her to her master, whose name was Bher. This his crew would not permit, for where there is no virtue, there is little subordination. They scuttled the vessel, and while the work was going on, Bellamy addressed his prisoner:

"I am sorry they will not let you have your vessel, for I never wished to injure any one who did not injure me first. Had you not better join us?"

"My conscience," replied Bher, "will not permit me to do so."

"My conscience tells me" rejoined the pirate, angrily, "that I am as much a sovereign prince as King William, and

have as good a right to declare war on the world as if I had a fleet at sea and an army in the field. As to honesty, there is little difference between me and other men. They live by cheating, and I by robbery. Give my compliments to Captain Southack, and tell him that."

So saying, Bellamy ordered Bher to be set ashore, and he, as desired, posted directly to Boston, where he waited upon Capt. Southack of the royal navy, and informed him of what had passed.

The next morning, as Margaret Noble, with other inhabitants of Wellfleet were gazing at the Whidow, the wind freshened and blew directly on shore. The pirate raised his anchor and began to tack off the land, when a ship was seen in the offing, which proved to be the frigate *Orange*. For a short time she neared the Whidow, but the wind, by the time the vessels were within a long gun shot of each other, increased so much as to compel her to draw off the land also. Just as a hearty cheer from the pirates announced that they thought themselves out of danger, a shot from the frigate struck the foremast of the Whidow, already strained by its canvass, and it fell over the side.

The storm raged more and more, and the sails of the pirate were blown out of the bolt-ropes one after another. Deep called unto deep. As night fell, the spectators retired, with the certainty that the Whidow would be on shore before day-

dawn. We said they retired, but retract the expression. One remained, though the rain poured in torrents, and the darkness was "thick enough to be felt." That one was Margaret Noble. She sat upon the cold rock, and strained her eyeballs to bursting, ever and anon muttering the name of the rejected, but unforgotten pirate.

In the morning the inhabitants found her where they had left her,—a maniac. An hundred and twenty-seven dead bodies were picked up along the shore, but that of Bellamy was not among them. Six pirates were taken alive, but he was not one of them. They were hanged at the foot of Copps' Hill, where the stumps of their gibbets were standing but a few years since.

Margaret Noble died within a year, literally of a broken heart.

For many years after, a man with a long beard, and a visage horribly disfigured, came annually to Wellfleet. No one knew him, but many thought his voice resembled that of the dead pirate, Bellamy. At each successive visit, he would sit and weep a whole night on the humble grave of Margaret Noble, whence no persuasion would induce him to remove. At his death, which happened more than forty years after the wreck of the Whidow, a number of gold pieces were found sewed in his girdle, from which it would seem he had a hidden hoard somewhere on the Cape.

A WOMAN'S SERMON.—Dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at:—The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, and brickbats, and clubs, into fruit trees, to knock down the fruit; when, if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish and even so wicked as to go to

war and kill one another; if they would only let one another alone, they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would only stay at home, the young women would come after them.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the National Lodge, No. 30, I. O. O. F., New York, on the evening of June 9th, 1840,

BY BRO. JOHN S. NOBLE.

ONE reason urged why we ought not to unite in such an association is, that all secret associations are injurious, that is, they are either positively bad or negatively good, and that if the motives which actuates us are pure, and the results beneficial, we should promulgate them to the world that all may be able to reap the advantage.

In answer, we broadly assert, the principles are made known, have been before the world for centuries, and if asked where they are to be found, we point you to the volume of Divine inspiration; we there learn that "charity is the bond of perfectness." Yet permit me to ask, how many act upon the maxim? how many thousands of our fellow-creatures in want of the common necessities of life, are from hour to hour turned empty away from the doors of the wealthy? and in addition to a denial of the food necessary to sustain life, are oft-times taunted with harsh unfeeling language, thus adding to the bitterness of a cup already full to overflowing.

Few indeed are there of the mass of mankind who act upon the principle of universal benevolence to their fellow creatures; was the tenets of this holy book to be made the rule of our conduct and the guide of our steps, universal charity would prevail, and man would cease to wring from his fellow man, the last morsel and the last means of subsistence; when man shall have learned to act upon the golden rule, "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," then, and not till then, will this association have become useless; our principles are universal benevolence, first to the brethren

of the Order, and then to all mankind; our doors are ever open to the virtuous, and the primary principles of our Order we are ready and willing, nay, desirous of publishing to the world, fully conscious that the caviller will cease his carping if he will but take the trouble to ascertain our motives, and learn the general principles by which we act and by which we profess to be governed. Secresy is no sign of guilt, and we challenge the most rigid investigation into our motives and design, nor are we fearful that such an investigation will lead to the development of any thing tending to our disadvantage, but rather to our benefit, and the shame and confusion of our opponents; our only secrets are the means by which we know each other; our only object in having such a secret is to avoid being imposed upon by pretended brethren; all things else are open to the scrutiny of the world, and while accusations have been made, that our meetings are for purposes illegal, improper, and tending to subvert the order of society, we unhesitatingly proclaim it false, and boldly assert that nothing is required from any man who becomes a member, which can in any wise interfere with his duty to himself, his country, or his God; no political or religious test is here required, each one is left free to worship God, according to the dictates of his own conscience.

* * * * *

We now pass to another topic, one also on which the world finds much fault with us. It is, that we use certain symbols, devices, and have certain signs whereby we become known to each other. To this indictment we plead guilty, and throw

ourselves upon your mercy. We do use certain symbols to express certain definite ideas, but we care not who knows or learns their signification. To prove this I will mention several of them, and leave you to draw such inference as you may think most suitable; yet permit me, ere I enter into an explanation of the meaning which we attach to certain symbols in use among us, to refer to some illustrations why symbols are used. * * * *

Let me ask, does not the son of Erin feel his heart warm and his pulse quicken at the sight of the Shamrock, and does it not bring with it thoughts of home, and all the fond associations so dearly cherished, and which will be forgotten only when the heart shall cease to throb, and memory shall become extinct? It does, and though it is but a symbol, yet it is capable of causing an emotion in the strongest, and a feeling the most ardent which the mind can conceive. Talk to an Irishman of his home, and he will tell you of wrongs endured, of injustice suffered, and he will turn to this, the land of his adoption, as if wishing to forget another spot on earth gave him birth, for the remembrance brings with it nothing but the love of home, which shorn of all its glory and reflecting only the borrowed lustre of her sister isle, gives no pleasure in the retrospection. But while his eye is dim and his heart sad, show him the symbol of his native land, and as his eye brightens, his tongue will give utterance, to what? Lamentations for the present state of Erin? Oh, no; but to the past days of glory and of fame, when Erin's sons were led by Brian bold, to battle and to victory. The present degradation of his much loved home is forgotten, and primal glory of past times are vividly brought before him. Her green fields and sweet streams will pass before him in review, and he will remember Erin as she was, ere the curse of union was entailed upon her. Let us turn to smiling

France. Who among her sons, who is not recreant to the dearest charms of life, but will exultingly remember, as the Tricolor is unfolded before him, the fields of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Lodi, Eylau and Marengo, that there her armies triumphed and her enemies succumbed?—

Where is the Scotsman who smiles not as the Thistle blooms before him, at the recollection of his home, which though of barren heath and woodland wild, is dearer to his heart than the broad fields of all the earth beside? Memory will recall the joyous hours of youth, and the remembrance of happiness enjoyed in rambling "oe'r the heather," or "paidling i' the burn." Where is the American, with soul so dead, as not to recognize in the stars and stripes of his own flag, the chosen symbol first selected by those who in their resistance to oppression, won for us the blessings of civil and religious freedom, and for themselves toil and death, but immortal fame? Friends, it is useless to recapitulate; all these things are but symbols, yet are they fraught with so much of all that is animating, desirable and useful, that any argument is worse than useless, having for its object a labored enquiry into the use of, or the benefits derivable from them. What the flag of a nation is to its citizens, such are our symbols to us. They are appropriately chosen; to us they declare lessons of value, either moral or persuasive; and as we now proceed to the further explanation of them, give us your attention, and then ask, Ought they to be laid aside to gratify the whims and caprice of men, who, wholly unacquainted with their use or design, make them the stalking-horse on which to mount their prejudices?

Observe yon representation of an open eye: does it convey to you any particular idea of beauty? or is its signification to you a blank? To us it is a silent monitor, at all times reminding us of our duties and responsibilities; it repeats to us,

though silent, an important lesson, one which if we but obey, will make us wiser and better men for life, and prepare us for an eternity of happiness beyond the grave; it reminds us that the omniscient eye of God is ever regarding us during the darkness of the night or the bright glare of day—that night cannot shield us from his scrutiny, nor will secrecy avail us when with the united multitudes of earth we shall be called on at the last great day to give an account of the deeds done in the body; that symbol is speaking to us in the language of the Psalmist of Israel, "O, Lord, thou hast searched me and known me; thou knowest my down-sitting and my up-rising, and understandest my thoughts afar off; thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. — For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo! oh, Lord, thou knowest it altogether; thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me." Such is the lesson conveyed to us by yon symbol: it further teaches us, by being placed over all other symbols, that our duty is first to our Creator—that he should be held in reverence above all created things—that our heart's first-best offerings are his, and that to him we are indebted for all we are, for all we have, and on him we are dependent for all our enjoyments, and the fulfilment of all our expectations. I could go on in the enumeration, but I trust enough has been said in reference to that particular symbol, to point out to you its use, and the lesson it conveys to us.

Here, on my right hand, you perceive

a terrestrial globe, its signification to us is, that our charity must be as extensive as the earth's surface, and that as all portions of it are the work of the same intelligent Creator, we should diffuse to all the general principles of our Order, and in obedience to the mandate, "love thy neighbor as thyself," perform all our duties without reference to climate or locality.

Here, on my left hand, you perceive a celestial globe, from which we learn, that in the heavens which showeth the handiwork of God, where in boundless space he has placed worlds unnumbered, each performing, with order and regularity, their accustomed duty; it therefore becomes us, finite worms of the dust, to bow in humble reverence, and adore that superior intelligence, who by the word of his power, can create worlds, and at will destroy them, and their inhabitants; therefore, we should practice virtue and benevolence, and justice, while the justice of God slumbers over our misdeeds, and grants us space for repentance; benevolence, while his benevolence is o'er us, providing us with all that is necessary for our comfort and convenience; and virtue, that we may approximate as closely to the character of the Deity, as finite beings can approach the Majesty of heaven and of earth. There you perceive the hour-glass, it is to remind us that time spent can never be recalled, and that it is spent in vain if not improved, with reference to benefit ourselves, or fellow-man; it serves to remind us that time is ever hastening away, and that we should continually be making preparation for that eternity whither we are all tending.

There is a representation of a heart, it is to remind us that it is the seat of the affections, that our hearts should ever expand to the call of charity, and be open to receive with fraternal affection a worthy brother; that our hearts should be kept pure in the sight of God, for "God look-

eth upon the heart, and not upon the outward man." The lamb and the cross is to remind us of man's redemption, of the price paid for the purchase of our souls; and as innocence and the lamb are ever synonymous, that innocent of offence we should live toward each other, rather copying the meekness of the lamb, than the spirit which would induce us to return injuries and seek revenge.

The dove, has ever been the messenger of peace; we have not changed the symbolic representation; to us it conveys the meaning to dwell in peace with all men, but more especially the brethren.

There you perceive three links of a chain, they convey to us the information that friendship, love and truth, is our motto, and that on these three fundamental principles our association, and all our social and moral rights are based — and that so long as we act in accordance with them we shall never overstep the bounds

of discretion, nor wander far from the path of duty.

There is the bee-hive, it conveys the lesson, that we must industriously pursue our varied avocations, and that our association, like the bee, permits none to use the labor of others for the purpose of fostering their own idleness, but that each must labor assiduously to procure the means to clothe and feed the naked and destitute, and shield from penury and distress the worthy poor.

Last, we point you to the mementos of death, a skull and cross bones, the lesson they teach is written in every epitaph, speaks from every tomb, and is a truism from the application of which none are exempt, it teaches all the same lesson, speaks to all the same language, furnishes all with food for reflection, while they ponder on the fact, "dust we are, and unto dust we must return."

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. G. DAVID DAVIS.

ODD FELLOWSHIP, where, where hadst thou birth?

And whence didst thou gather thy name —

From among the children of earth,

Or was it from heaven you came?

From thy greatness I enquire for thy birth,

From thine errand am surprised at thy name;

Thou art spreading throughout the whole earth —

From a spark hast thou grown to a flame.

Thy chariot seems fixed on the wind —

Thou art speeding with an errand of love —

Thy friendship embraces mankind —

Ah, yes — thou hast come from above.

No more will I question thy birth,

And thy name be it honored and bless'd;

Thou hast come from high heaven to earth,

To plead for the poor and distress'd.

Go! go! then, with swiftness of light,

Stay not till thine errand be done;

Thou art right — thou art right — thou art right!

God bless'd you when first you began.

Original.

OBJECTIONS TO OUR ORDER.

A SECRET society, say some, cannot be a good society, else why not let all hear and see what you do? We reply, You have our Constitution and By-Laws by which we are governed, therefore they are no secret. Our meetings and the names of the several offices and members are publicly noticed — therefore there is no secrecy in this. In regard to the admission of any and every person into our Lodge rooms, we would say, that any one can become a member of our Institution, whose character and standing in community is considered good. And should a member at any time feel disposed to dissolve his connection with the Lodge, he is perfectly at liberty to do so.

It is said by the objector, that we do some things, the meaning of which is not made public, such as making motions with our heads, feet, hands, &c. We ask, Shall the society be condemned for this? The members are among you; judge for yourselves, for by their fruits ye shall know them. I do not say that Odd Fellows are perfect, though every possible precaution is used to admit none within our circle, whose character will not bear the closest scrutiny. Yet, as in all other societies and institutions, we may occasionally number among us an unworthy member. This is admitted, though much to be regretted, as nothing is so painful to the feelings of every good Odd Fellow, as to see brothers profane, or break through the principles of the Order.

Living up to the principles of Odd Fellowship, makes men better and happier. The truths which our Order inculcates are in consonance with Christianity; and no one can be a *good* Christian, while he remains a *bad* Odd Fellow.

It is urged that there are charitable societies enough beside ours; and that if one wishes to contribute for charitable purposes, it had better be done to *them* than to *ours*. Now, we do not prevent members of our Order from belonging to, or bestowing their charities upon as many benevolent institutions as they please. The money paid into our society is as if on deposit. It rightfully belongs to each contributor. Unlike many other charitable societies, the condition and circumstances of our members are not enquired into in case of sickness, in order that it may be ascertained if the brother is *actually* in need of assistance; but he is entitled to and receives a stipulated sum, be his circumstances in life what they may.

Again: it is said of us that we neglect our business and families by becoming Odd Fellows. It is not so; for should it be known that a brother neglected his family, either from business connected with the Order, or from any other unnecessary cause, he would be reprimanded, suspended or expelled. It is particularly enjoined upon us, never to neglect our own affairs for the sake of Odd Fellowship. We do not encourage idleness, but industry; not dissipation, but temperance; and we know that it has been the means of restoring many individuals from vicious habits, to virtue, their families and friends. We ask of those who oppose us, to think of these things; to study well the principles of our Order; and ask themselves if it is not an institution worthy the support of every one who wishes for the well-being and happiness of his fellow-man.

ODD FELLOW.

OUR FOES. — He who has espoused a good cause, knowing it to be such, and is confident of its ability to advance the interests of humanity, will never allow his judgment to be perverted, or his opinion changed, by the misrepresentations of the ignorant. It may be ridiculed and pronounced evil — unnecessary — liable to abuse — but he who knows better, laughs at the fools that assail it, and is more firmly attached to it than ever. This remark will apply to the Odd Fellow. He has connected himself with an Institution whose objects he appreciates; he knows his cause to be good; he loves it, and uses his utmost endeavors to advance it in a quiet way. If he is met by opposition — if those who have no acquaintance with Odd Fellowship abuse or ridicule it, he smiles at their folly. His principles, he remembers, speak for themselves; *they are their own defenders*; they may be distorted and vilified, but, "*Truth*, crushed to earth, will rise again."

We have been surprised to observe the sensitiveness of some Odd Fellows, who seem to think that the pigmy assailants of our Order are all-powerful to crush it. Impelled by this sensitiveness, they deem it of the utmost importance that the friends of Odd Fellowship controvert the slanders of its opponents. But they are under a mistake; there is no necessity to fly into a rage, and hurl defiance at the enemies of Benevolence — none whatever. Indeed, Odd Fellowship can never sanction any such course pursued by her friends. It would indicate a spirit which Christianity herself never yet sanctioned, and one which has done even her more harm than all else beside. Truth, Love and Friendship, require no arguments — nothing on earth can harm *them*: they are co-existent with their Great Author, and their foes can no more injure them than the arm of all humanity combined can overthrow the eternal throne of God itself.

Our advice to all such brothers is,

keep cool — be quiet — give your opponents a clear field, and let them have the battle all to themselves. If they assail you personally, refer them to "your principles," *they* are the best argument you can use.

Rainbow.

MEMORY OF THE HEART. — Many and many an evening have I been soothed by the gentle rustling of the leaves as the mild breeze passed over them. It seemed as if the spirit of my mother was there, and I would listen and fancy that I heard her whispering to me, and then I would shut my eyes, and let the cool soft air fall on my cheek, and say to myself, perhaps it is the breath of my mother. To this day, now that I am a man, I still seem to hear that ever-to-be-loved voice in the silence of the night, when the summer wind murmurs through the foliage. I used, at that forlorn period of my existence, to give myself up to those delusions till my heart has fairly throbbed with emotion.

ELEGANT EXTRACT. — We have, some of us, been thrilled with that article in the daily journals, describing a funeral at New Orleans — *a lonely funeral*! In the night, I think it was, during the epidemic in that city. Not one mourner followed that sleeper — not one friend went down to that grave! How desolate, how like the very abstraction of desolation, this! In some far home, doubtless, there were friends — wife, children, sisters, betrothed, perhaps — waiting for his coming — yearning, with a very heart sickness, to hear from that neglected, pulseless one. They would have stood around him, oh! how tenderly! — would have wept deep, sincere tears; and, thro' the breath of contagion, and by the very skirts of death, would have followed him to his lowly rest. But they were not there. In silence and alone, perchance, he died. Not one soft hand, not one low wail of tenderness for him, a unit in that

thronged, fever-swept population. Each one, engaged in his own intense anxieties and griefs, thought not of *him*, save as the solitary shadow passed — the saddest sight of all — through the lonely streets.

E. H. Chapin.

THE SHORTEST WAY TO RUIN CHARACTER. — Profess great friendship for the man; tell how much you love him; proclaim how many excellent qualities he possesses; and then with a sanctified look, and a most impressive sigh, express your fear that all is not as it should be. Whisper suspicion, and let conjecture, with giant strength, work out the ruin. He who understands human nature in its deeper workings of cruelty and selfish artifices, will mark the man who stabs another under the cloak of pretended affection. The pretence has a lie on the face of it. True affection would never whisper a suspicion, save in the ear of one beloved, and whom suspicion concerned. Never trust that man who comes to you whining over his regard to another, while his tongue is a drawn sword to wound and kill. Meet him promptly with the charge of his hypocrisy, and he will shrink before you.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN. — No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men's sterner souls to leave the paths of sinful strife for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from her blest eminence, and sinks the guardian and the cherisher of pure and rational enjoyments into the vain coquette, and flattered idolater of idle fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS SECRETARY. — Voltaire, when on his estate of Ferney, was fond of assuming the air of nobility, and displayed a most philosophical hatred of poachers. One of the poor fellows was caught and brought before him. Voltaire determined to try him in form of law, and took his seat as judge, directing his secretary to act as counsel for the prisoner. The advocate made a long speech in his favor, and suddenly stopped short. "Why do you hesitate?" asked Voltaire. "I wish to read a passage from a volume in your library." He procured the book, and kept turning over the leaves for some time without saying a word. Voltaire became impatient, and asked him what book he was looking at. "It is your Philosophical Dictionary," was the answer. "Well?" "I have been looking for the word *humanity*, and I see you have omitted it." Voltaire thought the argument so forcible, that the culprit was set free at once.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE. — A man finds he cannot make his way in the world without honesty and industry, so that although his father's example may do much, he has to depend upon his own exertions; he must work, he must be honest, or he cannot attain to any enviable rank. But the tender soothing of a mother, her sympathy, her devotedness, her forgiving temper — all this sinks deep in a child's heart; and let him wander ever so wide, let him err, or let him lead a life of virtue, the remembrance of all this comes like a holy calm over his heart, and he weeps that he has offended her, or he rejoices that he has listened to her disinterested, gentle admonition.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR. — I have encountered fraudulent debtors, said Lord Mansfield, but where I have encountered one fraudulent debtor, I have met nine hundred fraudulent creditors.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER III.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND THE CHURCH.

I WAS much gratified, Mr. Editor, in looking over an article in the 4th number of the Symbol, entitled "Religion and Odd Fellowship"; and as very many at present seem to lay great stress on this point — whether there can be a harmony of spirit, or an union of feeling existing between Odd Fellowship and religion, or whether the principles of Odd Fellowship (I might have said) are such as would forbid any conscientious individual, belonging to any church of Christ, and having the interest of religion and the good of mankind at heart, from connecting himself with the fraternity of Odd Fellows, I would kindly ask of such as present the above questions, a moment's attention — referring them to the 4th No. of the Symbol, for further information on this important point of consideration.

With the great moral motto of Christianity we commence, "*By our fruits, judge us.*" We have been grieved to learn that an unfounded opinion still prevails among many religious persons, that this Order is in its influence, unfavorable to the interest, and unfriendly to the cause of religion; a suspicion which is alike unjust and ungenerous in the extreme. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows numbers within its ranks many ministers of the Gospel of the different religious denominations of our city and country, who have officiated and still continue to officiate as chaplains to the Order. Of the piety, talent, good sense and ability of such as are personally known to very

many of my readers, it would be useless for me to testify; their life and conversation before the world is a living testimony, and may be "known and read by all men." In its principles so often reiterated to the world, Odd Fellowship does not recognise any sectarianism in principles. It is a great moral rule of our Order, and strictly adhered to so far as I can learn, to open and close the meetings of our lodges with prayer; and the whole institution, from beginning to end, develops its morals, its lectures, its charges and its precepts from the unerring standard of divine truth. The language of Odd Fellowship is, Come all ye who pre-judge us from prejudice or fear, — look into the solemn and soul-binding affirmations of honor and fidelity — examine for yourselves the end and aim of Odd Fellowship, — and then, after having drank at the pure fountains of Benevolence and Truth, you may be enabled from a just and true knowledge of the fountain head, to pronounce its waters bitter, or sweet. We can with truth and honor pledge them in advance, that no OATH shall be required of them whatever, and if the "*ghosts of the hidden,*" the "*dire unrevealed,*" shall slit past them, they shall own that their true resting place was alone in their own imaginations. Who would think of calling in question the purity of the religion of Jesus? yet one of his disciples — one of his chosen band — one of the twelve — was a *Judas!*

I might go on to enumerate the hun-

dred arguments against this question, but my object was simply to call the attention of general readers to the article in the Symbol; it is short and practical, and must carry conviction to the sternest unbeliever, provided they are willing to listen to the honest convictions of the heart.

Let us not be condemned by our religious friends unheard, unknown, and misunderstood. Deal with us as *in the spirit of religion*, as taught by the unerring word of divine truth; judge us in accordance with its holy precepts — 'tis all we ask.

DISPLAY AT FUNERALS.

DURING my connection with the Order, I have frequently met with individuals of good judgment and favorably disposed toward us, who have made strong objections to the display with regalia and music, which form a part of our funeral ceremony at the burial of a brother. Conversations with those persons, together with members themselves, and my own reflections, have led me to doubt the propriety of such display. There is nothing in our Order more benign in its effects, both upon its own members and upon the community generally, and which so strongly recommends it to the approbation of the good, as its provisions for the relief of our sick members. This is its distinctive feature, and this it is which, in spite of all the efforts that have been made and are making to crush it, has preserved its existence, increased its members, and extended its power. When misrepresentation has assailed our principles and our conduct, and prejudice has closed the ear against our defence, the most bigoted have been compelled to admit there was *some* "good in Nazareth," when they have witnessed the relief and care bestowed upon our sick and departed brethren. It then becomes us to guard this feature with a watchful eye, and protect it from any possible abuse or perversion; and depending, as we are, for our future growth and prosperity upon the ranks of the uninitiated, it would seem proper to respect

their opinions and feelings in this particular, if we can do so without any loss of *real* relief to the recipient of our benefit.

No doubt many have been induced to unite themselves with us, whose attention was first directed towards us when engaged in the duty of laying in the grave the remains of a departed brother. The novelty of a funeral procession with mysterious emblems, glittering jewels, and varied, and often imposing regalia, preceded by solemn and appropriate music, is well calculated to strike the attention and excite the curiosity of a spectator. In many cases, it is certain, this has led to an examination of our principles and a union with us of good men and true; but is it not too probable, that in many instances, curiosity alone, without any examination, has been the controlling motive, and has resulted in the initiation of those whose interest in the Order has died with the gratification of that feeling, and who are now dead sticks among the rubbish of our temple? Moreover, there is *now* no need, whatever might heretofore have been the necessity of attracting public notice to us by such means. The papers devoted to our interests keep before the public our claims and our doings, while few are the families who have not a member or an acquaintance who belong to us. We are fast growing into an *important* element of society, and we can command, either for approval or censure,

the consideration of community; we therefore need no extensive means to induce an examination into our organization.

It is likewise worthy of thought, how far such displays are in accordance with the spirit of the age and the habits of our people, and whether we are not, even by a liberal judgment upon our conduct, laying ourselves open to the reproach of an *ostentatious* exhibition of our charity; while we may be charged with a fantastic decoration of our persons. In fact, we have been so charged, and I can easily conceive such an idea to be honestly entertained. The uninitiated do not, and cannot, understand the signification of our emblems, nor appreciate their beauty; they are as unmeaning to them as the trappings of a juggler's show-room. What wonder, then, that we should be judged as we appear to them, and what more natural than that we should be ridiculed?

But in my estimation the strongest objection to this display is, that it is inappropriate to the occasion. We are rendering the last tribute, and a mournful one, to the memory of a departed friend. Sorrow and grief fill the hearts of those to whom he was bound by the ties of kindred or affection, and he himself is to be laid in a dark resting place. Every

thing should be in character, and nothing exhibited in the least calculated to convert the solemn scene into a holiday spectacle. A simple mourning badge, with some appropriate device, stating the Lodge of the wearer, with the usual crape and evergreen, it seems to me would be far better than the showy regalia, jewels and emblems which now distinguish an Odd Fellows' funeral procession. Our beautiful burial service, should by all means be read; and if the immediate relatives of the deceased are willing, music of a proper character might perhaps be used, subject to the absolute control of the Marshall, who should not on any account permit the usual *military* custom of playing the liveliest airs on the return from the grave. Great caution, should however, be exercised at all times in regard to the employment of music, and probably it would be best to dispense with it under all circumstances.

Such a reform as I have noted, it appears to me would result in much good to the Order, and most assuredly detract nothing from its usefulness. Yet I may be mistaken; the experiment has been tried in other cities, and if some one who has seen its results should give his views upon the subject, we may derive some benefit from it.

Rainbow.

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

From D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

LUTHER, who had a heart happily constituted for relishing the sweets of domestic life, honored and loved the marriage state. It is even likely that he had some preference for Catharine Bora. For a long while, his scruples and the thought of the calumnies which such a step would occasion, had hindered his thinking of

her; and he had offered the hand of poor Catharine first to Baumgartner of Nuremberg, and afterwards to Doctor Glatz, of Orlamund. But when Baumgartner declined, and Catharine herself refused Glatz, he began more seriously to consider whether he himself ought not to think of making her his wife.

His aged father, who had been so much grieved when he first took upon him the profession of an ecclesiastic, urged him to marry. But one thought above all was present in much power to the conscience of Luther. Marriage is God's appointment—celibacy is man's. He abhorred whatever bore the stamp of Rome. "I desire," said he, to his friends, "to have nothing left of my papistic life." Night and day he besought the Lord to put an end to his uncertainty. At last a thought came to break the last ties which held him back. To all the considerations of consistency and personal obedience which taught him to apply to himself that word of God—*It is not good that man should be alone*—was added a higher and more powerful motive. He recognized that if as a man he was called to the marriage state, he was also called to it as a Reformer. This thought decided him.

"If that monk marries," said his friend Schurff the juris-consult, "he will cause men and devils to shout with laughter, and bring ruin upon all that he has hitherto effected." This remark had upon Luther an effect the very reverse of what might have been expected. To brave the world, the devil, and his enemies, and, by an act in man's judgment the most likely to ruin the Reformation, make it evident that his triumph was not to be ascribed to him, was the very thing he most of all desired. Accordingly, lifting up his head, he boldly replied,—*"I'll do it! I will play this trick to the world and the devil! I'll content my father and marry Catharine!"* Luther, by his marriage, broke even more irrevocably with the institutions of the Papacy. He sealed his doctrine by his own example,—and emboldened the timid to an entire renunciation of their delusions. Rome had seemed to be here and there recovering the ground she had lost, and might have been indulging in dreams of victory;—but here was a loud explosion that carried wonder and

terror into her ranks, and discovered, more clearly than ever, the courage of the enemy she had pictured to herself defeated and depressed. "I am determined," said Luther, "to bear witness to the Gospel, not by my words alone, but by my actions. I am determined, in the face of my enemies, who already are triumphing and exulting over me, to marry a nun,—that they may know that they have not conquered me. I do not take a wife that I may live long with her; but, seeing people and princes letting loose their fury against me,—in the prospect of death, and of their again trampling my doctrine under foot, I am resolved to edify the weak, by leaving on record a striking confirmation of the truth of what I have taught."

On the 11th of June, Luther repaired to the house of his friend and colleague Amsdorff. He requested Pomeranus, whom he dignified with the special character of *the* Pastor, to give them the nuptial benediction. Lucas Cranach and Doctor John Apelles witnessed their marriage. Melancthon was not present.

No sooner had Luther's marriage taken place than all Christendom was roused by the report of it. On all sides accusations and calumnies were heaped upon him. "It is incest," exclaimed Henry the Eighth. "A monk has married a vestal!" said some. "Antichrist must be the fruit of such a union," said others; "for it has been predicted that he will be the offspring of a monk and a nun." To which Erasmus made answer, with malicious sneer. "If that prophecy be true, what thousands of Antichrists the world has before now seen." But while these attacks were directed against Luther, some prudent and moderate men, in the communion of the Church of Rome, undertook his defence. "Luther," said Erasmus, "has taken to wife a female of the noble house of Bora,—but she brought him no dowry." One whose testimony carries still more weight, bore witness in

his favor. Philip Melancthon, the honored teacher of Germany, who had at first been alarmed by so bold a step, now remarked with that grave conscientiousness which commanded respect even from his enemies: "If it is asserted that there has been anything unbecoming in the affair of Luther's marriage, it is a false slander. It is my opinion that in marrying, he must have done violence to his inclination. The marriage state, I allow, is one of humility, — but it is also one of sanctity — if there be any sanctity in this world; and the scriptures everywhere speak of it as honorable in God's sight."

At first Luther was disturbed by the

reproaches and indignities showered upon him. Melancthon showed more than his usual kindness and affection towards him; and it was not long before the Reformer was enabled to discern, in men's opposition, one mark of God's approval. "If the *world* were not scandalized by what I have done," said he, "I should have reason to fear that it was not according to God's mind."

Luther's marriage was a happy one: "The greatest of earthly blessings," said he, "is a pious and amiable wife, — who fears God and loves her family, one with whom a man may live in peace and in whom he may repose perfect confidence."

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP—ITS OPPOSITION.

In my former communication, I spoke of the objections advanced by some in relation to our meetings being held in secret; or rather, in keeping our doors closed to the public at large; and endeavored to show, that this course, so far from being wrong, or urged as an objection against us, was justifiable, and could not with any degree of reason be condemned. For *us* to hold secret meetings, is no more than what almost every association or society that exists among us, are continually doing; and in our halls of legislation, the members can, and often do, sit for days in secret and with closed doors, and no one undertakes to censure them for so doing.

In my present number, I propose to reply to some of the objections made to our secret signs, passwords, &c., whereby we may know each other as Odd Fellows in any part of the world, whether we can understand the language of each or not. It has been said that these signs are for the purpose of protecting a brother Odd

Fellow whether right or wrong; that it matters not if a brother has been guilty of the most heinous offence, and falls into the hands of Justice, by making use of certain signs of the Order, another brother noticing them, (even though he should be made acquainted with the circumstances of the case,) was bound to use his utmost exertions to free him from the course of the law. In conversation with a friend a short time since, he assured me that he firmly believed the principal end and aim of Odd Fellowship was to protect rogues and scoundrels, and prevent them from being punished by law for any crimes which they may commit — provided, of course, that said rogues and scoundrels were Odd Fellows! This, then, appears to the opinion of some of our *radical* opposers; and to attempt to reason the subject with *them*, would be an utter waste of time. But there are those who honestly differ with us as to the practicability of associations like ours, but who are disposed to listen to any remarks in its fa-

vor, and acknowledge their weight and importance. To such I would address my remarks.

The object and use of signs. — We are an association, the object of which is mutual relief and charity among its members. We make our contributions for this purpose. No one is admitted a member of our society, but that can bring the most satisfactory reference as to his good character and standing in society. Having paid the required sum, and become one of our number, he in common with the others, strive to do all the good they can, particularly among the brethren of the Order. They have become a family of brothers, acting in unison, and having the well-being of each deeply at heart. — They know their cause to be a noble one, bearing the impress of Jehovah himself. That its purity may remain unsullied and free from all danger of defilement, it is necessary the utmost care should be taken. And unless we have some well-known signs, whereby we can be made known, it would be utterly impossible to prevent imposition. By this I do not mean to be understood as saying that Odd Fellows would withhold their assistance, if applied to, from those who were *not* members of the Order; for I trust that Odd Fellows would be as willing to lend a helping hand to their fellows, as any one else. In fact, it is particularly enjoined upon our members not to sit content while others who, perhaps, are as worthy as ourselves, are in distress, and it is in our power to relieve them. But, so long as they are members of an institution, the principal object of which is to relieve the wants and necessities of each other, it is unjust to accuse them of selfish or wrong motives, if they manifest any seeming partiality towards the members of the Order.

It is useless to argue that we may be-

stow our charities, if we are so disposed, without forming ourselves into an association for that purpose. The charity of the world, as we all know, is rather cold stuff, and but little even at that. The community has been so imposed upon, both by individuals and societies, that it has lost all confidence in them, and pay but little heed, if any, to their tales of suffering and want. Whenever a sum of money is given, or any other assistance rendered to a professedly charitable object, it is done more as a matter of form, or to win a name, than any thing else; and it is seldom known to what use such contributions have been applied. Now, Odd Fellowship does away with this difficulty. It matters not in what part of the world a member of our Order asks for aid and assistance, so be it that he has fallen among the brethren of the Order. He gives them the "sign" of an Odd Fellow, and true to the principles of our honored institution, and the obligations which they have taken, the poor and distressed brother is taken by the hand, and every want supplied. They know they are not deceived; he has proved to them that he belongs to the same family of "brothers," whose duty it should be to relieve the wants of the truly needy whenever and wherever they may be found. They give him the "grip" and blessing of an Odd Fellow," and he goes on his way rejoicing.

These are some of the advantages of Odd Fellowship. And those who are opposed to our institution, — to whom my remarks are addressed, — may rest assured, that the signs, passwords, &c., which they look upon with such horror and dread, are not such frightful things after all. They are the only successful means that can be adopted, whereby to prevent fraud, and maintain the purity and excellence of our Order.

A. B.

O D E.—BY MISS E. R. M.

Sung at the Celebration of the New England Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., East Cambridge, Friday evening, Feb. 24th, 1843.

From out the amaranthine flowers,
 With which the Christian wreath is braided,
 We've chosen Friendship, Love and Truth,
 And ne'er may be their glory shaded.
 O, freely from each living soul,
 Which their untainted breath receiveth,
 Goes forth the kindly deed and word,
 For him whose breast with anguish heaveth.

While through the warm and beating heart,
 There comes the precious life-blood stealing,
 Undying Friendship, Love, and Truth,
 Shall move each pulse of holy feeling.
 And, through the years that onward lie,
 As through the years that are behind us,
 The sons of sorrow and distress,
 With open hearts to aid shall find us.

Oft 'mid her little orphaned group,
 With swelling soul the mother kneeleth,
 And from her heavenward lifted eye
 A tear of gratitude there stealeth;
 As from the spirit's inmost shrine
 The fervent, earnest prayer ascendeth,
 For choicest blessings on the band,
 That in the hour of need befriendeth.

We do not court a heartless fame;
 We seek no trumpet-sounded glory;
 We ask no proud, immortal name,
 To shed a halo round our story.
 But with our hearts made kind and warm
 By Friendship, Love, and Truth's own power,
 'Tis ours to cheer, to aid, and bless,
 To comfort in affliction's hour.

AN AFFECTING STORY.—“Have the goodness to buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!” said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the hay-market: I turned, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and her form such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus; her neck, without covering, was of the purest white, and her features, though not perfectly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her dark and intelligent eyes were shaded by loose ringlets of raven black, which shed their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of long lashes. On one arm hung a basket of roses—the other was stretched towards me with a bud. I drew from my pocket some money. “Take this, sweet inno-

cent," said I, putting it into her hand, "and may thy existence and thy virtues be long preserved!" I was turning from her, when she burst into a flood of tears. Her look touched my soul. I was melted by the gratitude of this poor girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my own cheek. I returned to console her, when she added as follows:—"Yours, sir, have been the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth!" A sob interrupted her discourse. "Oh, sir," she continued, "I have no father—no mother—no relation: alas! I have no friend in the world!" She was silent for a moment before she could proceed:—"My only friend is God! on him, therefore, will I rely; O, may I support with fortitude the miseries I am born to experience, and may that God ever protect you." She dropped a courtesy full of humility and native grace, and I returned her benediction and went on.

"And can I thus leave thee, poor creature?" said I, as I walked pensively on. "can I leave thee forever without emotion? What have I done that can entitle me to thy prayers? Preserved thee for a few days from death—that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair blossom, to see thee no more? leave thee to be destroyed by the rude blast of adversity; to be cropped by some cruel spoiler; to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow? No, thou hast budded under the sweet sunshine of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom." I returned to her, my heart beating with its newly-formed purpose. The beautiful flower-girl was again before me; I took her by the hand; the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips—"Come lovely forlorn one! come and add one more to the happy group that call me father. Their home shall be thine; thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught with them, that virtue alone constitutes true happiness." Her eyes flashed with

frantic joy; she threw herself upon her knees before me and burst into rapturous tears; I raised her in my arms; I hushed her eloquent gratitude, and led her to a home of peace and tranquility. She loves my children—she loves their father—and the orphan of the hay-market is now the wife of my son.

AN EXTRACT.—There is scarcely a profession in which the sympathies of its professors are more painfully excited than that of the medical practitioner. How often is he called to the bed of hopeless sickness; and that, too, in a family, the members of which are drawn together by the closest bonds of love! How painful is it to meet the inquiring gaze of attached friends or weeping relatives, directed towards him in quest of that consolation, that assurance of safety, which he has not to give! and how melancholy it is to behold the last ray of hope, which has lingered upon the face of affection, giving place to the dark cloud of despair!

And when all is over,—when the bitterness of death has passed from the dead to the living—hark to that shriek of agony, that convulsive sob, that bitter groan wrung from the heart's core, which bespeaks the utter prostration of the spirit beneath the blow!

There, cold in the embrace of death, lies the honored husband of a heart-broken wife—her first, her only love! Or, it may be, the young wife of a distracted husband, the bride of a year, the mother of an hour; and by her, perhaps, the blighted fruit of their love, the bud by the blossom, and both are withered.

FORTITUDE.—We esteem the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. It is the business of little minds to shrink; but he, whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles until death.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE SECRETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP. — An objection often urged and strongly insisted upon by the opponents of Odd Fellowship, is, that it is a secret institution. There is no ground for this objection. It is *not* a secret institution, in the ordinary idea of the term. Those persons who apprehend danger from the institution of Odd Fellowship, on this ground, betray an ignorance of our principles which is inexcusable. Any one who informs himself in relation to them, will confess that this objection is all idle. Those secret institutions of the last century, which in France and Germany threatened so much danger to the State, and proved so subversive of the public good, were entirely different from our institution. *They* were secret in *every* particular — in their principles, their organization, and their movements. But where can you point us to an institution organized like our own, and founded on like principles, which has ever proved dangerous? Odd Fellowship has existed almost from time immemorial. Has it ever given cause for apprehension? Have the fifty thousand Odd Fellows now in the United States ever shown themselves other than patriots and good citizens? Have they ever given their opponents, even the least shadow of a ground for fear? Away with such foolish prejudices. We are *not* a secret institution; Our principles are not secret. Our organization is not secret. Our members are known. Our movements are known. We have pledged ourselves to the world that we are none other than a benevolent society, united for the moral and social well-being of each other, and our *actions* have not shown us to be any other than what we *profess* to be. We only claim to be secret in our *internal discipline*, and a

word of explanation will convince every reasonable person of the necessity of our being so.

We have said that our object is the mutual assistance of each other. Scarcely an evening passes, in which applications for assistance are not made at the doors of our Lodge rooms, by brothers coming from abroad. As Odd Fellows they can claim it, but they must first *prove* themselves to be such, and this they do by making known the "mystic" word, and by explaining the meaning of the various symbols, which Odd Fellows alone can understand. If they can do this, then do we *know* that they are brothers—that we are not deceived, and that we are expending our charity upon those who have a right to claim it. If this was not the case—if we should take the word of every individual who presented himself for relief, we should open a door for fraud and imposition, which would defeat in a great measure, the ends of our association. Our only secrecy then, is in our passwords and our signs. Is there in this any cause for alarm? We sit, it is true, with closed doors, and our deliberations are buried in our own bosoms. "We do not sound a trumpet before us," when we dispense our charities. But are we alone guilty of such a policy? Does your Senate never sit with closed doors, when the public weal requires it? Has the Church no secrets? Have you no secrets in your family? What would you think of the man who should refuse your proffered hospitality because you would not unfold to him all the bosom secrets of your household? Would you deny goodness to every thing, the operation of which you do not understand? The most common blessings which our heavenly Father show-

ers upon our pathway is full of mystery to us. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." We cannot tell what cause lights up the sun in mid-heavens, and scatters its genial beams over the whole earth; and yet, we would not refuse these blessings. The dew descends in silence from the sky, and yet its influence is invigorating to the thirsty flower, as it unfolds itself "leaf after leaf to beauty." The rain falls, and by its secret, fertilizing power, causes the earth to teem with its rich harvests, Shall we refuse to garner them? How inconsistent, then, are your objections to the secret discipline of our institution. If our works give you no cause for alarm, why are you not satisfied? Our doors are open to all. If any one fears that our deliberations are traitorous, let him join us, and if he finds any thing objectionable, he has full liberty to withdraw.

COVENANT LODGE, No. 16. — This is the name of a new Lodge instituted in this city, and which was installed on Wednesday evening last at Covenant Hall. From the well-known ability of its officers to perform their various duties, and the interest which its members have ever manifested for the good of the Order, the COVENANT LODGE cannot fail of soon becoming one of the most popular and numerous in numbers, that we have among us. A list of its officers will be found under the appropriate head.

THE ODD FELLOWS. — A short time since, the death of a stranger at the New

York Tombs was noticed. He was found by a watchman in the street, conveyed to the watch-house, and died soon after. — In his pocket was a certificate of membership from one of the lodges of Odd Fellows at the West. The members of the Order in New York, claimed the body as that of a brother, though unknown, and gave it a decent burial.

METHODISM AND ODD FELLOWSHIP. — In the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Church, lately in session, a resolution was presented, but withdrawn, ordering that in examining a candidate for the ministry, he should answer whether he was a member of the Order of Odd Fellows. — *Transcript.*

That is to say, had the resolution been adopted, no Odd Fellow could be considered a "candidate for the ministry!" Really, this is the greatest piece of nonsense we have heard for some time; and the mover of the resolution not only showed himself an utter ignoramus, but a most consummate bigot. The Conference, we are glad to perceive, gave the petitioner "leave to withdraw."

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM. — This is decidedly the cheapest, largest and *best* family newspaper we know of. It is too often the case that these mammoth publications contain much that is of no interest or instruction to any one. The Museum is exempt from such reading. It is, in every respect, just such a paper as should be in every family. — Published weekly, by Messrs. Clarke & Fairman, at two dollars a year, in advance.

VARIETY.

DRESS. — The little soul that converses no higher than the looking-glass and a fantastic dress, may help to make up the show of the world, but must not be reckoned among the rational inhabitants of it.

BEAUTY without virtue, is like a painted sepulchre, fair without, but within full of corruption.

ALWAYS distrust the sincerity of him who is profuse in promises, and seems ever anxious to please.

NOTIONS OF HAPPINESS.—A gentleman walking through Knightsbridge, overheard the following conversation between a man and woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country :—

Woman—“Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world this is ! I wish I'd never been born, that I do ; and now I'm born, I wish myself dead again.”

Man—“Why, Bet, what's the matter with you, now ? What are you grumbling about ?”

Woman—“Why, do n't I tell ye I'm miserable as a rat ?”

Man—“Miserable, indeed ! Why, what on earth would ye have ? You was drunk on Monday, and you was drunk again on Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you have n't had near enough to-day. If that is n't enough pleasure, I do n't know what is. I suppose you want to be a downright hangel here upon earth.”—London paper.

The husband of a pious woman, having occasion to make a voyage to sea, his wife sent a written note to the parson of the parish, which was designed to communicate the following request for the intercessions of praying people :

‘A person having gone to sea, desires the prayers of this congregation.’

But by a slight accidental error in spelling and placing a comma, made it read thus ludicrously :

‘A person having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation.’ The parson gave it out accordingly.

A missionary in 1822, stepped ashore from a flat boat on the Mississippi with some tracts, to speak to an old woman who was knitting under a low tree by a shanty. It was the height of the cholera panic.

‘My good woman, said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, “have you got the gospel here ?”

‘No, sir, we ha n't,’ replied the old crone, ‘but they've got it awfully down to New Orleans !’

There are some mean souls that are always crouching and grovelling before grandeur. One ought to separate the man from the dignity, and see what he is when he is stripped of it. There is another greatness very different from that which power and authority give. ‘T is neither birth nor riches that distinguish men ; the only real and true superiority among them, is merit.

As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer, “Sir, do you ever make any mistakes in pleading ?” “I do,”

says the lawyer. “And what do you do with mistakes ?” said the minister. “Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them ; if small ones I let them go,” said the lawyer. “And pray, sir,” continued he, “do you ever make any mistakes in preaching ?” “Yes, sir,” said the minister, “I do.” “And what do you do with mistakes ?” asked the lawyer. “Why, sir, I dispose of them much in the same way you just observed. I rectify large ones, and neglect small ones. Not long since,” continued he, “as I was preaching, I went on to observe that the devil was the father of all *liars*, but mistook, and said *lawyers* ; the mistake was so small I let it go.”

MOORE's beautiful song, “This world is all a fleeting show,” has been parodied in this wise :—

“The bustles are a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given ;

The bags of bran, the sacks of tow,

Are worn to gull the simple beau—

Theyr'e all a cheat, by heaven.”

Upon which the New-York Mercury bursts out in the following style :—

“Bustles are *not* an *empty* show,

For man's illusion given ;

Theyr'e fill'd with bran, or stuff'd with tow,

Theyr stick out 'bout a feet, or so,

And look first rate, by heaven !”

INSTINCT.—It has been observed that some spiders, with instinctive sagacity, select as places of the greatest security from disturbance, the lids of the charity boxes in churches.

There are said to be two scripture proofs that females do not go to heaven. First, (Rev. xi., i.) —“And there appeared a great wonder in heaven ; lo ! a woman !” Second, (Rev. viii., i.) “There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.”—Worcester *Ægis*.

To a people who have once been proud and great, and great because they were proud, a change in national spirit is the most terrible of all revolutions.

A SCHOOL-ROOM SCENE.—“Thomas, have you done sum I gave you ?”

“Yes, sir, I brought it to a focus.”

“Well, what was the answer ?”

“I didn't hear it say noth'n, sir.”

It is surprising how the circle of happiness contracts itself with advancing years ; but does the heart become in proportion narrowed in its affections ? Oh, no !—not always—not necessarily so ; only more concentrated—more fixed in its aim—more bound to the few for whom and in whom alone it lives.

How to do it. — "What a pretty little urchin that is," said the schoolmaster to Mrs. ——— "Its countenance is so expressive. Why, madam, how very much it looks like you!" Our schoolmaster said he never had a better boarding place after that.

A **LOWELL** printer requests one of the Millerite preachers to "call and settle" for the printing of some second advent hymns before he *goes up*. He says, "We can go before a magistrate and swear that we believe he *intends* to leave the state."

THE ANGEL AND HIS GUIDE. — A young angel being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courtier's spirit assigned him as a guide; they arrived over the seat of Martino, in the midst of a long day, and in sight of an obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs and dead bodies, or dying, the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air, and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction, the crew, who were yet alive were with so much eagerness dealing around to one another, he turned angrily to his guide and said, "You undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!" "No," said his guide, "I have made no mistake; this is really earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this manner; they have more sense and more of what men call humanity." — *Dr. Franklin.*

BELIEF. — We cannot believe *what* we please, and when we please. And hence belief, simply and abstractly considered, involves no moral accountability. For what is belief? It is the *assent* of the understanding, to what it clearly perceives to be true. And the *assent* is the result of evidence, of a kind and quality sufficient to convince the understanding. And when *such* evidence is presented to the mind, assent or belief follows necessarily, as a matter of course.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Ma'den.

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

I.I.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10	do do Wed.
Getty's, 11,	do do Tues.
Germania, 13,	do do Fri.
Perseverance, 17	do do Thurs.
Tentonia, 14,	do do Mon.
Mariner's, 23,	do do Mon.
National, 30,	do do Mon.
Metropolitan, 33,	do do Fri.
Concorde, 43,	do do Tues.
Hancock, 49,	do do Wed.
Oriental, 68,	do do Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28	do do Wed.
Enterprise, 36,	do do Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44,	do Mon.
German Oak,	do Fri.
Empire, 64,	do Tues.
Croton, 78,	do
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40,	do do Mon.
Meridian, 42,	do do Wed.
Grove, 58,	do do Thur.
Jefferson, 46, 327 Bowery, Tues.	
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st.,	Mon.
United Brothers, 52	do Tues.
Howard, 60,	do Wed.

Commercial, 67, do Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22, do Thurs.
Mercantile, 47, do Tues.
Olive Branch, 31, do Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73, do Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn, Tues.
Nassau, 39, do do Thurs.
Atlantic, 50, do do Mon.
Fulton, 66, do do Wed.
Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62, do Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co., Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co., Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do do
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co., Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co. Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co., Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do Mon.
Dutchess, 59, do do Wed.
Fireman's, 19, Albany, Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16, do Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5, do.
Union, 8, do do
American, 32, do Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy, Mon.
Spartan, 62, do Fri.
Phoenix, 41, Albany, Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy, Wednes.
Trojan, 27, do Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh, Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Thurs.
Halcyon, 56, do Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo, Mon.
Buffalo, 37, do Tues.
Tehoseronon, 48, do Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester, Fri.
Teoronto, 69, do
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady, Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithica,
Rockland County, 76, Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse, Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND LODGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Daniel Hersey, C. P.
Hezekiah Prince, H. P. Robert L. Robbins, S. W. C. C.
Hayden, J. W. Geo. T. Carruth, Scribe. A. Guild, Treas.
SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, (New Haven, Ct) Wm.
J. Thompson, C. P. W. E. Sanford, H. P. Bela Lord, S. W.
J. M. Andrews, J. W. S. H. Harris, Scribe. Wm. H. Ellis,
Treasurer.

GRAND LODGE.—Daniel Hersey, M. W. G. M. Thos
Barr, R. W. D. G. M. Solon Jenkins, R. W. G. W. Al-
bert Guild, R. W. G. Sec'y. Hezekiah Prince, R. W. G.
Treas'r. Thos. F. Norris, R. W. G. Chaplain. Chester N.
Clark, W. G. M. Eben'r H. Wheelock, W. G. G. Eber
Smith, W. G. C.

Thomas Barr, W. D. D. G. M. for Lowell District.
Thos. F. Norris, " " Cambridge do.
Eber Smith, " " Boston do.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Thomas C. Savory, P.
G. Shadrach Dickson, N. G. Jos. L. Drew, V. G. W. F.
Butkley, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y.—
Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

SUFFOLK LODGE, No. 8.—Edward G. Tuckerman, P. G.
J. P. Putnam, N. G. Edward D. Clarke, V. G.
Mickell, Rec. Sec'y. Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y.
N. Whitton, Treas'r. F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

SILLOAM LODGE, No. 2.—Chas. A. Smith, P. G. Jeremiah
Richards, N. G. J. R. Mullin, V. G. Cole, Rec.
Sec'y. A. Mudge, Permanent Sec'y. C. S. Fmith, Treas.
Otis A. Skinner, Chaplain.

ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Wm. Hilliard, P. G. Edw'd Tyler,
N. G. Josiah Daniell, V. G. Stackpole, Rec. Sec'y.
F. H. Bowers, Permanent Sec'y. Wm. Durant, Treasurer.
Jas. I. T. Coolidge, Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4.—Eben'r T. Tufts, P. G.
Nathaniel P. Brooks, N. G. Wm. E. Parmenter, V. G.—
John S. Ladd, Sec'y. Wm. A. Hall, Treas'r. E. G. Brooks,
Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—John Schooler, P. G. Michael Kenny,
N. G. J. C. Waldo, V. G. Ichabod Fessenden, Sec'y.—
Paul C. Dodge, Treasurer.

CHRYSAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—E. H. Smith, N. G.—
Dexter Buckman, V. G. O. W. Badger, Sec'y. W. G. Al-
ley, Treas'r.

BUNKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—J. Henry Browne, P. G.
Jacob K. Dunham, N. G. Isaac Kendall, V. G. T. R. B.
Edmanis, Rec. Sec'y. Joseph Burrill, Permanent Sec'y.
Moses Babcock, Treasurer. E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.

TREMONT LODGE, No. 15.—Charles S. Burgess, N. G.—
S. M. Allen, V. G. John Mears, Jr., Rec. Sec'y. E. S.
Williams, Treasurer.

COVENANT LODGE, No. 15.—Sam'l Trull, P. G. Edwin
Adams, N. G. Francis Blake, V. G. Fred. O. Prince, Rec.
Sec'y. T. D. Chapman, Per. Sec'y. R. W. Lord, Treas.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, N. G. Wm.
W. Curtis, V. G. Wm. Munroe, Sec'y. George Saund-
erson, Treas'r.

MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—C. S. Dickinson, N. G.—
Thomas C. Gilmore, V. G. A. Rolfe, Sec'y. S. D. Emer-
son, Treas'r.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Abel Fletcher, P. G. Char-
A. Stevens, N. G. Lyander Barnes, V. G. Geo. H. Hud-
son, Rec. Sec'y. S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y. Henry
Lyon, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their loca-
tion and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339
Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.,
at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
Tremont, No. 15, do do Tuesday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Covenant, No. 16, do do Wednesday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Chrysal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Thursday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor.
Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Saturday.
Mechanic, No. 11, "
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

SASSACUS Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
Quinipiac, No. 1, New Haven, Monday.
Charter Oak, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
Middlesex, No. 3, E. Haddam, Wednesday.
Pequannock, No. 4, Bridgeport.
Harmony, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

DIED,

At East Cambridge, March 23d, JANE, wife
of Bro. Robert Wardell, of New-England Lodge,
aged 45 years. In the death of this excellent lady,
a large and fondly attached family have parted,
for a time, from one who was more than mother
to them,—even a guide and Christian counsellor.
A branch of the Church also mourns for one, whose
covenant with it has been fully maintained by her
pious and consistent walk through life. Most
deeply do the members of his Lodge sympathise
with Bro. Wardell in this his hour of bereavement.

S.

THE SYMBOL,

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1843.

NUMBER 6.

THE BETRAYER.

SCENE I.

It was a summer's evening in July, a bright sun was shining on the golden crops of corn, ready for the reaper, and gay groups of village maidens rejoicing in all the light-heartedness of youth, for past sports or anticipated pleasures.

One attached couple had wandered by the side of a river; the maiden looking up to her companion's face with all the confidence of affection, while the tall and even stately form of her companion responded to her look with a kind pressure of the hand, or affectionate glance of the eye.

"You will not forget me," said Marion Gray, for so was the maiden named, "when you are mixing with the great world. I hope, nay, I am sure you will still remember her whose every thought will be devoted to you."

"Doubt it not, dear Marion," was the reply. "Walter Edwards will not forget the fair who has plighted her affection to him truly and faithfully."

"Yet, Walter, there is one thing on which I think with pain. I, who should have no secret from you, good and kind as you are, have that on my mind which I scarcely dare to tell."

"What is that?"

"You have been to me all that I could

desire — you have left no wish unfulfilled — yet now, while your vows are ringing in my ears, and your hand is clasped in mine, the thought creeps over me, that — that — dear Walter, will you forgive the past concealment — that our belief is not the same — that we trust to different faiths for our salvation."

She paused. He waited for her to proceed with an air of anxious expectation; but the fair one still hesitated.

"And is it this which has so often made you restless? Nay, then, I wonder not; for there is a fearful penalty hangs over the creed of the heretic; and fear you not that it may fall upon you?"

"I have sometimes been apprehensive that my Bible might be discovered, and that —"

"A Bible — a Bible! and were you really possessed of a Bible? and in the vulgar tongue? But where — where do you conceal it? You know that —"

"An awful penalty awaits those so offending. I do. Death is denounced against those who court the book of life."

And this was then the mournful truth. The spirit of bigotry and vengeance had let loose the furies of the mind. Stern priests believed that they presented a grateful offering to a God of mercy, by destroying their fellow men for differing

from them in spiritual matters, and that, too, while one of the gentle sex sat upon the throne. The emissaries of the exasperated ministers of religion spread themselves everywhere throughout the country in disguise among the people. Fires were blazing in Smithfield — daughters were torn from their parents — brothers from their sisters — the aged husband from her whom he had protected for fifty years, and given to the flames for the very deed which Marion had confessed.

Aware of this, the young man manifested a trembling eagerness to know where this all-important volume could be safely concealed. On this point he questioned Marion very closely, and it was not till she had minutely described the secure hiding-place in which it was deposited, that he seemed moderately at his ease.

"I know," said she, "that there is danger, but greater, more terrific danger still, would exist for me, were my soul left in darkness; and rather than this, if it must be so, I am ready, if need be, to seal the truth with my blood; and, feeble as I am, the fearful struggle with death would be trifling compared to the thought that you were left to mourn with none to comfort."

"Speak not thus!"

"Night after night," continued Marion, "ere I retire to rest, do I ponder over the word of God, and the sacred volume placed beneath my pillow, I sleep with more confidence for the knowledge of its presence."

"The sun is sinking," said Walter Edwards hastily. "Ere many hours are over, I must be far on my journey to London."

"You will not forget me!"

"Trust to me, Marion — farewell!"

They tenderly exchanged adieus, and parted. Walter turned repeatedly to look back on the fair one he promised soon to claim once for all.

That period, from the circumstances above described, during the reign of

Queen Mary, was a fearful one for England — the blood of her best and most pious sons was poured forth like water. Emissaries, to discover the followers of the new creed, were secretly despatched to every county in England.

Walter Edwards had come, an unknown man, to the village of Sevenoaks, and had been attracted to Marion by the mildness of her demeanor, and perhaps by the report which was spread about from some unknown source, that she had been converted to the religion of Luther.

That she was such, we have seen by the conversation recorded, and that he had succeeded in winning the guileless affections of poor Marion is beyond all doubt.

He left for the great city. The mandate of authority soon compelled Marion to follow him.

SCENE II.

In an antique and stately room, of which but few specimens now remain, sat one, whose name had spread terror over England — Cardinal Pole. Near him was a table, strewn with papers, at which his secretary was writing. Pictures of the saints, and of their martyrdoms, hung around, excepting on one side, which was concealed by a crimson drapery.

The door opened, and Marion Gray, attended by two guards, entered, and with a firm but subdued demeanor, stood, face to face, with the dreadful man who was the arbiter of her fate. For a space he sternly regarded her, as if surprised to see one so young.

"Know you the crime," he at length said, with a stern calmness, "for which you are this day brought here?"

"I have been told," replied Marion, "that it is for following the true faith, and that," she added, meekly but firmly, "I hold to be no crime."

"How, maiden! that which our church forbids, and which holy men disavow, call you that no crime? Hast thou not

broken our sovereign's commands, and held in thy possession a copy of that volume which is forbidden to such as thee?"

"It is true."

"And canst thou, a child, pretend to understand it?"

"It is written there, 'a child shall not err therein,'" said the captive, simply, quoting the divine word. "But who has accused me?"

"Maiden," replied the Cardinal, "thou shalt behold thine accuser."

As he spoke he made a sign to his secretary, who rang a small bell which rested on the table.

At the summons the crimson drapery was moved, and slowly stepping forward, the tall form of Walter Edwards appeared.

"And art thou, too," exclaimed Marion, with a deep sigh, "in the hands of this terrible man? Now, God protect us, for our hopes on earth are few!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"What mean I!" replied Marion, wrought almost to frenzy by the sight. "Could not cruelty be content with the destruction of one over whom scarce eighteen summers have passed? Will not my blood suffice, but must ye slay one who has only sinned by loving me. Spare him and I will bless you."

"Woman, thou art beside thyself. Speak, Walter Edwards, and say how thou didst track this guilty one to her home, and wring from her the secret of her false faith. Say, man," he continued, not heeding the agonizing remorse which passed over Edward's face, — "say that thou hast denounced her to the Church, and given her to our chastisement. Speak, art thou dumb?"

Gasping for breath, the accuser muttered, "Pardon me, my lord — a sudden faintness — it is as thou hast said."

"You do not mean it, Walter; you cannot mean it: the presence of the slayer of God's saints hath turned thy brain.

Yet, no," she exclaimed, suddenly; "by the eye which meets not mine — by thy bowed form, and by the quivering whiteness of thy lip, thou hast spoken truly."

"It is even so," in a low voice murmured the accuser.

"Horror, horror!" exclaimed Marion, now fully comprehending the mighty calamity which had befallen her. "And from your hands, Walter Edwards! — you, on whom I leaned in all my troubles; you, who seemed to me so kind, so gentle; you! God of my fathers, in this hour of trial, save and sustain me."

"What is thine answer?" demanded the Cardinal.

"I never read the sacred book," said, or rather muttered Marion, utterly disregarding the question, "but his name seemed written there. I never knelt before it, but his name rose to my lips; I never placed it beneath my pillow, but his image rose, blended with peaceful thoughts and earnest prayers. Walter, Walter, 'twas a poor triumph — man's wit against woman's love. Earth hath nothing more monstrous to tell!"

"Time presses," said the Cardinal: "thine answer girl!"

"My answer, Lord Cardinal, is this," and the speaker seemed inspired with unearthly energy as she proceeded, "that of all those whom thy cruelty has laid low — of the hundreds thou hast destroyed — and of the hearts thou hast blasted, none disregard thy punishments or laugh to scorn thy threats, more than the despised village maiden now before thee!"

With a stern glance he pointed to the door by which she had entered, and the prisoner was led to the only lodging she was to possess on this side the grave.

SCENE III.

In a cell, to which the light of day could scarcely reach, lay Marion Gray. The fiat had gone forth, and on the morrow she was to add another to the list of those who had died for faith. It was

midnight, when a noise, as of a door grating upon its hinges, aroused her; and, springing from her hard couch, she saw the form, once so dear, of him who had betrayed her. He entered with a slow melancholy step; and there, in that damp cold cell, by the flickering light of a dull lamp, met, for the last time, the betrayer and his victim!

"Marion," said a low melancholy voice.

"What would you, Walter, with one who has done with the world!"

"I have come to implore your pardon," was the answer, in a voice almost choked by emotion.

"Ask it of God, Walter,—I am at peace with all the world!"

"Within this week, Marion," said Edwards, "I have suffered the anguish of years. Look on this furrowed cheek—on this wasted brow—and on these hollow eyes."

"You have cause for bitterness. I am doomed by you. Is my face as fresh as when you first sought me? Is it nothing to die in the spring time of youth? Is it nothing to feel that a terrible death awaits me?" said Marion, touchingly.

"Oh, Marion, would you but consent to live! Recant in time. You may yet

be saved. For your repentant lover's sake renounce your heresy."

"Peace, Walter."

"If you could but say the word, and worship your God in a different form, happiness would yet await us. In a distant land you might teach me that which you have learned, and on a foreign shore might our bones rest, peacefully and calmly in the same grave, with but one hope, one faith, and one God!"

"Walter, Walter! you trouble me, yet you plead in vain. Weak and frail as I am, I am content to die in the faith I have avowed, for the Deity I worship will give me comfort in the hour of affliction. And now farewell,—I would gather strength in sleep for my last trial."

He renewed his importunity, but in vain; and at length despairingly passed from her presence, and Marion Gray fell on her knees and prayed long and earnestly for divine assistance; and, strengthened by that power on whom she leant in all her troubles, fell a victim to the fierce intolerance of the times.

Of Walter Edwards little is known, save that, from that time, his name is no more to be found among those "who went about like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour."

APHORISM.—The appearance of vice is always more easily assumed by the virtuous, than the appearance of virtue by the vicious; as it is evidently much easier to become bad when we are good, than good when we are bad. Understanding, sensibility, genius, virtue, or religion, may with much greater facility be lost than acquired. The best may descend as low as they please, but the worst cannot ascend to the height they might wish.

CONDUCT.—Be slow in choosing a friend and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for his humbleness, nor esteem any for their wealth and greatness.

THE great diversity of opinion among sectarians arises from the fact that instead of moulding their wills to the law of God, each one strives to mould the law of God according to his will.

CLAIMS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

"Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labor and penury, the racks of pain,
 Disease and sorrow's weeping train,
 And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate."

I HAVE shown in a previous number, that there are reasons for the organization and action of "The Odd Fellows' Society" in the physical condition of our race ; in their liability to sickness and distress in their multifarious forms. I design in this article to adduce additional motives, or "whys and wherefores" for the establishment of the Order.

Firstly. A reason is found in the inefficiency of present measures and means, to reach the cases of sickness and distress by which we are constantly surrounded. I do not mean to say that there is a lack of "Benevolent Societies" or that they do not perform their duties ; I would not insinuate that our "poor laws" lack humanity, nor would I arraign "the powers that be" for being regardless of the wants and miseries of their fellow-men ; but let a man, in these perilous times and sweeping fluctuations of trade and speculation be stripped of all his "effects," (no uncommon occurrence,) let sickness and disappointment, and prostrated hopes, crush him to the dust, while a dependent and helpless family is looking to him for bread, and what must be done according to the ordinary "modes and customs" of the age ? He must be penniless, almost naked and starving, before he can ask for the legal charities in "such cases provided." He must affirm before earth and heaven that his destitution is as bald and haggard as the commonest beggar, before the almoners of the public bounties will feel justified in giving his children the bread which they crave. Who is sufficient for these things ? Who of us, having entered on the world's theatre with

a competence, with joyous prospects, or simply with a good name and some avocation by which to gain a livelihood, who of us would feel at ease while feeding on the best gifts of the public beneficence ? Who would not prefer incurring a debt, hoping at some future day to pay it, or burden the shoulders of friends to the utmost tension, to the humiliating and repugnant concession of being a common pauper ? There is a crushing of the spirits, a "living death," a prostration of the soul, a feeling of abject dependence necessarily attendant on the provided benefactions for the poor, which such a man receives.

If we turn to the voluntary contributions of the world around us, it is the unanimous voice of those who have passed through the dark domain of sorrow and poverty, that they are stinted enough. Could the threshold of the poor man speak, could voices utter the secrets of hearts around his sick bed, we should hear of passing travellers, and unheeded steps, and cold neglects justifying themselves on the ground of "press of business," "I have a family of my own," "I too am poor," or some other soothing unction laid on the conscience for withholding the balm that would heal, and the means that might bless and save. "Hard, indeed, is the fate of the infirm and poor" who depend on the ordinary, voluntary charities of this hard-hearted and selfish world.

Such reflections came home to our bosom with an impressive power, while engaged recently in our official capacity as Treasurer of our Lodge. A brother had been sick several weeks, receiving the "benefits" and sympathies of his brethren. One day we called to give him his "week-

ly dues," and casually made the remark before leaving—"I suppose we have rendered you some assistance." "Oh," said he, and the tear of gratitude started in his eye, "I cannot calculate the suffering and wretchedness myself and little family must have endured, if I had not received my four dollars a week." It will be observed that this sum, although a comparative mite to some families, is not received as a *charity* merely; this brother had earned this money; he had placed it in trust in his Lodge, and there was no feeling of the mendicant, no sinking of the soul under the idea of pauperism. "*My four dollars?*" There is meaning in this; he had laid it up in the time of sunshine and it was now "thrice welcome" in the clouds and the storm.

We regard it then one of the inducements to establish and patronise this Order, that it is an improvement upon, and an addition to the ordinary means of relieving distressed humanity.

Secondly. The movements of the age afford a reason for the establishment of such a Society. What is there from Phrenology to Animal Magnetism, from Transcendentalism to Mormonism, that does not have its organized, combined party or sect? To carry out benevolent objects there must be concerted action and associated organization, or we fall behind the spirit and the expediency of the times. The barbed hook is fastened in the devouring jaws of Leviathan intemperance by the principle of associated compacts; error is convulsed to its centre, and tottering to its fall by this principle; men are throwing themselves into the vast Thermopylæ of human effort, "to evangelize the world" on this principle; the remote islands of the sea that have sat in "shadow of death" for ages, are receiving the "Holy Bible" from organized societies; on this principle a path

is dug through solid rock and the "everlasting mountains," and locomotives are hurling on the lightning-wings of steam, our travellers, produce and mails; on this principle the necessities and luxuries of almost every clime are brought to our very doors, "the hills are brought low and the valleys are exalted."

We are not such *odd* fellows after all, in uniting ourselves together as a Society for promoting the happiness of man, and driving back the turbid waters of sorrow and despair. Shall "Railroad Companies," and "Canton Tea Companies," and "Insurance Companies," &c. be formed; and shall they who "feel for other's wo," whose hearts are touched with the miseries of our race, stand alone and single-handed? No. If associations succeed best in the various enterprises of the day, shall we not adopt the best and most efficient measures to carry relief to the sick, "bury the dead, and educate the orphan," to make men "social and humane?" Is it worthy the united energies and means of the "bone and sinew" of the community to bring us "The Peach Orchard," and the "Lackawana;" the best of "Imperial," "Gunpowder," "Fresh and Green Teas;" and shall we not organize in a well regulated band and compact, to carry peace to desolate homes, consolation and joy to suffering fellow-men?

Are there good and substantial reasons for the formation of "Whale Companies," and even "Hide Associations," and are there not as good reasons for the establishment and support of an institution the grand objects of which, are the melioration and relief of suffering humanity? Americans! Freemen! arise in the majesty of your strength, and the glory of your independence, and, amidst the towering monuments of your philanthropy and the altars of your free institutions, rally around the standard of "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

Ind. Odd Fellow.

Original.

LINES SUGGESTED ON SEEING THE SUN RISE.

BY BRO. H. G. LUTHER.

"ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,"
And hail the new-born day, —
Come view the glory of the skies,
And watch the earliest ray.

And while I view the glorious orb
For man's instruction given,
Let me reflect there is a light
To light my soul to heaven.

That glowing light, God's holy word,
By man so much despised,
Shines brighter far than yonder sun,
And should be higher prized.

Let all thy works, O Lord of all,
But mortify my pride;
Impress it firmly on my mind,
That Christ for me has died:

That when at last on that great day,
The final trump shall sound,
Grant, gracious God, that me and mine
May in thy Courts be found.

A BAD PRACTICE.

FROM the moment of my introduction to the "*rites and mysteries*" of Odd Fellowship, I have felt the importance of constant vigilance in order to preserve the bright escutcheon of the Order pure and untarnished. In every human association, however laudable its object, there is danger of corruption, and the first tendency towards it is generally slight and unintentional. There is no danger in extreme caution — the danger lies altogether on the opposite side. It is not my design at present to write an essay upon this subject; I wish simply to call the attention of all who have the welfare of our cause at heart, to a practice which, I re-

gret to perceive, is countenanced by some in whose intelligence and devotedness I have the highest confidence. It is known not only to ourselves, but to the enemies of our Order, that successful candidates for office in our Lodges sometimes invite their friends to accompany them to a house of refreshment. Now the question is, Is this practice a commendable one? Is it, or is it not susceptible of abuse? Of one thing I am certain, that it is eagerly seized upon by those who seek occasion of reproach, as an argument against our Institution. Were this the only consideration, it would be to my mind a conclusive objection. It is true, I have been

present on occasions of this kind, and have never in any one instance seen the limits of strict propriety in the least exceeded. But it is the principle of the thing, and its susceptibilities of abuse, that I contend against. It appears to me unnecessary to occupy time and space in showing how this practice may be so used as to exert an influence upon our elections. No brother ought ever to be elevated to office from any other consideration than personal merit, and every practice which can be made subversive of this principle ought to be sternly discountenanced. If this evil be let alone, though perhaps insignificant now, it will certainly grow and

strengthen; and the result will be that no one will think of accepting a nomination unless he is prepared to "do the handsome." The practice is wrong, radically and essentially wrong, and even were I conscious that I stood alone in the view I take of it, I should not cease to protest against it. I know, however, that I speak the sentiments of very many of the most worthy and reflecting men in the Order. Away, then, with this foolish custom. It can do no hurt to abandon it, but it may, if persisted in, be productive of evil much more serious than we can at present anticipate.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE

Delivered at the Anniversary of the Connecticut Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., at New Haven, September 2, 1842.

BY REV. BRO. A. B. CHAPIN.

WE proceed to consider the principles of this Institution. These are the genuine principles of the most expanded benevolence. The lessons inculcated in all the teachings of the Order, are in accordance with the maxims upon which it is based — "Friendship, Love and Truth." It teaches us that we are all brethren of the same great family, that we are bone of the same bone, and flesh of the same flesh, — sons of the same father, — children of the same mother, — and travellers through the same world of trouble, misery and woe, alike needing the sympathies and aid of our brethren. It reminds us, that the bounties of Providence were not given to be squandered in riotous living, or in idle extravagance, but for the general good of all mankind; that it is inconsistent with humanity, as well as a sin against our fellow beings, for the more favored to pass the needy, without heeding their cry. It reminds us, too, that man is but the steward of God's bounty,

and that for the faithful execution of that stewardship, he must ere long, render a strict and impartial account.

But the means of the Society are not as universal, as human misery and want are extensive. Hence, in the distribution of its alms, it follows the sound policy of assisting its members and their families first, and then, if their means allow, of granting aid to others. But this requires funds, and these can be collected only of its members. Accordingly, every member is required to pay an annual tax, scarce ever exceeding twenty-five cents per month, which goes into the general fund of the Society. This fund is devoted to the sole and exclusive purpose of assisting the sick and afflicted. But, unlike most other institutions of the kind, it is not given as a *mere charity*; nor is the amount dependant upon the opinion, caprice, or favor of any individual. It is determined by the rules of the Order, and is designed to be sufficient to support the

individual, and pay the expenses of an ordinary sickness. This sum is generally fixed at five dollars per week, to which every member is entitled, so long as he is unable to pursue his ordinary avocations. Under this aspect, this society is, in fact, one vast *Mutual Aid Society*, differing from other mutual aid societies, in its universality, in the perfection of its organization, and in the fact, that benevolence is inculcated at every step. It enables a man, by paying a small sum during health, to draw five dollars a week during sickness. It insures him, too, attention and assistance during his sickness and watchers when needed, without any trouble on the part of his friends, and it is constantly moving him to deeds of charity, by the lessons it teaches.

It also inculcates morality, by the most impressive lessons, and requires an upright and moral life, as a condition of membership. It banishes, too, from the Lodge-room, every temptation to evil, allowing nothing but the appropriate duties and business of the Lodge to be carried on at any of its meetings. It bands together a large number of the most active and energetic of our citizens, for general benevolence, for mutual aid, assistance, comfort, and consolation.

But it has not, as some suppose, the ability to act on the offensive. It cannot make war upon any other institution, nor upon any of the customs of society. It can exert no political power, nor be brought to bear upon any sect or creed. It is wholly and entirely an organization for the relief of human suffering and want; and every thing which does not tend to promote these objects, is excluded by the constitution of the Society.

I need not, after detailing the principles of this Society, occupy much time on the benefits to be derived from membership. These are so apparent, that they must be obvious to every one. Still, some may not have reflected upon the subject, and

I will, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting some, that now call for more particular notice. The first benefit I shall mention, is the pecuniary aid it furnishes the sick. This point is one that cannot be too well considered, especially by the young man who is just setting out in life, more particularly if he has a family dependent on him for support, and is obliged to rely upon his labor for his maintenance. To such persons, the tax of four or five dollars a year, when in health, is of no consequence; but to them, an income of five dollars a week, when sick, would be of incalculable benefit. Who, of you my hearers, have not seen the prudent and industrious man, whose labor, in health, yielded no more than a comfortable support to his numerous family — who has not seen such a man droop, fall sick, and for months lie stretched on a bed of languishing? He has lived, and his family have, somehow been provided for. No complaint has been made in public; but if you could have seen, and some of you no doubt have seen, the internal regulations of such a family, you would have seen that which would have caused your hearts to bleed and mourn over their wretchedness. How has that sick man's spirit fainted within him, and how have the hot tears blistered his burning cheek, as he saw his loved ones going half fed, or perhaps, quite supperless to bed! And how has the term of his sickness been lengthened out, by the anguish of mind, caused by the condition of his family! Now had such a man been a member of this Order, he would have drawn his weekly stipend, during the whole term of his sickness, as regularly as he drew his pay for his labor, when in health. How much this would have alleviated the anguish of his soul, and relieved the wants of his family, you can all easily imagine. To such a family, this Society comes a most welcome blessing. It comes not with the stinted, un-

certain hand of a cold-hearted charity, — nor with the reflection, that the stream may dry up at any moment, — but it comes from a band of brothers, who have treasured up for him the spare pennies of the brotherhood, and who now take pleasure in dispensing to him, that which, though it be a charity, is still a right.

Second. It ensures the sick the attention of friends, when needed, without the trouble to which families are often put. And here, too, the young man, just setting out in life, will find a very important aid. He comes to the city, perhaps, to pursue his trade, unknowing and unknown. He falls sick. But there is no kind father near, no tender mother, or watchful sister, to bend over him in love, to bathe his burning temples, or fan his feverish frame. He is alone, in the solitary chamber, on the stranger's sick bed. But if he be a member of this Order, all will be done, that *man* can do, to alleviate his suffering, and supply his wants. Night after night, unbidden and uncalled for, his brethren gather around his bed, and watch over him with a brother's care. Think ye, that this would be a matter of small moment to such a man? Would he not willingly give the labor of months, instead of the small contribution he is called upon to make, in order to secure it? But suppose the same man to be thus a stranger, with a young family around him. His wife knows not where to seek for aid, and her bosom is ready to burst

with anguish for the present, and with dread for the future. With what delight would she hail the existence of such an Institution as this, — an Institution that does all that man can do, to supply the lack of friends, and the want of means. Such, my friends, is but a brief picture of some of the advantages that may arise from this Society, in this point of view; and I might add others quite as important and quite as moving. But these must be amply sufficient to satisfy every reflecting mind.

Third. Another advantage to the young man, is the fact, that the principles of this Society lead him away from many temptations to evil. Man is a social being, and will have society. Now the young are eminently exposed to temptation from this very source. They are ever liable to be led away into scenes where hilarity leads to dissipation, and dissipation to intemperance. But here every avenue to such things is cut off, by the total and entire exclusion of every thing that can intoxicate, from all the Lodge-rooms, and all their appurtenances, throughout the whole country. In this particular, this Society stands pre-eminent and alone. Although it does not lay down minute rules for the regulation of the conduct of its members away from the Lodge-room, there all must be *total abstinence* men, and he who should presume to infringe upon this regulation of the Order, would be visited with immediate expulsion.

SOME writer says:—"Every breach of veracity indicates some latent vice, or some criminal intention, which an individual is ashamed to avow. And hence the peculiar beauty of openness or sincerity, uniting in some degree in itself the grace of all the other moral qualities of which it attests the existence."

It is a sign of great vanity, rather than good sense, to be fond of talking much; the more ingenious hear, and give fools leave to prattle. People of little brain have naturally a great deal of tongue.

SLANDERS are like flies, that leap over a man's good parts to light only upon his sores.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER IV.

"Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as the human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er *all* the thirsty land."

TRULY has it been said that "benevolence is that virtue, which compels its recipients to acknowledge it to be a *virtue in deed and in truth*." Benevolence is the full exercise of that delightful virtue so much needed in this world of suffering, and of tears,—which says to the hungry, be thou filled—to the naked be thou clothed,—which not only binds up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and soothes the afflicted, but sheds a halo of light and loveliness upon the pathway of the down-trodden, and dries the widow's and the orphan's tears,—which tends more than any other virtue to bless the world with lasting and eternal good.

"We've but to speak,—and lo! the power to bless
Is hovering o'er us—and beneath its beams,
A living fountain—with a hundred streams."

All men profess the virtue of benevolence, however sadly they may be deficient in its practice. There is *action* in true benevolence,—not the cold, calculating, and soul-chilling, indifference of the world. Benevolence, I repeat, says not to the "wanderer in distress," Be thou filled, or be thou clothed, alone, but she administers to his wants, spreading before him with a liberal hand the bounties which a gracious Providence has entrusted to his stewardship.

The great moral virtue of benevolence is most admirably developed in the principles of Odd Fellowship. We find it exhibiting itself in all the lectures and charges of our Order,—from the "three arrows" of affection, to the "*Tent*" beyond the "*Bridge*," holding forth to all who

would be led and guided by its sublime teachings, a reward which the votaries of avarice and selfishness never knew. Let the great watchword of Benevolence, "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan,"—be inscribed not only on the banners of our Order, but let it be written as with a sun-beam upon the heart, and reflected in the life of every true Odd Fellow;—never let it be forgotten that there is a wide difference between the cold conventional usages of mere worldly benevolence, and the warm and heart-glowing offices of that sympathetic feeling, which springs from right principles of action. The benevolence of Odd Fellowship extends the Olive Branch of peace to all who bear the image of the Creator, although they may differ from them in political, religious, or other belief. The invitation of Odd Fellowship is, "Go with us and we will do thee good, and not evil by the way," for the bond that unites us is divine. We have cast our bread upon the waters that it may return to us again in "due time," and of this we feel well assured, for the "three fold cord" cannot be easily sundered,—*Friendship, Love, and Truth*;—by it we profess to be governed,—by it we aim to live, trusting in him "in whom we live, and move and have our being," to sustain and cheer us on in our works of Love, Benevolence, and Charity, looking forward to the end in hopes of a final resting place beyond the grave,—to the resting place of that "*Tent*" to whose shelter, no *earthly hand* can guide, or aid us in our passage *across* the *separating "bridge."*

FASHION. — Though we are not one of those who condemn all attention to dress as indicative of vanity and a weak mind, yet would we caution our young friends, before they give up their whole minds to the dominion of this imperious monarch, to pause and reflect what are the *real* advantages to be derived from living under his sway.

A neat, or as it is commonly called, a "genteel appearance," goes a great way towards establishing a favorable first impression — an object we are all more or less desirous of attaining — inasmuch as it is invariably taken for a desire to please; but let our young readers, particularly the female portion, beware that these impressions are not created on *false* premises. The young and fashionably dressed female, presenting the most faultless outline of figure and the most enchanting purity of complexion, is certainly an object of admiration; but this is only the admiration of the eye — that of the heart, to be sure may follow, but it can only be permanent when riveted by the beauty of the mind.

Young ladies commit a great mistake when they strive to add to the charms which nature has given them, by taking advantage of the art of the mantua-maker, in rendering their figure faultless, by padding or other tricks of deception — by tinting their complexion with rouge, pearl powder, prepared chalk, and other etceteras of the toilet of a fashionable belle. — These little additions, however artfully laid on, are in the end sure to be discovered, and the disgust created thereby is more than commensurate with the admiration previously excited — 'tis but a momentary gratification, the mere compliment of being gazed at. If a lover be attracted by this outward show, and by means of such deception, a declaration be hastened, the after knowledge of the fact enrages the dupe, and he becomes cold towards the possessor of such unstable charms. Misery and bitterness of spirit,

perhaps crime, are the consequences of an early indulgence in this folly, originating in thoughtless vanity, yet often direful in its effects.

To neither father, mother, brother, sister, nor child, can it be pleasing; nor will a husband permit it, unless he is as sillily vain as the wearer. To Nature, then, young ladies, leave the whole honor of creating your outward charms — never despising the adjuncts of cleanliness and neatness in your dress, because by so doing detract from the advantages Nature has given you — bestow one half the pains and time upon beautifying and adorning your minds that you have hitherto wasted in the giddy vortex of fashion, and our word for it, your admirers will be fully as numerous, your lovers more plenty, your husbands more true, and yourselves and families immeasurably more happy.

Mankind must cease to attach any merits to faith and matters of opinion, before they will consent to extend the hand of good fellowship to those who differ with them on topics of religious belief. A man possessed of truly liberal sentiments, will not trouble himself whether his neighbor believes in "one god, or twenty gods," so long as his deportment is correct.

MORAL GOODNESS. — Moral goodness does not consist in a scrupulous adherence to trifling ceremonies: — such as attending regularly at church, observing Sundays, fast days, or saint days — dipping the fingers in water, and crossing the head and breast. The great principles useful to man, and which alone are entitled to be called morality, are sympathy, probity, fortitude, and wisdom.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

Original.

* STANZAS. — BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

Emblem of life's fleeting hour,
Rest thou on yon Lotus flower,
Ere thy busy life shall close,
Stay thy wing and seek repose.

Hasten to thy silent dell,
Ere the Iris' petals close ;
Weave thou there thy magic cell,
Ere thou rest or seek repose.

Ere the summer's leaf shall fade —
Ere the dew-drop leaves the rose,
Haste thee to thy parent glade,
Short lived insect seek repose.

Ere the morning's orient light
Dissipates the twilight hour,
Ere the lingering autumn's blight,
Rest, on thy loved Lotus flower.

Seek that ever-living spring
Where no wintry tempest blows ;
Insect of the golden wing,
Haste, thee — haste thee, to repose.

* The above lines were suggested by seeing a golden-winged butterfly resting on the bowering Lotus.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AMONG THE LADIES.

I now propose, to offer to the ladies a few plain and well-meant remarks upon this subject ; as many have formed erroneous opinions concerning this Institution. They think there must be something wrong where there is so much secrecy ; and as I intend to show, in my few remarks, that female influence is sensibly felt in society, I particularly wish to undeceive them on this subject. In my own mind there is no doubt but the ridiculous assertions that are made against the Order are thrown out to mislead the uninformed, and prejudice the public mind, by those who know nothing about the Institution. I have taken great interest to find out this " grand secret," as it is called, which, I believe, is only the mode of initiation, and the signs by which the members recognize one another. What they are I cannot tell, only that they are calculated to make deep impressions on the minds of men. I choose rather that the ladies should trace the history of this Institution themselves. The principles of Odd Fellowship are published to all the world, and may be known to others as well as by the members. I more particularly wish the married ladies to study them out, for many are prejudiced against it, and as

a matter of course, think they are perfectly right in opposing their husbands. And many think, too, that because woman is excluded, there is a deep mystery attached to it. This is perfectly nonsensical; why is it that woman is excluded from the halls of legislation — from political meetings — and from the noise and bustle of military pomp? You answer, because it is altogether inconsistent with our feelings and station. So it is here. Woman must content herself to rule at home; she should view her home as her kingdom. If a woman were to go into the world, if she were to mingle in the strifes of public life, and devote her time and attention to business concerns equally with the men, in what condition would be our homes? It is for her to cultivate the opening intellect, and to enstamp moral and religious impressions upon the mind, in the days of infancy and childhood, which will endure throughout life. It is a sister's privilege to watch over a younger brother, and gradually lead him in the paths of rectitude and duty; to enforce upon the tender mind those very principles taught in the Lodge, by precept and example, Friendship, Love and Truth. Then, when that brother arrives at the age of manhood, he perhaps associates with those who infuse by practice those truths im-

bibed in childhood; and however high he may ascend in riches, in rank, and honors — however low he may sink in poverty and disgrace — he never can forget the home of his youth. When the siren voice of pleasure would fain tempt him aside, the voice of his sister, or the counsels of his mother, whisper in his ear, "resist the tempter." And is not this woman's province — this her field of action — this the scene of her highest usefulness? Why then should she aspire to that which is not consistent with the laws of nature and the will of her Creator? Then let no opposition be shown to your partner in life; rather rejoice that he associates with the good and just, and sooner urge him to attend more regularly to his duty. If I understand any thing of Odd Fellowship, I believe its elementary features are benevolence and charity; and if I am right in my opinion, these are indeed its noblest attributes. In conclusion permit me to say to the members, press onward in the path of duty; bear and forbear one with another; and if a brother strays away from your fold, strive to win him back with love and kindness. You will then have your reward,

When you arrive at your nobler Lodge above,
Where all—all—will be peace, harmony and love.

Correspondent of the Rainbow.

WHEN an individual, unconnected with any party, is addicted to any vice, public censure is immediately thrown upon him, as degrading himself and being a disgrace to his family connections; but let him be connected with any body, civil or religious then, with an unmerciful hand, they load *them* with reproach and shame, whilst those connected with him are ashamed to own such connection, and hide themselves from the fury of the storm.

Let the ignorant and the prejudiced seek to decry us, their scoffs shall fall harmless, and their sneers shall be un-

vailing, if we but show forth a moral bearing, which must command respect: all of us are ready to bow before the throne of public opinion, and however fools may affect to think little of what men say of them, it is the privilege, as it is the duty of the good and wise, to strengthen themselves against the ills of life, by taking shelter beneath the imperishable shield of honor and character. In Odd Fellowship, as in all human institutions, imperfections must exist, but there is nothing to be found in what constitutes its vital and effective excellencies which is not eminently calculated to promote morality.

THE VISITING COMMITTEE'S REPORT TO THE LODGE.

BY P. G. DAVID DAVIS.

BROTHERS—during our work two weeks ago,
 A stranger brother came,
 He brought the sign and mystic word,
 And record of his name—

He did not seek relief;
 His look bespoke a noble heart,
 Though care was on his brow,
 We loved him for his manly acts,
 But grief is on us now;
 It is deep lasting grief.

We were by you on duty sent,
 Sorrow was on our way;
 We turned and saw that brother dear,
 A lifeless lump of clay—
 Sorrow did there abound:
 Orphan babes, and tender mother
 Were weeping o'er the dead—
 Sad destitution marked the place—
 The orphans had not bread,
 And grief was most profound.

The mother clasp'd them to her breast
 To quell their grief and pain;
 She kissed the tear to stay its course,
 But still they wept again,—
 'T was orphan hunger's cry:
 Then were we helpless as the babes,
 We offered no relief;
 We sat us down, nor lent them aid,
 Though knowing all their grief;
 You will not ask us why.

But yes, we did procure them bread,
 Nor did we long delay
 To lend our undivided aid,
 To turn their grief away—
 Yet moanfully they wept;
 The mother bending o'er the dead,
 Like a devoted wife,
 Seemed pleading with the angel death,
 To bring it back to life,
 But still in death it slept.

We learned that they were strangers here,
 She was the mother and the wife—
 And that from shipwreck they 'd escaped,
 And nothing saved but life—
 All earthly comforts flown;
 But they were his, and therefore ours,
 He was to us a brother;
 For his sake they were dear to us,
 Both children and the mother;
 We therefore claimed our own.

We would not cast reflections now,
 His faults to us were few,
 Though had he told his tale of wo,
 He might have claimed his due—
 But he has now gone home;
 They sought for him a stranger's grave,
 But *that* we saved him from;
 To-morrow you will go with us,
 To lay him in the tomb—
 His faithful brother's tomb.

Olive Branch.

SELF-ESTEEM.—Inordinate self-esteem gives a false coloring to every object within its sphere of vision—magnifying some and contracting others; therefore it disqualifies its votaries for placing a due estimate on any object which brings them in contrast with others. Few defects of character render a person more ridiculous or disgusting. Its tendency is to generate haughtiness, pride, boldness, insolence, jealousy, and a total disregard of the rights of others.

SECRETS.—Sir Philip Sidney says—
 "What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine." What a delightful state of social system would exist if every body thought and practised with Sidney! Fewer heart-burnings, jealousies, and vexations would have place among men. If all men were able to keep a secret, then were all men as near a state of perfection as may be desirable in this wicked world.

LAST MOMENTS.—The manner in which remarkable persons have met the great enemy of mankind, would form a curious history. To contemplate the different moods and tempers with which frivolity and philosophy have met the king of terrors—whether the one has displayed great weakness, or the other sustained itself in the hour of its great change—to ascertain whether the bold recklessness of the profligate, who has through life scoffed at the dangers and perils of death, has accompanied his last moments—or whether the equanimity with which the good man has contemplated the change while health seemed to place it at a distance, has deserted him in the hour of trial—would be a curious speculation, and form a great moral lesson to mankind.

Gallani, when dying, said, "The dead had sent him a card of invitation."

Wood died, clasping in his dying hand the papers of the Athenæ Oxoniensis. Here was the ruling passion strong in death.

A Dane, condemned to death, thus addressed his executioner:—"Be quick in cutting off my head, for we have often debated at Tomsburg, whether any sense is retained after the head is off. I will grasp the knife in my hand; if, after my head is off, I strike it towards you, it will show I have not lost all sense. If I let it drop, it will prove the contrary. Make haste, therefore, and end the dispute."

George Keith, a marshall of Scotland, when dying abroad, sent for Mr. Elliot, the British envoy:—"I have sent for you, sir," said he, with his usual gaiety, "because I think it pleasant enough that the minister of King George should receive the last breath of an old Jacobite. Besides, you may perhaps have some commissions to give me to Lord Chatham; and, as I lay my account for seeing him to-morrow, or the day after, I will carry your despatches with great pleasure."

James Butler,—second Duke of Ormond—famed for his extraordinary politeness, and who died at Madrid in 1745—when he was in the agony of death, fearing that the expression of his countenance in his pain, might shock the friends standing by his bedside, said, as his last words, "*Messieurs, J'espere que vous excuserez la grimace.*"

Haller died feeling his own pulse, and when he found it almost gone, said to his physician, "My friend the artery ceases to beat."

Lord Cobham, (of whom Pope says that his last words were—"Save my country, heaven!") not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, was in such a passion at feeling his own weakness, that he threw jelly and glass into Lady C.'s face and expired.

• **FREE DISCUSSION.**—The man not imbued with superstition, and who entertains a sincere desire to promote the happiness of the human race, will readily admit, that open and impartial discussion is the foundation of human liberty. Free, unrestrained inquiry on all subjects, is, in fact, the source of knowledge and wisdom; for how can we detect error, or distinguish truth, if there is one topic remaining which we are not to investigate? We may expatiate for centuries on the advantages attending correct views and correct principles; but if those systems which brutalize the mind, which proscribe the use of reason, and which hold mankind under the dominion of a vile superstition, are not to be probed to the bottom, and exhibited in all their deformity, the most powerful eloquence, the most transcendent reasoning in the world (though of weight in their proper place) will be utterly useless. To convince a man that happiness is attainable, it is not enough that he *know* this. The causes which deprive him of it—the sources of his misery, must be clearly and distinctly

pointed out; otherwise he will remain all his life-time a child of sorrow and misfortune. Ignorant of the *nature* of the evils which beset him, he will continue the dupe of the crafty and designing, whose sole object is to darken the understanding, that they may perpetuate their inordinate power and influence.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MIND. — Man, at the age of twenty, retains not a particle of matter in which his mind was invested when he was born. Nevertheless, at the age of eighty years, he is conscious of being the same individual he was as far back as his memory can go — that is to say, to the period when he was four or five years old. Whatever it be, therefore, in which this consciousness of fidelity resides, it cannot consist of a material substance, since, had it been material, it must have been repeatedly changed; and the source of identity must have been destroyed. It is, consequently, an ethereal spirit, and as it remains the same, throughout all the alterations that can take place in the body, it is not dependent on the body for its existence; and is thus calculated to survive the ever-changing frame by which it is encircled. The frame becomes stiff, cold, and motionless, when the circulation of the blood ceases; it is consigned to the earth, and is separated by insects into a thousand other forms of matter; but the mind undergoes no such transformation, it is unassailable by the worms. If matter, subject as it is to perpetual changes, does not, and cannot, possibly, perish, how can the mind perish, which knows of no mutation? There is no machinery prepared, by which such an object could be accomplished; nor could machinery be prepared for such a purpose, without an entire subversion of the laws of nature. But as these laws emanated from the wisdom of the Creator, they could not be altered, much less subverted, without involving the incon-

sistency, into which it is impossible for Divine wisdom to fall.

CANNOT. — Whatever may be your profession or pursuit, if you would hope for success never use the word cannot. You may as well attempt to swim with a Scotia grindstone at your neck, and a Paixhan shot at your heels, as to expect to accomplish any thing worthy of a man while this word is in your vocabulary. When the gallant Miller at the battle of the Niagara, was asked by Scott, if he could carry the enemy's batteries, suppose if, instead of the determined "I'll try," he had whined out, — "I cannot," where would have been his fame, and what the result of that day? Cannot accomplishes nothing but the ruin of him who uses it.

Keep shy of cannots. Use not the word yourself, be careful how you employ those who do. Napoleon never allowed the use of the word, impossible: and in the management of all business there should be no place for cannot. You can do all that is necessary to be done if you set about it in the right way, and at the right time. If you do not, your labor will be like that of Sysiphus; ever beginning — never ending. Neglect nothing; keep a watchful eye over every thing; see that every part moves in harmony, and together; and you will have no use for cannot.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND STRENGTH OF WASHINGTON. — While Col. Washington was on a visit to New-York, in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the British Governor, that a regiment, just landed from England, contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in his majesty's service — in fact, the most superb looking fellows ever landed upon the shores of America.

"I will wager your Excellency a pair of gloves," said Mrs. Morris, an Ameri-

can lady, "that I will show you a finer man in the procession, to-morrow, than you can select from your famous regiment."

"Done, madam," replied the governor.

The morrow came, (the 4th of June,) and the procession in honor of the birthday of the king, advanced through Broadway to the strains of military music. As the troops defiled before the Governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers, mentioning their names, and claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In the rear of the troops came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. Immediately on their approach, the attention of the Governor was seen to be directed towards a tall and martial figure that marched with a grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed,

"I perceive that your Excellency's eyes are turned to the right object; what say you to your wager now, sir?"

"Lost, madam," replied the gallant governor. "When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New-York."

THERE are moments in a man's life when despondency weighs upon him like an incubus. He has his sunny hours, and his hours of gloom. Bright winged thoughts, like birds of paradise, flit through the mind. Hope gilds his days with glad promises, and joy spreads her charms around him; but in the smiling garden, where roses grow and eternal summer reigns, the darkling night-shades will spring up and the funeral cypress fling its shadow. Sadness will sometimes steal in upon our Eden, and convert the brightest and rarest flowers to rue and hemlock.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

Who shall be Queen of merry May?
 — The Spring laughs out from op'ning flowers,
 The Rainbow's smile hath wreathed the showers,
 'Till every drop a gem is seen
 On nature's robe of fairy green.
 The birds, like minstrels from the skies,
 Pour forth the strains of Paradise,
 And the free waters leap and play
 Like children on this holiday,
 Hailing the Queen of May.

Who shall be Queen of glorious May?
 — The maid whose cheek with health is bright,
 As peach flowers bathed in morning light —
 Whose gentle eye in love looks forth
 To bless the loveliness of earth,
 Whose sweet, glad voice is blithest heard,
 Like carol of the fledgling bird,
 In answer to her parent's care,
 When found some joy that they can share —
 She shall be Queen of May.

Godey's Lady's Book for May.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DANGER OF PROSPERITY.—If there is any impressive lesson which the experience of the past teaches us, it is the danger of prosperity. Great and unparalleled success, is always attended with peril. This is true, as well in relation to associated, as to individual effort. If we have outrode the storm of adversity in safety, it is no guaranty to us that we can sail upon the summer seas of prosperity, without danger. Inaction and indifference are too often concomitants of success,—pride and arrogance succeed to sleepless vigilance and humble effort. We are too apt to grow weary in well doing; and in the intoxication of our success, we cry aloud, "The conflict is o'er,"—"the victory is won." We feel that Odd Fellowship is at this time peculiarly liable to danger from this source, and we feel it our duty to utter a note of warning.—History cannot point to a greater triumph than that which our Order has achieved. Our numbers are increasing with the greatest rapidity. Our treasures are overflowing. We are united in action and feeling, and every thing betokens that the future is still to be a succession of triumphs to us. But, if we are to be so intoxicated with our success, as to lose sight of our *true* glory, better far we were still enjoying the "sweet uses of adversity." The glory of an institution like ours, consists not in the number of its members—not in an overflowing treasury—not in the beauty of the temples of our worship, or in any outward adorning. The purity of our *principles*, is our strength—the virtue and morality of those who represent them, is our strongest bulwark. "By our fruits must we be known."

One of the great dangers to which we are at present exposed, is laxity of disci-

pline. In a season of unexampled success, we are too apt to grow remiss in the strict observance of our rules and regulations, both in relation to the members of the Order, and to those who apply for admission among us. We cannot be too careful in this latter respect. Indeed, negligence in this particular, would be our ruin. We cannot be too cautious in admitting members among us. How often are we admonished of this, when it is too late to repair the error we have committed. Let the sentries be doubled at our posts. Let us guard our portals with sleepless vigilance. Let no unhallowed hands pollute the altar of our faith. Let no unhallowed feet cross the threshold of our doors. Let us sound the alarm thro' all our borders, upon the approach of every foe. Let our internal discipline be vigorous and strong. Let us keep with a miser's care, the priceless treasures committed to our keeping. Let union and harmony mark all our efforts, and all our councils. Let no "root of bitterness, springing up among us," check our good works. Strong as is our bond of union, some rude hand can yet sever it. The "triple links," though of heavenly temper, can yet be torn asunder. Let us see to it, that in *our* day and generation, no such great evil overtakes us. We have reared our standard high, and let us sustain it in its position, with strong arms and brave hearts. Let us keep ever before our eyes the golden mottos of our Order. Let the deep significance of the emblems, which in our Lodge-rooms we see all around us, sink deep in our hearts. Let us ever exhibit in our lives and conversation all the virtues of our Order.—Let "Friendship" ever abound among us. Let "Love" to God and man mark all our actions. Let "Truth" be always

our aim. Let us remember, above all, that the "eye" of the God who searches the heart, is ever upon us, and that he will one day call us to an account for the talents he has committed to us. He has commanded us "to love our neighbor as ourselves"—"to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction"—"to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry"; in short, to do good whenever it may be in our power. These are the great objects of our institution; let us see to it, that we guard well the trust.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.— We have several times solicited of the brethren of the Order, communications for the Symbol. We have done so, because we knew there were those among us who lacked not the ability to write, and supposed, that having the ability, they would have the inclination to assist us in this matter. Some few of the brethren have heeded our request, and kindly stepped forward to our assistance. We are aware, that in making this request, we ask much;— we ask that, without which, our magazine can never prosper. There are those of the Order in this city and its immediate vicinity, who, if they would contribute an article but occasionally, would very materially assist in the support of the Symbol. The laborer, we admit, is worthy of his hire; and we would not ask the gratuitous assistance of even *one* brother, did our circumstances admit of remunerating him for it. But our number of subscribers is not sufficient even to pay the cost of printing, much less for contributions. Yet for all this, it is no reason why that *others* should give us their time and talent for naught.

We had hoped to have been favored ere this, with communications from those who have long been members of the Order, and who have for many years been intimately connected with it. Their knowledge of the institution—its rise

and progress—together with various incidents in connection with it, would enable them to give that interest to the subject, which otherwise could not be given. Let the friends of Odd Fellowship lend us a helping hand in our endeavors to do good—let them endeavor to communicate it by giving a widespread influence to the only periodical in Massachusetts devoted to the principles of the Order, whose end and aim is to practically develop the sublime principles of Friendship, Love and Truth.— For this we labor,—for this we are willing to labor,—for this we are associated in the bonds of fraternal affection and love. The extension of these principles are worthy the attention of every member, not only of our Order, but of the Order of Humanity. There is a consciousness of doing good which is known only to those who cultivate and practically develop that essence of divinity implanted within the human heart, to the end that we should be happy,—happy in an associate, happy in an individual capacity, and in proportion only as we cultivate a conscience void of offence toward God and our fellow-man.

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MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.— This is the name of another new Lodge, which was installed at Malden, on Wednesday week. We are pleased to see our brethren in that place so zealously engaged in the glorious work. Their number, though few at present, is composed of the right material, and we feel confident that the institution of the Middlesex Lodge will be the means of doing much good in the Order. Success attend them.

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THE Methodist Conference recently in session at Baltimore, at which a resolution was offered, ordering that a candidate for the ministry should answer whether he belonged to the Order of Odd Fellows, was *Episcopal*, not *Protestant*.

ENCAMPMENT OF PATRIARCHS.—This department of Odd Fellowship may be truly said to be the most interesting and gratifying part of the Order—and the brother who having been initiated in a subordinate Lodge stops there without progressing through the various avenues which lead him to the temple, has indeed learnt nothing whatever, of the history or the beauties of Odd Fellowship. It is true that the five degrees of the subordinate Lodges are sublime and interesting, yet they may be said to furnish feint lights of the real principles of the Order to which the individual has attached himself. In fact injustice is done not only to himself but to the institution by any brother who fails to progress in the Order to its highest degree. No individual of ordinary acuteness would be satisfied in any inquiry after truth or excellence with a cursory examination of the principles of any institution which professed to aim at these ends, but on the contrary would probe to the uttermost in his search its every feature and character. The purposes of truth could not otherwise be justly attained, nor could the excellency of principles be fairly developed by arresting his inquiry at the very threshold. Hence it is impossible for any Odd Fellow to understand properly what Odd Fellowship is, until he has attained to its height and depth, or in other words become a Patriarch—he may know what every stranger knows who chooses to be informed that Odd Fellowship delights in relieving the sick, succouring the disconsolate widow, and educating the orphan, but these are but the effects of certain principles to which he is an utter stranger and must remain a stranger until he has been carried *safe over the bridge* which leads to light and knowledge. It should be remembered also that it is only in the Encampments, that a brother can learn the origin and early history of the fraternity, its struggles and eventual triumph. In

view of this truth it is nevertheless the fact that the proportion of Patriarchs to that of scarlet members is indeed very small. This should not be so, and we are sure that no brother who has taken the Patriarchal degrees would, under any circumstances be divested of the great satisfaction which he derives from being thus placed upon an eminence, from which he at once overlooks the whole Order through which he has passed, and distinctly understands and appreciates its principles.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

WE would say to publishers and others, who may send books, magazines, literary Tales, &c., to the Symbol, for notice, that no *intentional* injustice shall be done them. In our review of new works, we intend to be governed by an impartial and unprejudiced opinion—to be “just, and fear not” favor or affection. In pursuing the course we have marked out, we shall of necessity have to speak of books as we would of men, strictly in accordance with their respective merits or demerits. We would maintain an independent courtesy: but we wish it to be understood, “at the starting,” that should they send us their books, our Reviewer will be just: should they not, *he* can procure a sight of such works, and speak as truly of their merits in the one case as in the other.

Our Review department will be under the charge of one who has had much experience in this line, and whose present connexion in the publishing trade, amply qualifies him to do justice to this department.

END OF THE WORLD.—The Millerites are making preparations to “go up” on the 23d of this month. We hope that if any of our subscribers who have not paid their bills, are expecting to join with the “holy throng,” they will have

the goodness to call on us before that time, and "square the yards;" for if they do n't do this, and it should be ascertained after they were well "up," that they were in debt for the Symbol, they would most assuredly have to come down again, and *no* mistake.

VARIETY!

READY RETORT.—A drunken lawyer going into a church, was observed by the minister, who, addressing himself to him, said: "I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment." The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practised twenty years at the bar, and I have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

"WHAT case is Mr. Maddle?" said a country schoolmaster, addressing one of his grammar pupils.

"He's a bad case, thir," was the answer.

"Wrong—the next."

"He's an objective case, thir."

"How so?"

"'Cause, he objected to pay daddy that five dollars he's owed him so long."

"You may all go to your seats."

At a camp meeting out West, last summer, an eccentric preacher was holding forth, and had contrived so to work on the feelings of his auditory, that the straw inside of the altar was completely covered with prostrate mourners.

Perceiving that there were many others present ready to cast themselves down, who refrained from so doing solely through the lack of straw to kneel upon, he cried out in the midst of his exhortation:

"Straw! straw! we want more straw here!—Brother Hopkins, for the Lord's sake, send up to your house and get some more straw! Forty-five souls lost for the *want of straw!*"

INTERESTING TO THE LADIES.—A man in Alabama, has discovered a new method of cultivating cotton, by which four times the usual quantity can be produced from an acre. This will make bustles cheap.

SMALL TALK.—Poor baby wants to tum to muzzy, tum Tzarley, an div muzzy a buff, dare, dat's a dood tild.

ORATORY.—The forked lightnings illumined the vault of heaven; pearls of thunder shook the earth; the wind rocked the mountains, and the rain descended in such torrents that the ducks couldn't swin in the gutters!

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—A stump orator in the West uses the following appropriate language. "If I am elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or unrivet human society, cleanse all its parts, and screw them together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese."

"Do you suppose that a person can see any better by the aid of glasses?" said a man in company. "I know he can," answered a toper; "for after I have taken a half a dozen glasses, I can see double."

"Andrew Jackson Martin Van Buren Henry Clay Harrison Scroggins, come into the house this instant you little serpent. You have been giving those hens choke cherries, and they won't lay."

A LADY "down-east," advertises for a "divine, jovial, serious, bold, majestic, inoffensive, scientific, nimble—husband."

TOUGH CABBAGES.—"Old woman," said a drunken fellow who had staggered to the closet for a cold supper, "where did you get these cabbages? They are so tarnal stringy I can't eat them."

"O my gracious?" replied the lady, "if that stupid fellow aint eating my caps up that I put in starch in the closet!"

THE antiquity of gambling is proved by dice having been found among the ruins of Thebes. We expect that's what ruined her.

TOO BAD.—"Pa, why is a fashionably dressed lady like the Episcopal church?"

"Don't know, my son."

"Because she has a *Bishop*."

"There, go to bed, Tom—go to bed."

The world is like a large plum pudding. There is an abundance of fruit in it, too; but somehow it does not appear to be well mixed and stirred; for we daily see some cut a slice, and get nothing but the burnt crust; while others, with less brains and born to good luck, obtain a plum.

"De konkregashun vill bleeshe to sing the von dousanth and two'th psalm," said a Dutch parson, as he gave out the morning hymn. "There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister. "Vell den bleeshe to sing so many as dere pe."

"Well, Miss," said a knight of the birchen rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can,—but would rather not."

OUR COUNTRY.—On the youth of our country will soon devolve the duty of maintaining civil and religious liberty. The aged are dying off, and their places will soon be filled by the rising generation. Do young men know the claims society has upon them to fill with honor the places they are destined for? Are they imbuing themselves with moral and mental culture, that they may become good and virtuous citizens, and feel the responsibility that is to rest upon them? Society asks not for drones, faint-hearted and feeble minded sons, or selfish, ignorant, and despised citizens. Be wise and virtuous in time; for you must be good or bad, and there is no neutral ground between the one and the other. The privileges of American youth are great and important; they cost blood and life and treasure; and is there a youth who knows right from wrong, who will sully the honor of his sires by inglorious deeds and ignoble actions? If our liberties are ever lost, it will be owing to the ignorance and degradation, voluntarily assumed, of the youth of our country. Heaven forbid that they should ever tarnish the name of American citizen.

THE rich should be like a mountain, reflecting the sun's rays on the vale beneath, rendering it more fruitful, and giving to surrounding objects new life and vigor. But, unfortunately for mankind, the man of wealth is too often like a mountain *intercepting* the rays of the sun, and thus depriving objects beneath, of common blessings of nature—covering the broad area of shade with blight and ruin.

THE same littleness of soul that makes a man despise inferiors, and trample on them, makes him abjectly obsequious to superiors. There is no nobility like that of a great heart, for it never stoops to artifice, nor is wanting in good offices where they are seasonable.

WE have received a communication from "A Subscriber," relative to the voting of members in the Grand Lodge. Its extreme length, alone, is our only reason for not publishing it.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

I.I.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10 do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 13, do do	Fri.
Perserverance, 17 do do	Thurs.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28 do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	

German Oak, 187 Bowery, Fri.
 Empire, 64, do Tues.
 Croton, 78, do
 Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson, Tues.
 Greenwich, 40, do do Mon.
 Meridian, 42, do do Wed.
 Grove, 58, do do Thurs.
 Jefferson, 46, 327 Bowery, Tues.
 Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.
 United Brothers, 52 do Tues.
 Howard, 60, do Wed.
 Commercial, 67, do Fri.
 Knickerbocker, 22, do Thurs.
 Mercantile, 47, do Tues.
 Olive Branch, 31, do Wednes.
 Mount Vernon, 73, do Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn, Tues.
 Nassau, 39, do do Thurs.
 Atlantic, 50, do do Mon.
 Fulton, 66, do do Wed.
 Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.
 Williamsburg, 62, do Tues.
 Whitehall, 54, Washington Co., Thurs.
 Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co., Tues.
 Orange Co., 74 do do
 Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co., Thurs.
 Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co. Tue.
 Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co., Thu.
 Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do Mon.
 Dutchess, 59, do do Wed.
 Fireman's, 19, Albany, Thurs.
 German, Colonial, 16, do Mon.
 City Philanthropic, 5, do
 Union, 8, do do
 American, 32, do Wednes.
 Watervliet, 38, West Troy, Mon.
 Spartan, 62, do Fri.
 Phoenix, 41, Albany, Wednes.
 Franklin, 24, Troy, Wednes.
 Trojan, 27, do Mon.
 Star, 29, Lansingburgh, Tues.
 Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Thurs.
 Halcyon, 56, do Thurs.
 Niagara, 25, Buffalo, Mon.
 Buffalo, 37, do Tues.
 Tehoseronon, 48, do Thurs.
 Genesee, 51, Rochester, Fri.
 Teoronto, 69, do
 Mohawk Valley, Schenectady, Mon.
 Ithaca, 71, Ithaca, do
 Rockland County, 76, Thurs.
 Onondaga, 79, Syracuse, Tues.
 Cayuga, 80, Auburn, do
 Jamaica, 81, Jamaica, do
 Westchester, 77, Tarrytown, do

OFFICERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND LODGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Daniel Hersey, C. P. Hezekiah Prince, H. P. Robert L. Robbins, S. W. C. C. Hayden, J. W. Geo. T. Carruth, Scribe. A. Guild, Treas.

SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, (New Haven, Ct) Wm. J. Thompson, C. P. W. E. Sanford, H. P. Bela Lord, S. W. J. M. Andrews, J. W. S. H. Harrie, Scribe. Wm. H. Ellis, Treasurer.

GRAND LODGE.—Daniel Hersey, M. W. G. M. Thos. Barr, R. W. D. G. M. Solon Jenkins, R. W. G. W. Al-

bert Guild, R. W. G. Sec'y. Hezekiah Prince, R. W. G. Treas'r. Thos. F. Norris, R. W. G. Chaplain. Chester N. Clark, W. G. M. Eben'r H. Wheslock, W. G. G. Eber Smith, W. G. C.

Thomas Barr, W. D. D. G. M. for Lowell District. Thos' F. Norris, " " Cambridge do. Eber Smith, " " Boston do.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Thomas C. Savory, P. G. Shadrach Dickson, N. G. Jos. L. Drew, V. G. W. F. Bulkley, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y.—Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

STEEPLE LODGE, No. 8.—Edward G. Tuckerman, P. G. J. P. Putnam, N. G. Edward D. Clarke, V. G. —

Mickell, Rec. Sec'y. Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y. N. Whitton, Treas'r. F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

SILLOAM LODGE, No. 2.—Chas. A. Smith, P. G. Jeremiah Richards, N. G. J. R. Mullin, V. G. — Cole, Rec. Sec'y. A. Mudge, Permanent Sec'y. C. S. Fmth, Treas. Otis A. Skinner, Chaplain.

ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Wm. Hilliard, P. G. Edw'd Tyler, N. G. Josiah Daniell, V. G. — Stackpole, Rec. Sec'y. F. H. Bowers, Permanent Sec'y. Wm. Durant, Treasurer. Jas. I. T. Coolidge, Chaplain.

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BETHEL, No. 12.—John Schooler, P. G. Michael Kenny, N. G. J. C. Waldo, V. G. Ichabod Fessenden, Sec'y, — Paul C. Dodge, Treasurer.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—E. H. Smith, N. G.—Dexter Buckman, V. G. O. W. Badger, Sec'y. W. G. Al- ley, Treas'r.

BUNKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—J. Henry Browne, P. G. Jacob K. Dunham, N. G. Isaac Kendall, V. G. T. R. B. Edmands, Rec. Sec'y. Joseph Burrill, Permanent Sec'y. Moses Babcock, Treasurer. E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.

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COVENANT LODGE, No. 16.—Sam'l Trull, P. G. Edwin Adams, N. G. Francis Blake, V. G. Fred. O. Prince, Rec. Sec'y. T. D. Chapman, Per. Sec'y. E. W. Lord, Treas.

MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.—John McLeish, N. G. Wm. Tozer, V. G. J. C. Richardson, Sec'y. B. Dodge, Treas.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, N. G. Wm. W. Curtis, V. G. Wm. Munroe, Sec'y. George Saunders, Treas'r.

MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—C. S. Dickinson, N. G.—Thomas C. Gilmore, V. G. A. Rolfe, Sec'y. S. D. Emerson, Treas'r.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Abel Fletcher, P. G. Chas. A. Stevens, N. G. Lyander Barnes, V. G. Geo. H. Hudson, Rec. Sec'y. S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y. Henry Lyon, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays. Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street. MASSACHUSETTS, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday. Oriental, No. 10, do do Tuesday. Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday. Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues. Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday. Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday. New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday. Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday. Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Thursday. Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday. Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Saturday. Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday. Mechanic, No. 11, " " " Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, New Haven. Quinnipiac, No. 1, New Haven, Monday. Charter Oak, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday. Middlesex, No. 3, E. Hardam, Wednesday. Pequannock, No. 4, Bridgeport. Harmony, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

THE SYMBOL.

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THE CHARTER, AN HISTORICAL TALE OF CONNECTICUT.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ.

At the close of an autumnal day in 1668, a troop of horse might have been seen winding their way southwardly along a forest-path, by the banks of the Connecticut river. At its head, side by side, rode two cavaliers. The elder was about thirty-five years of age, of a noble presence and dignified and soldierly air. The visor of a helmet shaded the upper portion of his face, though it did not conceal the fire of a pair of piercing blue eyes, over which square and massive brows were sternly and habitually bent. His complexion had once been fair, if we might judge from the light flaxen locks flowing abundantly over his shoulders after the fashion of the period. Exposure to many climates had now robbed his skin of the blonde, and given it a brown hue—a shade more befitting a warrior's cheek. A well-trimmed beard, extending from ear to ear, swept his breast-plate. His upper lip was graced by a handsome mustache, a thought darker than his hair. It nearly hid his mouth,—which, so far as it could be discovered, was finely shaped, with the lips pressed together with an air of determination. When he spoke, however, it wore a more agreeable expression, with which his full and manly voice harmonized; yet, nevertheless, there was something in his countenance that repelled confidence. His person was protected by

the demi-proof armour of that day; the period when the mailed knight, in a state of chrysalis, was merging into the modern officer. Over his breast-plate, which was indented, but highly burnished, was passed a broad buff belt, to which was appended a serviceable sword; from his holsters also protruded the butts of a richly ornamented pair of Spanish pistols, then in as much repute as the Damascus blade a few centuries earlier. He was well mounted on a large brown English horse; and, as he paced along, he sat like a man to whom the saddle is a familiar seat. Although, from time to time he would interchange thoughts with his companion, his general manner was taciturn and grave.

The other was a youth who had not yet numbered quite twenty summers. His figure was slight and elegant; his manners careless, but graceful, and an air of rank and high breeding was evident in every movement. His cheek was dark as the Italian's; his eyes were black and brilliant; by turns piercing or tender, indolent or flashing. His raven and luxuriant hair fell about his neck in natural curls, lifting in the evening wind, and waving and flowing like the wanton tresses of a young girl. A slight mustache darkened his upper lip, but did not hide his fine mouth. He wore a plain,

but rich suit of mourning. His breast-plate and scabbard were of the same sable hue. He rode a snow-white horse, with a long sweeping tail, and with the eye and limb of an Arabian barb; which, as it ambled by the side of the larger steed, picked its steps as daintily as if it had been shod with the slippers of Cinderella. The general tone of his manner was a graceful indolence and an elegant nonchalance, though altogether divested of any, even the least grain of soporiness. With a face as strongly marked with intelligence and good sense, as that of his older companion, and a look indicating a still haughtier spirit, his whole appearance was strikingly in contrast with his; inviting confidence and friendship in men,—in women, love. The two seemed to be, however, on the most familiar terms of intimacy, notwithstanding their opposite characters and the additional disparity of their years. Near them rode a black servant in a gorgeous livery, upon which he evidently prided himself.

Behind these cavaliers rode two more gentlemen—one of them was a large, heavy man, apparelled much like the elder cavalier above mentioned; the other, save a sword at his side, and pistols in his holsters, wore the black dress of a citizen. The former had a bold look and unpleasant eye. The latter was a man of a milder cast. They conversed together while they rode along, as if deeply interested in their subject, addressing each other respectively as Randolph and Dudley; the last name being applied to the citizen. In the rear of these, riding two abreast, came a lengthened column of horse, consisting mostly of mounted grenadiers, with perhaps half a score of dragoons—a band of rough, stalwart looking warriors. Their brows were covered with iron helmets, crested with horse-hair, and they wore heavy breast and thigh pieces. They all had broadswords hang-

ing at their belts, and cumbersome matchlocks swung across their backs. With their huge proportions, war-worn visages, grizzly beards and fierce mustaches, they presented altogether a very truculent and formidable appearance. They trotted along in good order; some in stern silence, and as immovable in their saddles as statues; others in most unmilitary ease, jesting with a comrade; and one or two with their usual position reversed, seated with their backs to their horses' heads, talking and laughing with those behind. A small party of Indians brought up the rear; two of whose number, we should have mentioned before, acted as guides, and ran at untiring pace, a little in advance of the two cavaliers, balancing in their right hands, tomahawks, secured to long poles, which served them as weapons of defence against wild beasts, and assisted them in crossing ravines, scaling precipices, and clearing obstacles from the path of the horsemen. While the cavalcade are slowly trotting through the wood, we will turn to the two cavaliers. They have been riding for some time without interchanging a word; the younger studying like an amateur the fine animal action of one of the half-naked, athletic Indian guides; the other busied in severe, and apparently far from agreeable reflections.

"Mehercule!" said the younger, breaking silence, "I would enter that fellow on the right hand, against the best *Athleta* of the palmiest days of Greece. Pity the old Romans had not known of the existence of this continent—they could have matched their arena against the world. By Jove! Andros, we must pit two of these most supple heathens against each other, when we bivouac to-night. By the by! I should like to behold this fair mistress of thine. If report do not belie her, she has beauty. Think you she will not play you false in this Charter scheme? These women are the devil. There is no dependence to be placed in one of

them. A man might tell as readily what's o'clock by a church vane, as a woman's mind by her tongue."

"You are severe, Trevor," said the other, smiling; "Helen is not to be weighed in the scale of other women."

"Thou art a true lover, which doth put his mistress before all the world, an she were a black-a-moor," said the younger, laughing and whisking his horse over the ears, by way of pastime, with an ivory riding whip, terminating in a green silk tassel.

"Her attachment to his Majesty's Government," continued the former, "is from principle."

"And her attachment to your knightly self?"

"Hist, boy!" he said, in an impatient, half-pleased tone.

"Boy! By my manhood! an' thou didst wear a broadsword some four inches shorter than thou dost, I would quarrel with thee on that argument."

"Discretion is the only part of valor of which thou hast any knowledge, Trevor. Cherish it. 'Twill do thee service yet."

"Gramercy for that! Thy wits brighten as thy love warms. 'Till be a white heat when you reach Hartford — then heaven save the mark! Your wit will flash and crackle like "thorns under the pot," as these puritans would phrase it."

"Humph! You should mount cap and bells, Edward. The sun is low," he added, changing his tone. "We must be near Hartford."

"Judging from the temperature of thy wit, 'twere not quite a league."

"A truce to this folly," said Sir Edmund Andross, with a slight shade of pique in the tone of his voice; "can you be serious?"

"As a puritan," replied Trevor, smoothing his features. "But," he asked, suddenly changing his manner, "do you really mean to obtain this Charter by the stratagem you spoke of? If the lady were

of the right mettle, perhaps there were hopes of success."

"She is as loyal as I could wish."

"Doubtless — 'Tis said that a woman has no politics, but her husband's or lover's."

"Pish! She was educated in England, you are aware."

True! 'Twas at court you saw her. Pity thy breast-plate were not on, to have saved thy heart. 'Twas a pretty romance your wooing! Methinks I could write a tale upon it, as 'twas given me by the pages. 'Twas a sad parting that, when she sailed for America. This should end the first book. The second should begin with my hero, kneeling before his Majesty, and suing for the governorship of the colonies, that he might be near his mistress. By the mass! 'twere a brave theme. I could make a book, that would surpass the Arabian Knights' Entertainments, and fit for the princess of Persia to read. 'Twere an excellent jest. It shall be done when I get back to London. To contemplate thy stern visage and vigorous beard, Andross, one would not believe thou wert, in verity, a sighing swain. They say my cousin is charming. I hope she will second you bravely."

"There is no question."

"Yet methinks I would rather win this Charter by a score of good round blows with broadsword, than trust to Cupid's arrows, be they never so sharp. Perhaps the council will resign it peaceably."

"If they do not, and I cannot obtain it through Helen, I shall try what virtue lieth in these arguments," he said, casting a significant glance behind.

"St. George and amen! Heaven arm their stubborn brains with obstinacy, if 'twill bring us to blows. Of all things I would like to give these refractory colonists a sound pummeling."

"We must be near the termination of our march," said the citizen behind; "it

is five days since we left Boston, and though the road hath been none of the best, we have sped well."

"This wilderness is not St. James', as my limbs can testify," said Randolph, lifting himself in the saddle and shaking his huge frame till his armor rung again.

"And that thou art not a feather, thy mare's limbs will testify, I'll be sworn," said Trevor. "Look, Andross! something of interest attracts the attention of our guides. See! my Athleta is waving his hand. I will ride forward and learn what it is."

Putting spurs to his horse, the young man dashed up the hill, followed more leisurely by his companion. On gaining the summit, where the Indians had halted, and were pointing southward, he beheld to his great joy, at the extremity of a lovely valley, partly cultivated, through which a limpid river gracefully wound, a solitary tower lifting its top among the trees.

"Har'ford," grunted the Indian, whose leopard-like motions had taken the fancy of Trevor.

"Hartford it is!" repeated he. "Andross, spur up! our march is ended. Yonder lies the capital of the vast empire we are about to invade," he continued, with playful irony. "Behold the tower of your imperial palace. Heavens, what a magnificent scene!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, as his eye took in the prospect around him.

Sir Edmund Andross, with the other gentlemen, shared the pleasurable emotions of the enraptured Trevor. For a few moments they lingered on the brow of the hill, over which their road wound, and silently gazed upon the scene before them. The first frost had fallen upon the forests the night preceding, and the sudden change which follows it, had passed upon the foliage. During the day, the path of the cavalcade had been only through the gloomy depths of the wilderness; the sun

seldom penetrating the dense canopy of leaves above their heads, and their vision bound in a narrow space by the closely set trees which surrounded them. The prospect now spread out before their eyes, was therefore, from contrast the more striking. It was now the opening of the Indian summer; forests were died in the rich hues which in America mark this autumnal time. The glory of the scene they surveyed, mocks both the pencil of the painter and the pen of the writer. The cavaliers gazed with unmingled admiration on the scene.

"By St. George! there is no equal to this on the earth," said Trevor with animation. "'Tis a beautiful world, Andross! See yonder maple! You would believe its leaves dropped blood. Mark the gold and silver of that birch, vying with the emerald hue of its neighbor! And see the sapphire and carbuncle mingling with the dark green of yonder water-oak. Look at the side of that hill, which is clothed with maple and chestnut to its summit! It shines with a light of its own! Observe what a golden hue it has given to the flood! One would swear the river run melted gold between its banks. How beautiful, how glorious! Why are our English autumns so dull and colorless in comparison?"

"The atmosphere of our Islands," replied Sir Edmund, "is humid, and deadens the action of the frost. The transition from summer to autumn with us, is gradual; here it takes place between sunset and sunrise."

"Beautiful!" said Trevor, casting his eyes lingeringly over the landscape, gilded by the setting sun; and then riding after his companion who had begun to follow the path to the forest beneath, he continued: "you have done well, Andross, to cast your lot in so fair a land. If thy mistress be for a maiden, one half so fair, thou art a happy, as well as a bold cavalier. 'Tis many years since I saw her.

"Twas before I went to Gottingen. If my memory serves me, she then held out the promise of great beauty."

"It is redeemed in her noble and lovely person."

"Is my cousin Kate equally fair? I have never seen her."

"I have not seen her yet. 'Tis said she is beautiful, though she is yet quite young."

"Loyal?"

"As her father," dryly answered Andross. "Forward!" he cried to his troop, as the rear gained the level ground; "close your files, and blow up your matches. Ride in silence and ride well. Trot!"

Thus speaking the knight and his companions put spurs to their horses, and rode forward at a pace which promised a speedy termination to their day's march. After an hour's ride, along a forest road, which often brought them in sight of the river, but as frequently conducted them through the depths of the wood, they drew rein on an eminence half a mile from the town, which was indistinctly visible through the gathering twilight.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Edmund Andross, after he had given the command to halt; "we are now before the place of our destination. I will go into the town

alone, to reconnoitre, and learn what I can of public feeling. The troop will refresh themselves for half an hour, when, Trevor, I wish you to approach as near the town as possible without causing alarm, and await my orders. I leave you in command. Preserve the strictest vigilance. At present I do not wish the Assembly to know that I have an armed force to sustain my claim. I will first try mild measures with them. See that you are to horse within the half hour and waiting me outside the town. Now let me assume the puritan."

Here the knight threw a citizen's cloak over his warlike apparel, and exchanged his helmet for a flapped hat, which the slave hitherto had carried for his use.

"Shall I accompany your Excellency?" asked Dudley, placing a foot in his stirrup.

"Not now, good citizen. 'Twill excite suspicion. You are well known. So is Randolph. Messieurs, I pray you to be guided by my wishes. I will soon return. Follow me, Cato. Gentlemen, adieu!"

Thus speaking, the knight threw himself across his saddle, and followed by his African slave, disappeared on the road in the direction of the town.

To be continued.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ORDER.

THE necessities, the wants, and the ordinary requirements of mankind in a civilized state, command that they should unite together to do each other service. The savage may roam in his forests in solitude, — the envious and disappointed man may seek in seclusion that peace of mind which his crooked disposition prevents him from finding among his fellow-creatures, — the over-sensitive mind may court the still, lone dwelling of the re-

cluse, and fly from a world, the temptations of which it lacks the courage to encounter and subdue; but still the pulse of nature beats strongly in the hearts of the great mass of humanity, and loudly proclaims that "it is not good for man to be alone." In sorrow, in suffering, nay even in our very joys, we have a warm desire for the sympathy and co-operation of our friends and neighbors; and we feel that we cannot long exist together without

asking ourselves, in what way can we best unite for securing fellow-feeling in our distresses, relief to our wants, participation in our enjoyments, and mutual harmony and good-will in our hours of relaxation? I tell you distinctly, that I believe the answer to that question is to be found in these few plain and simple words,—by adopting and embracing the principles of Odd Fellowship. For what are those principles? Friendship, Love, Truth, Charity, and Harmony!

FRIENDSHIP is of two kinds,—particular and general. Particular Friendship is that esteem between two individuals which draws them into habits of the closest intimacy, and imparts a desire that whatever happiness is enjoyed by the one, should be likewise experienced by the other. If well founded, it is not changeable, but all-enduring; and the knowledge that a friend exists to whom our reverses or our triumphs may be entrusted with safety, is not only one of the greatest blessings of life, but the perception of the blessing may be said to be universal. Well has the poet inquired,—

“Who lives, that has not known a friend?
One who for worlds would never send
A look unkindly, when the hour
Of dark misfortune chanced to low’r;
Who from the furthest nook of earth,
Would gladly stretch his welcome forth,
And hail those bright and joyous days
When Friendship shed her kindling rays?”

But Friendship is not confined to individuals. Like air, it is capable of vast expansion; and its cultivation appears to be as necessary to the well-being of the moral, as the purity of the atmosphere is to that of the physical world. It is this expansive and circulating Friendship which is to be met with in wholesome exercise among the brethren of Odd Fellows’ Lodges. Not a blow, not a threat, not the semblance of a curse, not an ill remark, not a harsh-judging thought is permitted there; but all is courteous, smiling, hand-shaking, decent familiarity, from a conviction that an Odd Fellow would sooner

suffer injury himself, than do his neighbor wrong.

I mentioned LOVE as the next characteristic of Odd Fellowship, and some may consider it an quality for us to claim. By the term Love is usually understood that peculiar warmth of sentiment,—already, doubtless, a matter of experience with you all,—which grows up between two individuals of different sexes. Still I shall not, perhaps, be much mistaken if I ascribe the same origin to both Friendship and Love; and plainly tell you that I can only describe Love, as Friendship at the boiling point. But it is not merely that sort of love to which the emblem of our Order refers. It comprises love for all to whom friendship cannot properly be extended; the love of parents for their children, of children for their parents,—of brothers for sisters, and generally of relative for relative; together with that love for the friends and relations of each other, which induces us to do all the good we can for them by reason of the sincere friendship we entertain for their male friends with whom we are associated in our Lodges. Should a brother die, we love his children; and we likewise entertain a Christian and benevolent love towards the bereaved wife of his bosom. We readily acknowledge any claim they make upon us, convinced that charity so bestowed is twice blessed,—in blessing those who give, and they who take.

TRUTH follows next, and that is a thing which the best supporters of our Order scrupulously practise and inculcate. A deliberate liar is but one remove from a ready-made coward,—a skulking, lazy fellow, who has not the heart to exert himself in doing what is right, and must therefore have recourse to a thousand shifts and meannesses, to keep up a threadbare decency of appearance. We abhor and punish imposition in whatever shape it comes before us, even to total exclusion from the Order. In its more enlarged

sense, we consider truth to include sincerity, open-mindedness, singleness of purpose, integrity in our intercourse with society, and honesty in all our dealings; to the acquisition and observance of which qualifications all Odd Fellows are bound to give their utmost attention.

I come now to notice another distinguished principle of Odd Fellowship, which though I am happy to say it is no novelty among mankind, has yet this one peculiar property, that unlike the changing and perishing things of this world, it "never faileth," — never faileth to confer a blessing on whom it is bestowed, and by the natural returns of gratitude, never faileth to come back, with interest-laden recompenses, into the hands of the giver. You will at once perceive that I allude to CHARITY, the practise of which draws a broad line of distinction between the man of generosity and penuriousness — between bigotry and toleration — between the proudly censorious, and the humbly indulgent. I could say much on this head, but the fact is, the several principles which I felt called upon to notice, combine, and blend so with each other, that it is impossible to describe one, without touching upon some essential feature of the others. Thus Love and Friendship are intimately connected with Charity; and Charity, in like manner, embodies within itself very much that belongs to Friendship and Love. Charitable construction of the conduct of others is not less amiable than peruniary benevolence, and it is not unfrequently found more difficult of practice. There are many per-

sons not indisposed to open their purses, who seem to find pleasure in saying hard things to the very objects of their bounty, and who are ridiculously annoyed if men in humbler circumstances venture to form opinions for themselves. Such men are prone to put constructions on the conduct of others which are equally uncalled-for and unjust. It is the study of Odd Fellows to adhere to the genuine principles of their Order, — to combine charity of the hand with charity of the judgment; and rather to allow that they may be wrong themselves in their conclusions, than hastily to impute misconduct to others.

Lastly, I have to refer you to the subject of HARMONY, which is one of never-ceasing interest with Odd Fellows. They desire to uphold it in all their laws, in their language, their correspondence, and their demeanor towards each other. Of no true Odd Fellow can it be said, he is one whose soul

"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and crimes."

for he is rather a man whose mind is tuned to gentlest thoughts of pity, love, and peace. He delights in a good song; and as to those who, like myself, are not versed in the science of sweet sounds, he is content to put up with, from them, it may be an indifferent recitation, at the same time that he glories in a patriotic or truly social toast.

Having thus taken a hasty glance at some of the leading features cherished and inculcated by our Order, I shall conclude by simply stating, such are the Principles of Odd Fellowship!

Odd Fellows' (Eng.) Magazine.

THERE is but one road to permanent happiness and prosperity, and that is the path of unspotted integrity — of high-souled honor. A violent resolution is of-

ten made to be broken. Yet a sudden start from the right to the wrong road should always be followed by as sudden a start back again.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF NEW INSTITUTIONS.

It is a singular circumstance in the history of mankind, that those institutions which ultimately have conferred upon human nature, blessings the most important and beneficent, have generally in their original establishment been not only regarded with indifference, but frequently even facetiously and maliciously opposed. Many examples might be adduced, sufficient to establish the truth of this observation; but it is unnecessary, perhaps, to multiply examples for this purpose, when one instance, and that the most effective and conclusive, on account of the extensive influence and authority which that institution now exercises over mankind, can be produced.

The early history of the establishment of Christianity offers an example at once as a proof of the truth of the preceding observation, as well as confirmatory of another circumstance, that the greater the benefits likely to ensue, the more violent, the more vindictive the opposition that is offered; and though, perhaps, no such powerful and persevering exertions were ever used against the propagation of any other system or institution, yet every society having for its ostensible and real motives the improvement, and consequently the increasing happiness of the human race, has been opposed, or its extension retarded, nearly in the same ratio to the beneficial effects it has ultimately produced.

Mankind are generally and certainly more powerfully attracted by advantages, which are likely immediately to ensue, rather than by those which are apparently doubtful, or which time alone can develop. To this principle we must ascribe the neglect and inattention with which societies, founded upon principles the most pure and the most rational, have

been frequently regarded by the generality of mankind; and this feeling has not subsided, or been removed, until by the persevering and laudable exertions of some high-spirited and noble individual, these societies have been brought to such a state of perfection and utility as to exert, even from the cold and selfish, a protracted, but finally an honest testimony of applause.

Self-gratification and advancement are generally the most powerful stimulants to exertion, and wonderful are the efforts which men, possessing but only a small share of talent and natural superiority, have used for the possession of any favorite object, or for the execution of any design beneficial to themselves. But it is a singular and difficult affair to induce a number of men readily and cordially to combine together for the accomplishment of any object, which has not for its purpose immediate and self-aggrandisement. This is, in the first instance, an exertion of the human faculties, at once so curious and uncommon that it must necessarily attract the notice and attention of mankind, and be productive to the projector, according to the varied dispositions existing amongst men, either of applause, of distrust, or of open hostility. To the great and comprehensive mind, it offers a subject of contemplation abounding with pleasing and gratifying prospects. Distinctly, though still distant, he perceives the benefits that must flow from such a measure, and anticipates with feelings of satisfaction the moment when the combined exertions of the various members of a great and united body, shall be all devoted to the honorable and noble purpose of improving and ameliorating the social condition of each.

In the opinion of the selfish and malignant, these Institutions are too often considered as combinations of folly and design, originating either in the ambitious spirit of some single individual, or resulting from the caprice of a few of the inferior portion of mankind, and tending to create the appearance, rather than the actual accomplishment of any beneficial project. The cold avaricious calculator, relying upon his own resources, refuses to contribute, from a feeling of heartless selfishness, to any project that may tend to soften or alleviate the sufferings of humanity, if it does not tend at the same time to his own immediate advantage. And above all, the tyrant, fearful of all combinations amongst mankind, dreads the moral influence and power which societies founded on principles of justice and mutual good offices must ultimately exercise throughout the world.

Such are the obstacles which societies founded for noble and beneficent purposes have too frequently been compelled to contend against. The bold and unscrupulous assaults of some — the timid, the vacillating disposition of others — the scrutinizing, malicious investigation of the cold and distrustful, have all been arrayed either in open hostility or in secret combinations against the prosperity of such Institutions; and nothing but an earnestness of purpose, an undeviating and untiring resolution, founded upon a consciousness of the utility and dignity of the object to be accomplished, could ever have sustained and animated any individual in the great and beneficent task of founding and promoting and perfecting such societies.

These observations, and these peculiar principles, are directly applicable to some of those benevolent societies, which are the production and offspring of modern times, and to none perhaps do they apply more strongly and effectively than to our own Institution. To those only who have

been principally instrumental in the establishment of these institutions in many of the provincial towns and rural districts of the kingdom, can alone be known the various difficulties, the strange and even ridiculous prejudices which had to be encountered and overcome, previous to the formation of these societies; and even after a form and semblance was given, yet still the feelings which produced opposition to the commencement of the society, long and constantly endeavored to retard its advancement.

In all those various portions of the kingdom, removed by distance from the civilizing power and influence of large and populous cities, wherever general knowledge and information had only just begun to diffuse itself, where the rude and contracted ideas of former periods were only just beginning to disappear before the refining and softening touch of advancing intelligence, the union of any body of men, connecting themselves together for mutual support and assistance, seemed, to minds just emerging from ignorance, as a novelty to be wondered at rather than adopted. By men hitherto accustomed to rely chiefly upon their own individual efforts for the accomplishment of their various desires, who never felt the necessity of mutual intercourse, nor delighted in the exchange of acts of kindness and affection, the utility of such a design as that of Odd Fellowship could suggest no useful or beneficial result. Their ideas never extending beyond the sphere of their own personal advantage, stubborn and indifferent from ignorance, opposed to every thing that is new from the fear of its interfering with their own benefit and advantage, they would naturally offer a sullen and unyielding opposition, if not an active and energetic hostility.

New feelings must arise, prejudices must be eradicated, before such men can ever be induced to regard such an Institution with complacency, much more to

sanction it by their authority, or increase it by their union. To effect this object the members of the newly-formed body must exhibit themselves to the world, as acting constantly in accordance with the principles they profess, as men animated by an honest and zealous desire to be useful to their fellow creatures, as ever more ready to bestow than to receive benefits. The example of such a body of men, stimulated to virtuous exertions by the laws and precepts of their society, will ultimately prevail over opposition, and gain not only the esteem and approbation of the wise and the benevolent, but even the favor, or at least the assenting silence, of former and inveterate enemies.

Under such circumstances, and under such difficulties, I am led to believe that Odd Fellowship hath gradually and steadily advanced to its present pitch of utility

and importance. Small at first and unimportant, considered by the multitude as a foolish and chimerical plan, adopting a singular appellation and apparently affecting something secret and unknown, it hath at length, triumphing over every difficulty, attained a pre-eminence worthy of its original projectors, worthy of its humane, charitable and virtuous precepts.

This proud pre-eminence, which it enjoys, affords a still further source of satisfaction to every Odd Fellow, as it hath been gained, not by violence, not by subtlety and intrigue, but by the display and actual performance of all those noble and humane and charitable actions which pour blessings upon mankind, and ensure a triumph more durable and more rational than the trophies of the mightiest conquerer that ever spread desolation over the earth.

RELIGIOUS DISSEMBLING.

[Dow, JR., the inimitable, in one of his sermons, thus discourseth on matters of religion : —]

TEXT. — In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray. — GOLDSMITH.

VERY respectable hearers — Islington is not the only seaport or land town that contains such silver-washed ornaments to the Christian religion as the one mentioned above. We find them wherever we go — they're around us just as thick as hemp and grass-hoppers, only we don't always distinguish them from the real Simon Pure ; but all we have to do is, to give them a little scratch with the thumb-nail, and then it's easy enough to tell what stuff they are made of. These fellows get down on their marrow bones, and

make long prayers just for a show off ; but they couldn't pray at all, if they hadn't it all cut and dried beforehand. I've seen them get boggled before now, right in the middle of a prayer ; because they wanted to vary it, and hadn't the gumption to do the thing nicely. I once knew an old farmer up in Connecticut, who might be set down as a fair specimen of the whole batch of these cunning dogs, who lick the outside of the platter. He used to pray in his family every morning as regular as the tea-pot was emptied ; but while offering up his thread-bare petition, one eye was singled to the glory of the Lord, and the others to matters nearer home. On one occasion, as he drew the big arm-chair (over which he had been devoutly leaning) to the casement, he cast his eyes out of the window, and ere his humble

prayer had risen higher than the chimney top, exclaimed in the fullness of his heart : "There—there—run, John ! them d—d hogs are all in the mowin agin !" Here, my hearers, was one of your true men of Islington. He ran a godly race whene'er he went to pray ; but at any other time his race consisted in licking the devil round the stump. The coat of religion won't fit these deformed beings, any how you can fix it : it wrinkles in the back — cuts under the arms — sits awkwardly, and won't bear wetting. If I had my way, I'd strip every rag of hypocrisy from their backs, and leave nothing on them but the mere shirt of honesty, which the Lord knows would be a thin covering. Their show of piety is only to help them along smoothly through this world. It makes them appear upright, just and equitable ; but I do positively assert, that the man who thus counterfeits religion for the sake of the world, would not hesitate to steal a sheep's head and pluck from a pauper's hovel. They will offer their spurious coin at the gate of Heaven, but it will be no go — can't go in with that shilling. As my venerable father, who is now numbered with the dead, once observed — they burn out their candles in the service of the devil, and then throw the wick in the Almighty's face.

Dearly beloved brethen — don't for the sake of common honesty, profess any more than you possess ! take a pattern after me ; be frank — be honest — speak your minds on all occasions — tell the truth and shame the lawyers. The young buck who was refused admission into the

church, deserved credit for his sincerity, when he said it made no difference to him, for he could go and enlist into the troops. It has been said that an honest man is the noblest work of God ; some say a pretty woman is. Be that as it may, I believe my congregation is pretty nearly of the right stamp — though a little is yet lacking. I came among you to preach, without script, and an empty purse. Just fork over a few coppers more, and then if I don't ladle you out a mess of good potage, it will be because your dishes are all bottom upwards. I have a fondness for you all ; and a deep affection for the souls of those young ladies in that back seat yonder. I have too frequently noticed the smiles of levity upon their countenances ; their eyes are oftener turned to the young men at their right, than upon me. I cannot see these buds of purity contaminated : their immortal parts are too beautiful and tender to be exposed to the chill winds of the world. I have hopes for them yet. You, young gentlemen, who are now leaving the flowery lawns of youth, to enter the green bowers of manhood — I warn you never to dissemble : life with you is now a reality, and death will become so, sooner or later. Avoid hypocrisy — shun vice — court virtue — and let the man of Islington go to Halifax. You, old men—who are scattering white hairs upon the grave — whose feet totter — whose eyes grow dim — bear with me for a short time longer, while I prepare for yon a downy bed, so that you may lie down and rest in everlasting peace. So mote it be !

LADIES, in the choice of husbands, should look to future as well as to present happiness. It is not the handsomest, nor the richest partner that makes life sweetest ; it is the congeniality of tastes and

feeling, and a reciprocity of love. An honest heart and a good head are more to be desired than the proudest title or the heaviest purse, for a pleasant life and happy old age.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY P. G., L. WYMAN, JR.

"The dead are every where!
The mountain side, the sea, the woods profound,
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair—
Is one vast burial ground!"

WE know full well the enjoyment of friends here below is transient:—The beloved associations of our early days are severed, and a sad reality bids us look beyond the narrow limits of time, to a life beyond the grave—to seek a reunion with those we love in the blessed abode of purity and light. How true it is that even while we live we are beginning to die; that all associations are continually changing, and last only for a day.—As we take a retrospective glance at times past,—as we cast our eyes back through the dim vista of "days that were," and and recall to mind the friends of our youth, how often in silent communion of soul we are led to enquire "where are they?" an echo from the tomb answers "where are they?" or, "they sleep in my bosom!"

Of the many who in childhood disported with us their short and sunny hours,—those whom we could once call our friends; whose hand returned the fond pressure of our own, in the sincerity of affection and truth, where, where are they?—How few meet our wandering eye—some in their journeyings through life have been called to other climes, to distant and stranger lands;—some have found their last home, and lie silent in their peaceful abode;—the burning winds of Afric's clime passes over the grave of a loved one,—the spicy breezes of Ceylon, and the shading palms of oriental climes, tell us of the last resting place of others,—the bird of paradise wings its daily visit o'er the silver stream, near which reposes the mortal tenement of genius and worth

—the vine clad hills of Italy, or the Ganges' sacred shades, point us to the dust of a long lost friend. Perrè la' Chassè, and Auburn, enshrine many around whose monument affection like a bright star sheds its undimmed light—the whole earth is indeed a tomb, wherein is laid the friends of our early days.

A few choice spirits still linger around us, irradiating like stars the sky of our existence, making glad the heart and rendering it brilliant with the light of hope,—with the joy of expectation. Yes, there is a heavenly influence breathing around us as we contemplate those who have gone before us, as we trust, to that city whose foundations are of gold, and whose gates are of precious stones—for us as well as for those who have already passed to their rest, will those bright portals be re-opened; the gold will no more become dim or the fine gold changed, for God hath written in imperishable characters the redemption of man. Although upon some death has set his signet, and they are gone,—they sleep not forever;—though they lie with the wreck, 'mid the treasures of the deep, "mid gold and gems, and buried isles," yet they sleep not forever!—they slumber only for a time, and will at last burst those iron shackles and appear in a new robe resplendent with the beauty of holiness, made white in the blood of the Lamb.

It cannot be that those whom we so tenderly loved,—those fair beings whose hearts once beat in mutual sympathy with our own—they whom the Angel of Death has hidden from our gaze, and whose names float for awhile in the remembrance of a cold and selfish world,

are destined to float for awhile *only*, and then be forever lost, to pass away into the ocean of forgetfulness, never more to be known. No : there is a language in the air, — a messenger from the spirit land, — the voice of those who are gone, which sweetly breathes “we shall meet again” — which breathes with Æolian melody on our ear, and thrills our very senses with delightful expectations. May

we not believe that those whose memory we would cherish, like some fair spirit bound on a mission of mercy, will ever hover on guardian wings around us, and sweetly draw us to the abode of the blessed, — to those regions which bar all that is earthly from entering, — whose portals purify the souls which they unite with immortality ?

Original.

OPPOSITION TO SECRET SOCIETIES.

“ You meet together to serve the devil ! ”

SUCH was the language addressed to a brother of the Order, by an opponent, in this place not long since, whilst engaged in pouring out the vial of his wrath against an Institution of which he knew no harm, except that the members met together from time to time in private, for the purposes of benevolence and charity, and to devise means to relieve the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. “ *You meet there to serve the devil !* ” How amiable ! How charitable ! How much like a gentleman and a Christian ! “ O *shame* where is thy blush ? ” How bitter the opposition — how inveterate the enmity of many against every thing that is good and virtuous, unless it conforms in every particular to their own notions ! They cannot bear to see a company of men meeting together from time to time in a private manner to do their own business — to relieve each others’ sufferings, and to provide for the future welfare of their wives and families, unless *they* can know every thing that is done and said, whether it concerns them or not. If Odd Fellows choose to close their doors, when they are transacting their own business, and attending to their own affairs, why

should others complain because they are not permitted to witness all our proceedings, and accuse us of doing that which we ought not. If our meetings are *secret*, how do they know whether we serve the devil or not ? How do they know but our meetings are spent in religious devotion ? If they *know* what is transacted at our meetings, then are our proceedings no longer secret ; and why, then, need they complain, seeing they are acquainted with all our doings ? Our secrets can certainly do no harm when they are known. But if they do *not* know what is done at our meetings, then I would repeat, How do they know that we do any thing that is illegal or improper ? If they do not know it, what right have they to assert it ? Has an individual a right to assert that which he does not know to be true, especially when it is injurious to private character ?

“ What can we reason, but from what we *know* ? ” and what do those *know* about our institution, who are so liberal in their denunciations against it, from which to infer that it is injurious in its character or dangerous in its tendency ? Shall we be told that it is a secret institution and is therefore to be looked upon

with suspicion? But are all secret associations to be looked upon with suspicion, and to be denounced, simply because they are *secret*? Then must family associations be broken up; for where is there a family but that has secrets which they do not wish the world to know, and which they wish to communicate only to their friends? Let this principle be carried out, and private associations of every character will be banished from the world.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow," and who knows what mighty evils, may follow from such small associations. The introduction of sin into the world, is said to be the effect of eating an apple; the cackling of geese saved Rome, and a single spark of fire has often consumed cities. Since, then, such tremendous effects flow from small causes, had we not better cry out against the marriage institution, and henceforth have the husband and wife occupy different sleeping apartments, lest under the cover of night they might lay some dreadful plot to ruin the country? "An ounce of prevention, is worth a pound of cure;" and who knows what awful calamities may be averted by such a course? Would it not, then, be acting the part of prudence to adopt such measures for the public good?

I contend that the larger and more extensive any secret association may be, the less dangerous will it be in its tendency; while on the other hand smaller ones are more to be feared. I do not mean that a large body of men could not accomplish more, were they closely united, and firmly resolved, than a small one; but it is more difficult to unite a large number of men in a secret plot against their country, and to keep that plot a secret. A few men might be found with ease who could be perfectly agreed upon a certain subject, and who would faithfully conceal their plans from the world, until they had an opportunity to execute them. But you commit that same secret to a larger num-

ber of men — to a thousand, or an hundred thousand, and there will be much more danger of its being divulged, than when known to only a few individuals. Hence as you increase the number of any secret association, you increase the liability to an exposure, and consequently lessen the danger arising from such an institution: therefore I argue that family secrets are more dangerous than those which belong to large societies. Besides, in a fraternity like ours, composed as it is of men of all classes and professions, of all political parties, and of all religious faiths; whose interests conflict, and whose opinions clash, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to concert a plot against the public good, which would not materially affect some of its members; and the moment such an event was brought about, — indeed the moment such a measure was proposed, division and disunion would rend our beloved Order into a thousand parts, and seal its doom forever, or at least until it should be thoroughly purged from such iniquity. It is folly, therefore — it is iniquity to condemn an institution, merely because its members do not choose to sound a trumpet before them, and to blazon abroad all that is done or said in their private meetings. If our opposers do not know any thing bad about us, let them keep silent until they *do know* something, and not be continually prating about *secrecy, secrecy*, when they have secrets of their own which they would be ashamed to have their neighbors know. Our Savior often communed with his disciples in private. When he was transfigured in the presence of Peter, James and John, he charged them to "*tell the vision to no man*, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." If, therefore, secrecy itself be a crime, Christ was guilty of it. If secrecy is of itself no crime, then are we most assuredly innocent.

A. F.

Ware Village, April, 1843.

Original.

THE ODD FELLOW.

BY BRO. H. G. LUTHER.

Who, when a brother is in need,
And from keen hunger would be freed,
Is happy to perform the deed?

The Odd Fellow.

Who, when a brother low is lain,
And fell disease applies its pain
Is never called upon in vain,

The Odd Fellow.

Who, when a brother is ta'en away
From darkness here to brighter day,
The last sad tribute sure will pay,

The Odd Fellow.

Who, seeks to assuage the widow's grief,
And willing offers her relief,
Nor to her wants is ever deaf,

The Odd Fellow.

Who, to the fatherless will prove
A father, with all the father's love,
Looking for recompense above,

The Odd Fellow.

Who, to the world should always prove,
He has his watch-word from above,
That watch-word "FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH,
and LOVE," The Odd Fellow.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY F. G. DAVID DAVIS.

GREAT God in whom we trust,
Who formed us from the dust,
Let every heart be just

In thy pure sight;

Friendship and truth we claim,
Knowing from thee they came,
And honoring thy great name,
Is our delight.

We all go hand in hand,
And by each other stand
In this, or foreign land,
Wherever found;

Friendship with us shall reign,
We shall not part again,
Since God hath made the chain,
With which we're bound.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER V.

ENCAMPMENT OF PATRIARCHS.

"Forth from the shadow of their late abode,
The Patriarch led the remnant of his race,
With tearful eye upturned he silent strode,
And at the altar bowed his reverend head."

THE degrees conferred in a subordinate Lodge of Odd Fellows are indeed sublime and beautiful, developing much that is interesting to the lover of active, and practical benevolence, affording at the same time a wide field for usefulness and charity;—yet they are but the types of the greater and more sublime degrees of the Encampment.

The Encampment of Patriarchs may truly be said to be the most interesting and gratifying part of the Order of Odd Fellowship. In the Encampment alone can he find a full, complete, and comprehensive knowledge of Odd Fellowship—in the Encampment he can learn of its complete and eventual triumph. Yet it is to be regretted that so few of the great fraternity of Odd Fellows, unite themselves with an Encampment, losing thereby, much important and interesting knowledge.

The five subordinate degrees, are but the "stepping stones" to knowledge and perfection in the higher and more exalted degrees. No individual of ordinary intelligence, should rest satisfied with a partial inquiry or attainment of truth so long as there remains within his reach greater principles and developments of truth and its sublime attributes,—but on the contrary should endeavor to make himself a *master* of its most prominent

teachings, and the moral beauties and purity with which it is surrounded.

In the Encampment may be learned the antiquity of our Order, and in considering the present advanced state of the Order, in looking at its moral beneficence it is natural to turn our eyes to the *past*, to the *present*, and to the *future*, and behold Odd Fellowship—as it *was*, compared with *what it is*, and then to look forward with delightful expectations to what it *yet shall be*.

True, our "Trysting tree" is near the blue waters of the Atlantic, yet our "Stone Eazel" is beyond the Rocky mountains, the march of the great cause of benevolence is *onward*, journeying towards the setting sun,—from the "Tri-mont" of Massachusetts, to the sweet regions of a southern clime; the same bright "chain" of brotherhood extends binding in one strong bond thousands of true hearts, and willing hands.

Would you trace the progress of this mysterious Order from its primeval dawning to its final developments, from the dark Hun,—to the wandering Visigoth—would you look upon the *wisdom*, and circumspection of the followers of Alaric—would you behold the unhewn altars of the Suevii,—you must seek it at the shrine of "knowledge and perfection."—Would you look upon the early history and design of those massive piles of granite, those extended piles of lasting and magnificent architecture which cover so

large a portion of the old World,—would you learn more of the doings of those, whose hands reared, whose cunning skill fashioned, and whose persevering industry perfected those stupendous and time-worn edifices ; around whose battlements the storms of centuries have beaten,—which still remain,—and which shall remain, in all their beauty and perfection, until earth shall be no more ? Would you learn this, your thirst for knowledge and antiquity may be gratified ;—and a history of the *eventful* days of our association, is well worthy the care and expense attending its investigation, and but few I trust, would regret the trouble such an investigation might give them, considering the point as one of mere, historical knowledge, alone.

Their history may be learned, their beauties, and their true origin known, in the Encampment of Patriarchs, and that brother, who having attained to the "*scarlet degree*," progresses no farther, rests satisfied with knowing (comparatively) but little of the *practical* benefit and ex-

tended benevolence of Odd Fellowship.

Every individual knows, who knows anything of the Order, that it is calculated to do good, inasmuch as it relieves the distressed, succors the widow, and comforts the fatherless, yet he is a stranger to the true teaching and principles of the Order, and ever must remain a "stranger" to its origin, history, and true greatness, until he has *been carried safe over the "Bridge,"* which leads to *Light and Perfection*.

It is here alone that he may learn of the virtues practised by the great and good of all ages—with pleasure carry his imagination back to the time

When the primeval world's majestic plan,
Had vanished 'neath the overwhelming flood,
The chosen *Ark* that bore the race of man,
In safety o'er the world of waters rode.

Here he may learn the beauties of Covenant love,—of enduring well-tried affection, here behold the growth and overshadowing luxuriance of that little branch, which the messenger of the God of Jacob sent forth "yet once again," to return to him no more.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND FREEMASONRY.

It is a singular fact, worthy of note, that among the most violent opposers to Odd Fellowship, may be found those belonging to the Order of Freemasonry.—This opposition, I am confident, can arise from no other cause but that of jealousy. I do not mean to be understood as saying that Masons *as a body*, are opposed to us. I do not believe they are. The opposition appears to be among the more ambitious and selfish portion of them. The more liberal, enlightened part of the Masons, I believe, will go heart and hand with us in carrying on the work in which we are engaged.

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I have been led to these few introductory remarks, from the perusal of an article which appeared in the *Freemason's Magazine* a short time since. The article was written in consequence of certain resolutions being passed by a Masonic Lodge in Dresden, (Tenn.) in relation to a letter sent them by a Lodge of Odd Fellows of that place, the purport of which was, that when any one shall die, who at the time of his death shall be a member of both Fraternities, both Lodges shall accompany the corpse to the grave. That if the deceased was first a Mason, the Masonic Lodge should march first in the

procession, and vice versa. This request, it would seem, was no more than what brotherly love and friendship would dictate, and one which, as might be supposed, would be readily and cheerfully acceded to. But instead of receiving the letter in a spirit of friendship and love, it was treated with the utmost contempt, and a resolution passed to forever lay the communication on the table! If there ever was a want of that feeling manifested in the human breast, which can sympathise in the affliction of another, it never was more plainly exhibited than in this instance. It is virtually denying to pay that last sad mark of affection, which every friend wishes to pay to another. Admitting, even, that the fraternity of Masons have no desire to hold communion with Odd Fellows, as an Order, it would seem that they would at least manifest a disposition to unite in the funeral services of a departed brother, even though he were connected with another institution, as in the case just referred to.

As I have before observed, it is not to be presumed that the Order of Freemasonry, *as an Order*, will countenance the proceedings of the Dresden Lodge. In fact, one of highest officers in that Order, in a communication addressed to the Editor of the Freemason's Magazine, disapproves *in toto* the conduct of the Dresden Lodge, and administered a merited rebuke to his brother Editor, for expressing his hearty approval of their doings. The said Editor felt its force, and finding that he had o'erstepped the mark, begged that he might be excused for any thing improper that his elder brother may have discovered in his remarks.

There are in our Order many who are likewise members of the Masonic institution. They are as active and worthy brothers as any we have among us. On all matters relative to the welfare of the Order, they ever take a leading part, and appear as much interested, as any other

members. Their hearts and hands are always open to the needy and distressed, and to their brother Odd Fellow do they ever extend the hand of "Friendship, Love and Truth." Yet, for all this,—to adopt the principle of the Masons of Dresden Lodge,—must we refuse to accompany the remains of our beloved brother to his "long and narrow resting place," because, forsooth, he is a member of the Masonic fraternity! Away with such uncharitableness, such unfriendly feelings, such a want of brotherly affection.

It has been, and is now, supposed by many, the institution of Odd Fellowship is nothing more nor less than Masonry itself. Not being one of that Order, I cannot say whether the supposition be a correct one or not. If, however, the proceedings of Dresden Lodge, in relation to the communication sent them by our brethren, be a fair specimen of their principles, we can assure our friends that they are very far from being one and the same thing. *Odd Fellows would never have adopted such a course.*

The foregoing remarks are made, not with the intention of throwing obloquy or reproach upon the institution of Masonry. Far from it. I ever have been a friend and supporter of it. And because, occasionally, some few individuals of the fraternity should, from malicious or selfish motives, violate the principles of the institution, it will give me no reason to change my opinion in relation to it.—There must be weightier evidence, than either the doings of Dresden (Tenn.) Lodge, or the remarks of the Editor of the Freemason's Magazine, to convince me that Freemasonry is not only a charitable and benevolent institution, and enjoins upon its members to love one another, but that it also teaches them to pay a proper respect to those who are *not* members of their Order.

ODD FELLOW.

Boston, May, 1843.

UMBRELLAS.—Never own an umbrella; beg, borrow, steal, but never buy one. It is a perpetual trouble—an affliction to which Job's were but flea-bites. It is a contraband article—every one thinks he has a good right to seize upon it without molestation. It is taken from under your very nose and you have no redress—you cannot prove property when that property is so common. There is no visible sign to distinguish one umbrella from another, without your name is engraved upon it. This is a greater evil than the loss of the umbrella. It is as bad as if you bore on your forehead the mark of Cain. You are travelling in a stage-coach—you and your umbrella—you meet some inquisitive body—he wishes to find out your name—you resolve not to gratify him—he espies it upon your umbrella—he immediately addresses you, "Oh! Mr. So-and-so, I knew I'd seen your name somewhere!" casting a knowing glance at the handle of your umbrella, which, now too late, you endeavor to hide from his view. Umbrellas are bad enough at best, but if you must own one, let it be anonymous.

WHO ARE LEARNED.—We have often thought that distraction of pursuit was the rock upon which most minds had split in early life.—Let the youth fix his mind upon a laudable profession, and whatsoever he learns, let him bear upon it, and there is scarcely a case in multitude of common powers of intellect, in which he could not go up to distinction and eminence. That man is learned who can concentrate his learning upon the pursuit of his life. If he cannot thus bring in the ramifications of his knowledge, what is his learning good for? He may read Hebrew, Greek and Latin—converse with the oriental tongues, and be perfectly familiar with all the philosophy of antiquity, and yet be incapable of constructing a house, sailing a ship, delivering a sermon,

pleading a law suit, or cultivating a farm. That man is learned who can bring his knowledge down to practical utility, and it has ever struck us as of the utmost importance that the youth of our country should be first impressed with the idea that he only is learned who understands correctly the details of his own profession. To be learned it is not necessary to know everything, but the man who knows all that can be learned upon any laudable pursuit in life, is a learned man, notwithstanding he may be ignorant of the details of others. Some men—and that, it strikes us, is the great error of the day in which we live—are learned in every thing in general, and are profoundly ignorant in particular pursuits, professions, or trades, or useful employments.

THE Albany Patriot says;—"One of our own Methodist clergymen, last Sunday, remarked that if all the world believed the Second Coming was to take place on the 23d of April, 1843, at three o'clock, P. M., two-thirds of them would delay all preparation for it, till *half past two*!"

A spruce young buck was boasting of his success with the fair, and among other things declared that he might have *sparked* it with a lady whom he named. "Why, then," said his friend, "did you neglect such a golden opportunity?" "Because," answered he, "*she begged to be excused*, and I was such a deuced fool that I excused her!"

MAY is considered by the superstitious as an unlucky month to marry, or, as the Scotch say, "uncannie." A lady who was being courted in the month of April, having been solicited by her lover to name some day the next month for the wedding, replied that *May* was an unfortunate month; and being asked to name it in June, asked in return if April would not suit just as well!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IMPROVEMENT.—Being desirous of making the Symbol equal to the wishes and expectations of our readers, we shall from time to time, make such improvement in the mechanical portion of the work, as (we hope) shall meet their approbation. We shall at the same time endeavor to present a well-selected miscellany department, consisting of Tales, &c., while the original department shall be such as shall maintain the true dignity and interests of the Order, both at home and abroad. We shall commence with the next number a series of *illustrated papers*, giving a sketch of the emblems of our Order, each paper to be embellished with an emblematic design. These papers will add much variety to the original department of the Magazine, which will be increased as the circulation of the work shall render it necessary.

ODD FELLOWSHIP. — The Order of Odd Fellows exhibits a remarkably rapid rise and extent, when compared even with other societies of a similar nature. We do not stop to ask, where it is that Odd Fellowship may be found, and by what is its course distinguished; in a few years it will be demanded with more consistency, where it is not. It is becoming one great league of empires, having for its object, to cement the bond of happiness wherever humanity can be found, and to civilize it where it is yet in barbaric ignorance, — to offer the hand of friendship wherever it is needed, either for social communion, or to alleviate distress; to show the working classes of all countries that their best reliance in time of need, is upon themselves, — that they have energies for cultivation which are calculated for success, and certain of attaining it, if well pursued, — that the road to riches

and honor lies before them, if they will choose the path which is open to their ambition, — that no domination can subdue their independence, when once it is acquired, and that there is a principle within themselves, capable of accomplishing most things, if determinedly set about. We look at the number of men of which our Order is composed, the amount of annual contributions which they pay, the sum of human suffering which is daily relieved by its charity and benevolence, the support which is given to friendless outcasts, and honest and industrious poverty, the widows hearts that daily leap for joy, the fatherless children that acquire new protectors to supply the places of those whom they have lost, with the thousand other benefits which Odd Fellowship confers, — and then at the fact, that this is going on, not in a limited sphere, nor in a confined locality, nor amongst only one community, but that it is extending almost over the known world; and we are thankful that we are one of an order, which contemplates, nay, which effects such universal good. We have looked for the hand of benevolence and sympathy from among those of the land over whose heads are raised temples of magnificence, to shelter them from the dew which falls upon them and the humble cottager in equal measure, for the blessings of education and civilization, from those to whom both the one and the other, to add that purely English word, comfort, to their vocabulary, which is only really known by our own firesides, — for examples of practical piety, of charity and good will to all men, and for the finer attributes of our nature from those whom Providence has placed in a higher sphere than that in which the main body of our Order moves; and whilst we have looked, (we

had almost said in vain,) for benefits which can be conferred only by those who are capable of bestowing them, because they know their value, we are obliged to come to the conclusion, that if the working man depends for support, for education, for improvement, for the means of acquainting himself with the history of his country, her laws, her science, the springs by which her machinery is moved and governed, for examples of domestic purity, for true religion, and for the virtues which adorn mankind, among those above him in society, in the long run, he will be mistaken.

Do not let us, however, be misunderstood as saying that there is no philanthropy among the higher classes of society, nor as complaining of what is attempted to be done. We admit that something is attempted, that schools rise up here and there, for the education of our youth; that there are institutions of a benevolent nature in many corners of the world, subscribed to by charitable individuals for the direct distresses of their less fortunate brethren; but what we contend for is this, that in carrying out the true principles of our Order, its benevolence is not merely pecuniary charity, but intellectual charity also; its friendship, not that for to-day, or for this generation, but for time, and in it, generations which are yet unborn. Its love, the love which extends to all men and all things, the love of God, the love of our neighbor, the love which makes all things excellent. Its truth, not merely the open-breasted candor, from which hypocrisy flies, and by which it is confounded,—but the truth which disseminates light wherever there is darkness,—which breathes fidelity wherever there is doubt,—which goes hand in hand with science, and showers its benefits upon all who are willing to seek it. It is thus we ask our beloved brethren to view the Order to which they belong, and the principles which it inculcates; not to consider them-

selves members of a benefit society, merely for purposes of a momentary character, but for those which are calculated to make men great and good for time and for eternity: not joined one to another for individual benefit so much as for the common benefits which are communicable by this association, and by which they may be thus diffused so widely, and so advantageously,—not assembling so much for entertainment of a sensual or indulgent character, but as a means of communicating useful knowledge,—knowledge which, while it fills the pocket instead of emptying it, may elevate the mind, and store it with a harvest of good things, ready to be appropriated when necessary.

CELEBRATION.—At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F., of Massachusetts, held in this city on the 4th inst., it was voted that they unite in the celebration of the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, on the 17th of next month.—An invitation has been extended to the several subordinate lodges in the State to unite with them on the occasion.

LECTURE BY REV. BRO. J. N. MAFFIT. A public lecture by Bro. Maffit, before the I. O. of O. F., will be delivered at the Odeon, on Friday evening next. Go early if you wish to obtain a seat.

☞ We are requested to mention that the Oriental Lodge will in future meet at Covenant Hall instead of Encampment Hall, as heretofore.

☞ We saw a Millerite the other day being measured for a new suit of clothes to "go up" in, on the 23d of this month. He said the "ascension robes" were out of fashion.

WE regret that we are unable to insert in our present number, Bro. Wetherbee's communication.

THE SECRET IS OUT. — The editor of the New York Sunday Mercury has revealed the secret in relation to the method of the initiation of an Odd Fellow. Here it is : —

"Ride a goat up stairs without saddle or bridle, and if you don't slip off, you are an Odd Fellow. That's the way they make 'em."

Correct, by Jupiter !

OLIVE BRANCH. — We notice by the last No. that this very interesting and useful publication is to be soon enlarged. We are right glad of this — first, because the publisher meets with that encouragement which enables him to do this, and secondly, because the more we have of Bros. Norris' and Lovell's contributions, the better. The Olive Branch, though its principal object is to support the Protestant Methodist Church, is certainly one of the very best family newspapers published in this vicinity. From its commencement, Bro. Norris has had a powerful and numerous opposition to contend with, and but few would have had the strength and perseverance to stem the tide. But Bro. N. has succeeded to a charm in working his way well through, and long may he live to enjoy a rich reward for his labors.

The Olive Branch is published at 62 Cornhill. Price, two dollars a year.

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT. — This is one of the most valuable and interesting magazines we have on our exchange list. It is edited by Charles P. Ilsley, Esq., which fact of itself renders it unnecessary that any thing further should be said in its favor. Published weekly, in quarto form of eight pages, at the extremely low price of one dollar per year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY. — This magazine, edited by Rev. Henry Bacon, is published monthly by A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, and is without question, one of the most

valuable periodicals published. The articles are mostly original, and what is better, they are written with much taste and ability. Each number is embellished with a rich and appropriate engraving. It is printed by Mr. J. N. Bang, in his usual neat and beautiful manner. Price two dollars a year. Octavo, 40 pp.

VARIETY.

A SHIP having sprung a leak, an Irish sailor was employed at the pump, but first looked over the rail to see how high the water was on the side of the vessel. After pumping an hour he again took a peep over the side, and finding the vessel was four inches deeper than when he begun, he exclaimed, "Arrah, now, captain dear, I shall soon pump the sea full at this rate, for I have raised it four inches already."

A fellow from Kentucky, says the Crescent City, went into the store of a fashionable milliner in New Orleans. "Have you any skirts?" asked he. "Plenty of all kinds," answered Madam W. "What do you ask a cord?" said the chap. "A cord?" replied Madam W. "Yes; I want about a cord. Up in our diggings the petticoats and things has gin out. I see ye advertise '*corded* skirts,' and I thought while my hand was in, I'd take what you had corded up." The milliner fainted.

CHURCH PEWS. — In the practice of politely bowing strangers out of a pew where there is still room to spare, is there not a lack of even worldly courtesy? "Have you not mistaken the pew, Sir?" blandly said one of these Sunday Chesterfields, as, with emphatic gracefulness, he opened the door. "I beg pardon," replied the stranger, rising to go out, "I fear I have, I took it for a Christian's."

Alas! the best of God's earthly gifts are only for the shortest periods. The dearest and sweetest children, are but as flowers from our heavenly Father's garden, which often come but as summer's loan, and then away again. Happy they who can hold them with so loose a hand, as to restore them thankfully and cheerfully, when called for, by him from whom they came.

A MATRIMONIAL BREEZE. "Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, jist tell me that — for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that father O'Flannagan sent me home to yer house?" "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, waping over the cold sod that covers me — then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye get along without me, honey."

A young lady in Memphis, Tenn., criticising gentlemen's modes of dress and fashions, says: "Moustaches are never worn by men of ordinary sense. Foppish fellows alone carry canes. Rings, chains and breastpins of gold never yet captivated a woman of common intellect. Gentlemen who exhibit on their hair evidence of great labor at the toilet, are not held in high estimation by the reflecting portion of the female sex." That's a sensible girl.

A man in Springfield, Ohio, thus announces himself a candidate for constable: "Philip E. Barnet — has a wife and thirteen children — poor — afraid to steal — too lazy to work — and would like to be elected constable."

It often happens that they are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slander — as we often find that to be the sweetest fruit which the hawks have been pecking at.

A gentlemen being called on to subscribe to a course of lectures objected, "Because," said he, "my wife gives me a gratuitous lecture every evening."

SYMPATHY. — Why is sympathy like the blind man's buff? D'ye give it up? Because it's a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

"Rachel, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?" "Why don't every stalk of clover bear four leaves, mother?" "Go and bring in a basket of chips, child."

Sincerity is an openness of heart: it is found in very few people, and that which we see common is not it, but a subtle dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y.
City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thurs.
En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10	do do Wed.
Getty's, 11,	do do Tues.
Germania, 13,	do do Fri.
Perseverance, 17	do do Thurs.
Tentonia, 14,	do do Mon.
Mariner's, 23,	do do Mon.
National, 30,	do do Mon.
Metropolitan, 33,	do do Fri.
Concorde, 43,	do do Tues.
Hancock, 49,	do do Wed.
Oriental, 68,	do do Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28	do do Wed.
Enterprise, 36,	do do Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44,	do Mon.
Grove, 58,	do do Thurs.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64,	do Tues.
Croton, 78,	do
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do,	do Mon.
Meridian, 42,	do do Wed.

Jefferson, 46, 327 Bowery, Tues.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.
United Brothers, 52 do Tues.
Howard, 60, do Wed.
Commercial, 67, do Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22, do Thurs.
Mercantile, 47, do Tues.
Olive Branch, 31, do Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73, do Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn, Tues.
Nassau, 39, do do Thurs.
Atlantic, 50, do do Mon.
Fulton, 66, do do Wed.
Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62, do Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co., Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co., Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do do
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co., Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co. Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Charmingville, Dutchess Co., Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do Mon.
Dutchess, 59, do do Wed.
Fireman's, 19, Albany, Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16, do Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5, do
Union, 8, do
American, 32, do Wednes.
Waternliet, 38, West Troy, Mon.
Spartan, 62, do Fri.
Phenix, 41, Albany, Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy, Wednes.
Trojan, 27, do Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh, Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Thurs.
Haleyon, 56, do Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo, Mon.
Buffalo, 37, do Tues.
Tehoseroron, 48, do Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester, Fri.
Teoronto, 69, do
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady, Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithaca,
Rockland County, 76, Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse, Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND LODGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Daniel Hersey, C. P. Hezekiah Prince, H. P. Robert I. Robbins, S. W. C. C. Hayden, J. W. Geo. T. Carruth, Scribe. A. Guild, Treas.
TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Edward Tyler, C. P. Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

UNION DEGREE LODGE.—Sam'l Trull, P. G. Joseph B. Frost, DM; Francis Blake, DDM; Edwin Adams, ADDM; E. F. Follensbee, VG; — Skinner, Sec'y; J. Daniell, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—Daniel Hersey, M. W. G. M. Thos. Barr, R. W. D. G. M. Solon Jenkins, R. W. G. W. Albert Guild, R. W. G. Sec'y. Hezekiah Prince, R. W. G. Treas'r. Thos. F. Norris, R. W. G. Chaplain. Chester N. Clark, W. G. M. Eben'r H. Wheelock, W. G. G. Eber Smith, W. G. C.

Thomas Barr, W. D. D. G. M. for Lowell District.
Thos. F. Norris, " " Cambridge do.
Eber Smith, " " Boston do.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Thomas C. Savory, P. G. Shadrach Dickson, N. G. Jos. L. Drew, V. G. W. F. Bulkley, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y.—Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

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MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, P. G. John Wright, N. G. John Taft, VG; Dan'l McLennan, Secretary; A. Greene, Treas'r.

MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—C. S. Dickinson, P. G.—Thomas C. Gilmore, N. G. A. Rolfe, VG. Stephen S. Seavy, Sec'y. Anson Huntington, Treas. A. A. Miner, Chaplain.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

MASSASOIT Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Tremont, No. 15, do do Tuesday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues.
Silam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Thursday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
Mechanic, No. 11, " Saturday.
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

SASSACUS Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
Quinipiac, No. 1, New Haven, Monday.
Charter Oak, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
Middlesex, No. 3, E. Haddam, Wednesday.
Pequannock, No. 4, Bridgeport.
Harmony, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

THE SYMBOL,

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1848.

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THE CHARTER, AN HISTORICAL TALE OF CONNECTICUT.—(CONTINUED.)

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ.

A FEW historical incidents in the early history of Connecticut, will explain the circumstances which brought the imposing military cavalcade we have been describing, to that peaceful and unwonted region.

In the year 1620, King James I., by letters patent under the great seal of England, incorporated Robert, Earl of Warwick, the Duke of Lennox, and forty noblemen and gentlemen, by the name of the "Plymouth Council," and formally granted them that portion of America now embraced by New England. This is the original grant on which are constructed all subsequent grants made to the New England colonies. In 1630, the Earl of Warwick, who was President of the Plymouth Council, received from that body a special grant of that territory which now comprehends Connecticut. This grant King Charles I. confirmed to him by a patent. The following year, under his own hand and seal, this nobleman made a grant of the land to Lord Say and Seal, and Lord Brook and others; at the same time transferring to them the patent he had received from Charles I. This is the original patent of Connecti-

cut. The settlers of the new colony, by this conveyance, became patentees of Lord Say and Seal. Notwithstanding the right conferred upon them by their patent, it became necessary, before they could open plantations, to purchase the Indian title to the lands. This was not finally effected until 1660, when the distinguished Sachem, Uncas, chief of the Mohegans, for "certain presents made to his satisfaction," surrendered his last reservation of hunting grounds, and gave the patentees a clear and ample deed of all the territory covered by their patent.

The colony having added the *native* title to their patent, determined in a general assembly to make application for a CHARTER under the royal signature. Formally avowing their allegiance to his Majesty Charles II., and declaring in well-set terms, that all the inhabitants of the colony were his faithful and loving subjects, (it being soon after the Government of England was settled in King and Parliament,) they petitioned him for his grace and countenance, and the confirmation of their rights and privileges. John Winthrop, Esquire, Governor of the colony, was appointed the agent to

present the petition to his Majesty. In the petition, it was humbly represented, that the greatest part of the colony had been obtained from the Indians by grant, and "valuable considerations;" that some other part thereof had been obtained by conquest. "Governor Winthrop," says the courteous historian Trumbull, "was a gentleman of address and elegant manners.

On being presented to the King, he took from his finger an extraordinary ring, of great price and beauty, and kneeling, said:

"Will your Majesty graciously condescend to accept this ring, which was a gift to my grandfather, from your Majesty's father."

The King took the ring, gazed upon it a few moments with a sad countenance, and a tear was observed by those who stood around, to fall upon the jewel as he placed it reverently upon his finger. Turning to the petitioner, he said, with a melancholy air:

"No gift could have been so acceptable, fair sir, as this little memorial of my unhappy sire. I shall hold it very dear."

Under these auspicious circumstances, the petition was presented, and received with "uncommon grace and favor." On the 12th of April, 1662, his Majesty granted the colony his letters patent, conveying to it the most ample privileges, under the great seal of England, and confirming to it the whole tract of country originally granted by Charles I. to the Earl of Warwick; and by him conveyed to Lord Say and Seal, and Lord Brook, in free and common socage. It ordained nineteen gentlemen as one body corporate and politic, by the name of "The Governor and Company of the English Colony of Connecticut in New England, in America," in perpetual succession, with the right of exercising all powers inherent in a free corporation. It was expressly ordained by the Charter,

that the colonists should share equally with the free and natural subjects of the realm of England, in the privileges of the British constitution.

The Charter thus formally granted, remained inviolate, until King James II. came to the crown; a period of twenty-three years. This monarch brought to the throne a disposition cruel and tyrannical; he was obstinate in his opinions—strong in his prejudices; and withal, a bigoted Roman Catholic. He began his reign by a wanton violation of the constitution of the three Kingdoms, and by trampling on the laws and liberties of the people. In all transactions between the crown and the subjects, he evinced a remarkable destitution of the principles of honor and common faith; not only exhibiting frequent instances of flagrant injustice, but often times the want of humanity. More than forty corporations in England he deprived of their charters, including that of the city of London. The charters of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were demanded, and were either vacated or surrendered; and, with the exception, alone, of Connecticut, King James had appointed a general government all over New England. In this open and universal violation of kingly faith, the colonists of Connecticut could not, being Protestants, hope to escape; and hourly trembled for the security of their Charter. At length, in July, 1685, the expected mandate came, in the shape of a writ of *quo warranto*, issued against the Governor and Company, requiring their appearance before his Majesty, to show by *what warrant* they exercised certain powers and privileges.

In this alarming crisis, the Governor called a special assembly, to consult on the means to be employed for the preservation of the colony. The result of this council was a petition to the crown, praying the continuance of the rights of the colonists. Instead of a reply, Ed-

ward Randolph, an indefatigable enemy to the provinces, came over from England bearing two writs more imperative than the first; and the December following, a fourth writ was served on the Governor and colony, requiring their appearance before his Majesty, "within eight days of the purification of the blessed virgin." In this affair the duplicity characteristic of most of the public acts of James II. was remarkably exemplified; for the writs named no proper time for their appearance, which was, says the historian, in fact, "no time at all." The colony not appearing, by its representatives, at time and place, all its chartered rights were declared vacated.

In December, 1686, therefore, Sir Edmund Andross arrived at Boston to take upon himself, under the crown, the administration of the government of New England, including of course, Connecticut. After he had become settled in his new government, he addressed the Governor and Company of New Connecticut, informing them that he held a commission from his Majesty to receive their Charter; further signifying his intention of marching to Hartford, to demand it in person at their hands, and assume the government. The Assembly was setting on the arrival of this epistle. Beneath its courteous and formal style, they had penetration enough to see that there was crouched a menace. Their reply was brief and decisive: "We will never, of our own wills, exchange our liberties for your chains."

The Assembly had met daily in the town-hall to examine the position in which they stood, and devise measures for preserving the charter. The evening on which Sir Edmund Andross entered the town, they were still in session. Favored by his disguise and the thickening night, he rode along its principal thoroughfare, without meeting any interruption. As he passed the town hall,—

its size and location rendering it conspicuous, even to a stranger,—the lights in the windows and a throng about its doors, showed that the colonial council were assembled there.

He rode on at a pace that soon brought him and his slave in front of an imposing mansion, aristocratically lifting its snow white walls amid a grove of stately trees. It appeared to be placed in the midst of extensive grounds, partly garden, with an avenue leading from its portico to the street. Here it terminated in a spacious gateway, the pillars of which were surmounted by two small lions, sculptored from the red free stone which abounds in that region. He drew up at the gate, dismounted, and bidding the slave secure the horses and follow him, he cautiously entered the avenue. Moving lightly, and listening as he went, he approached the house, two or three apartments of which were lighted, giving it a lively and hospitable appearance.

"Take this ring, Cato," he said, stepping aside as he spoke, to the covert of a large chesnut tree which grew near the house, its huge limbs almost touching it; "Ask for Helen,—you saw her in England. Tell her I wait here to see her."

The slave was soon in the house, and after a moment's delay, an elegant woman, not more than twenty years of age, made her appearance in the hall, the whole range of which, the door being open, Andross commanded from his post of observation.

"Did you desire to speak with me?" she asked, advancing with graceful dignity and with a condescending manner. "What! Cato?" she exclaimed in a tone between surprise and pleasure.

"You are not alone? Where is —."

"Here be um ring, Missus."

"The lady seized the emerald, gazed upon it for an instant,—pressed it to her lips, and then asked in a low eager tone, "Where?"

"Dere!" replied the negro, pointing with his chin and a jerk of his shoulder towards the chestnut. Helen flew past him, and the next moment was pressed to the heart of her lover.

"Helen," said Sir Edmund Andross, after the first words of meeting were interchanged,—receiving her arm and walking from the house, down a retired path, "I have come for the Charter."

"The council will never give it up, Edmund."

"I must compel them to do so."

"Oh, no. Remember my father is —"

"I do. But there is no alternative, unless —"

"What?" she demanded with interest.

"You can obtain it for me," he answered hesitatingly.

"That would not benefit you. 'Twould not be a surrender."

"I care not, so that I hold it in my possession, how it comes into my hands. 'Twill be equivalent to a surrender, ultimately,—as they will have no visible basis on which to found a bill of rights."

Helen reflected. "His Majesty's commands should be obeyed,—Edmund," she said, after a moment's silence, as if she was weighing her duty to her sovereign, against her duty to her uncle and benefactor. "If I obtain the patent for you, will you respect my father?"

"I will make him one of my council, and neither his power and influence with the colonists, nor his personal dignity, shall suffer. He shall still govern, though not in name."

"It shall be done. If my father be traitorous to his liege King, I will not be; but as a loyal subject, do my best to serve his Majesty."

"Spoken like yourself, Helen. How will you get possession of it? I trust more to you than to my whole troop."

"Listen. It is kept in a drawer in a bureau in the Governor's library, where all state papers are lodged. The key is in his escritoire, which he never locks. Remain here. In five minutes I will place it in your hands."

"Excellent! Hist! we are not alone."

"'Tis a bird we have frightened from its perch," said Helen listening. "Adieu! I will not be long absent."

"Run no risks, dear Helen," he said, detaining her.

"There is none, whatever. The Governor is at the Assembly room,—and there is no one in the house but the old house-keeper and servants.

"I will then go with you."

"Not for the world."

"I will accompany you to the portico."

"But not a step farther."

To be Continued.

Despotism, says an eloquent writer, can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press is destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

A MODERN philosopher quaintly observed that a man should be cautious of four things: a woman before, a horse behind, a cart sideways, and a priest every way.

Prayer is the silence of the soul, the calm of the passions, the contentment of desire, and the union of our will with the Divine.

TRUTH.—Truth wears well, and sits easy on the wearer; while new-fangled errors, like new-fashioned clothes, please for a while, but pinch men hard for the sake of the fashion.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Charleston, S. C., January 2d, 1843.

BY BRO. A. G. MAGRATH.

THERE is one feature in our charities, which to me has always seemed the most touching of any that we cherish: We do not forget those from whom the breath of life has passed away. We bury the dead! However poor and obscure, the brother that has joined us, receives all the rites of burial at our hands. We adjust the cold and stiffened limbs, and with our hands restore to dust, the dust which erewhile was animated and warm. Peace—sweet, eternal peace, rest with the ashes of the departed! His grave is opened to the view of hundreds, who felt him one of them; and the last sod that caps the mound of earth which marks his resting place, is witnessed by those whom he had joined as brothers. The stranger to him in the common walks of life, is not now a stranger. The hand that in life is steeled for the encounter of man with man, is now no longer encased in its hardy covering: the heart that in the world is subdued and kept obedient to rules of policy, is now unbound, and leaps forth, beating high with the gloom and sadness that overpower it: the eye that is cold, is wet with the tear of manly sorrow: and the hundreds are now bound with the beautiful and touching bond of a common sympathy and common sorrow. To the living, a lesson is told, instinct with truth and feeling: a lesson that softens the sternest heart, and melts into a holy communion the sternest spirit. The grave yard is the temple in which we are brought to pray for mercy—the coffin, the table for our sacrament. Let not the scoffer be near, for his feeling will meet with no fellowship in the crowd that are

gathered around; and the breathings of deep emotion that rise from that spot, like incense from the altar, will smite the heart of him who does not feel the sanctity of our Order, when thus uncovered in the sight of God, we devoutly pray for mercy at the throne of grace.

But we are met with an objection, that perhaps embraces all that can be said against our Association. It is said this is a secret society; it is an irresponsible body, and one that should not be encouraged. There are two answers which can be readily given to this objection. The first is, that in the sense in which the objection is used, our body is not a secret society; and next, that if it was, there is no society in the world that has not something peculiar and exclusive towards its members.

But I have said that ours is not a secret society. It is true that we have among ourselves certain marks of recognition, and certain ceremonies, which are not known to the world; but subject to the qualification of good character, to which I have before alluded, there is no individual in the community who cannot become acquainted with all that is so called secret. We have, it is true, certain forms, but these are the laws of our association; and it is as just to say that the rules of a private society are infringements of the political liberty of the citizen, as to say that that is secret which any one may know who deserves. Besides, the existence of a secret supposes a desire in those who are its repositories, to exclude all others from a participation in it. Not so with us: we entreat all who are use-

ful members of society, to unite with us in our philanthropic labor; and though inefficiently, the object of this discourse is to promulgate the principles of our Order, and seek among those who have not yet joined us, allies in the great cause which we now seek to advance.

But since when has mystery become a crime? In what department of life do we seek to impress our neighbor or friend, with the high obligation of his position in society, where we do not at the same time cherish that tie of hidden feeling, which is the mystery of friendship? Look abroad upon the whole face of nature—raise upward the eye from the smallest plant or meanest insect—let it travel through all the intermediate links, until it rests on the highest object of creation, the last work of superior excellence exhibited in the form of man, instinct with life, and illuminated with reason—and through all this varied range, in each department will we find the manifestations of superior power, distinguished by the mystery of illimitable and incomprehensible will. It is this which casts around the mind the impress of awe and reverence, and that even to the untutored intellect of the savage, comes with the holy influence, that makes him seek its abode in the incomprehensible light of day. Take from religion the mystery of divinity, and where is its influence? Take from God the mystery of unlimited power, and he is no longer Lord over all. If the end we propose to accomplish be proper, we should not neglect the means to make it successful. It is the immediate and responsible identification of each member of our Order, with the whole body, by the knowledge of the peculiar matters which are kept private, that gives the help to the continual and steady exercise of our Brotherhood. To each is given the key: each brother stands with the sign, a sentinel on the outward wall, to welcome the friend and challenge the

foe. And each is the guardian of the Order; for the crime or folly of one, though it could not destroy, might derange the beautiful harmony which marks the orb in which it moves.

But it is said, if your purpose is charity, why conceal it? why not be open in all your transactions? They who urge this argument, forget the living and beautiful characteristic of charity, so touchingly expressed in the admonition: "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. That thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly." They seek or desire the public and ostentatious offering of relief, which looks for its reward in the rumor and noise of the spectator, and not in the calm satisfaction which the doing of a good act itself excites. We have no such end in view. The object we aim at, is the doing good to those who are united with us; and so long as we are cheered with the reflection that we are the humble means of doing good to others, it will not concern us that the world may not know each particular of our charity. That applause which is so grateful to him who is engaged in any undertaking, we regard not as the *end* of our labor, but the spur and incentive which should encourage all who properly estimate the advantages of public opinion.

There are also many who will be ready to exclaim—if the charity you practice is of so wide a character, why confine it to those who are united with you? Why not make it embrace all mankind? To this objection, if it can be so called, the reply readily suggests itself. To profess to relieve the wants of the civilized world, from the sources which we derive from the contributions of a few, would be to herald a Quixotic enterprise, that sane men would pity and despise. To accomplish this end, would be beyond the ability of any private society,

and would in the magnitude of the undertaking, crush the power of the laborer, however honest. Besides, it is beyond the cavil of the hostile to expose us in an improper view, because they may please to suggest impossible or absurd ends to be accomplished. When the suggestion they make can be proved to be attainable, we may be then liable to the reproach it is intended to convey. But we claim to be judged by our *own professions*, and to receive the approbation of the community in which we are, when we *act* in accordance with those professions. We *do* accomplish what we profess to perform, and stand justified in the eyes of good and honest men, when we reject the suggestion to attempt what is well known to be impossible.

Yet it must be remembered, that our charity is not practised as a substitute for any of the requirements which are made by the communities in which we live. Whatever may be the policy, none will question the humanity, which in most civilized countries has created a refuge for the distressed, in the establishment of a fund for the poor. To this, as one of the institutions of civil society, we contribute our aid, and thus discharge with fidelity the debt we owe in common with all classes of citizens. But this relief which the law compels all to extend, too often fails to reach the truly distressed. And while by the exercise of our charity we relieve the tax on the general fund, we support the crushed and bruised spirit, that sinks under the humiliation of support from public charity. It may be this feeling is but pride—foolish pride—and that such pride is weakness in the individual. But who has probed his own heart, and has not felt the same feeling, there written in characters of fire, and consuming life, and the misery which it endured. It is born with us, and is one of the strong safeguards which surround and protect

the choicest blessings of society. God has planted it as a wholesome seed, and we earnestly endeavor to preserve it unharmed, nor suffer it to be trodden down and cast out as noxious weed. This is one of the ends we propose to accomplish. From the Temple of the Most High we carry to our closet the chastened spirit, which makes us bend the knee in the solitude of private prayer, and from the discharge of our public duty in the protection of a public fund, we turn with feelings of a softer kind to the private duties of our Order: to that charity, which is ever living in our hearts, and owes its existence not to the law of man, but to the generous and pure spirit which God has caused to be ever present with us. There is no law for the discharge of this duty, but the law of Love—there is no fear to keep us watchful, but the fear of God. Thus are we brought near to that blissful existence, when man went forth knowing no law but love to his Maker, because ignorant of sin. Thus do we strive to live most closely according to the will of our Maker, when our conduct is governed by the holy principles which are breathed into us with the breath of life: and thus do we give earnest evidence of the repentance, which throughout all time must be our lot, when conscious that we have fallen, we yet strive to regain a portion of the lost love of our God, and humbly seek to imitate those virtues which made us once pure in his sight, and which still to us, though fallen, promise happiness hereafter for the life that is well spent.

But the charity which we practice in our institutions, is earned in part by those who receive it. The poor and distressed who find relief from our stock, have contributed to create it: and where we offer the hand of fellowship, and invite all to come in and be united with us—if any refuse, they neither are entitled, nor can they expect to receive, benefit from our

institution. To entitle them to receive, we require not only that they should join in building up the temple under whose dome they may rest secure from the storm, but that they should be united with us in the brotherhood of feeling; and for this as a prerequisite, we demand the possession of an untarnished character. It is thus that we make each one

feel the importance of aiding with his contribution, when he is made to realize the fact, that without this, he would be friendless and forgotten; and at the same time secure in the person of the recipient, that proudest heritage of man, a name unclouded with the faintest taint of dishonor or disgrace.

Original.

THE PRISTINE TEMPLE.

BY BRO. M. H. WETHERBEE.

All space was void ! from nought God made
The granite pile, the grassy blade ;
The earth in stately grandeur stood,
And mocked its own deep solitude.

God spake ! In panoply of might
The pristine Temple dawn'd in light ;
From chaos low He raised on high
The glowing orbs that track the sky.

In gathered folds of deepest night
He bade the twinkling stars shine bright ;
The mandate through the blue vault rang,
And star their pæan sweetly sang.

The turgid sea leap'd at his nod
From embryo to welcome God ;
His smile upon the crested spray,
Sat in the lucid morn of day.

Creation stood ! All things were made,
The bubbling fount the broad cascade ;
Man in the image of his God
The green aisle of the Temple trod.

Boston, May 1st, 1843.

TRUTH is as beautiful as the reflection of the *rainbow* in the crystal dew-drop — may many see its beauty — and powerful as the fire and the hammer — may many feel its power. — It is like the lightning's stroke.

Women are the Corinthian pillars which adorn and support society; the institutions that protect women, also throw a shield round the children; and, where women and children are provided for, man must be secure in his rights.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER VI.

VALUE OF POLITENESS.

ALL things intended for the regulation of human society, are commenced and carried out with calculation and foresight. Energy of purpose, as well as purpose, are alike necessary to the perfection, or completion of *character* or *work*; yet fortuitous circumstances often do for men what a long period of close calculation, and persevering industry would fail of accomplishing. The thousand little trifles of life are often overlooked as of but little consequence in making up the sum total of life; yet they bear an important part in the history and career of every great man.

But my readers may say, "What has all this to do with Politeness?" Much, I reply; it bears the same relation to my story, as the preface does to the volume which it introduces to the reader,—the part of an intermediate friend, who "breaks the ice" of constraint which before existed, and in story telling, may be called an "inkling of adventure," or a sort of table of contents, for future use or reference.

Turin, during the middle of the last century, you are well aware, was a city of considerable note. The elite of the English Court were there—the gifted and polite stranger from Italy was there—the dowager and the princess were there—anxious and scheming mamma's were there,—the young and the beautiful, the old and the decrepid, the citizen and

the soldier, the gentleman and the simple, were all congregated at Turin, to see and to be seen—to live, and to enjoy life—to buy and to sell, to get gain and to get married. Time would fail, were I to attempt a numerical account of all the pleasure seekers, who at this season of the year enliven by their presence, the goodly city of Turin.

One afternoon, about the hour of sun-setting, a gentleman rode up to one of the principal houses of entertainment, and having alighted, fastened the reins of his horse upon a picket, and commenced a close scrutiny of the objects around him. There was little in the external appearance of our friend that usually marks the Englishman at sight; he was, on the contrary, of rather tall and graceful extension, not "portly" in person—had a good natured phiz, and a mild and pleasant address. About "our friend," there was none of that provoking spirit of questioning that so broadly marks the universal Yankee Nation, but he was of a modest and retiring disposition, not "curious," or "prying" concerning other people's matters, for the plainest and very best reason in the world, the affairs of other men he considered none of his business. After having satisfied a laudable curiosity, (for it concerned the well being of the noble steed he had in charge,) he gave the servant to understand that *Ponto*, must be cared

for as well as Ponto's master. After having settled this matter to his own satisfaction, for he loved to be particular in little matters, he entered the house of "mine host" of the "Golden Tankard," and being generally received and well cared for, was well pleased of course as in duty bound, with the rare and fresh delicacies of the neighborhood of Turin.

Early the next morning all Turin was alive with the beauty, brilliancy and hilarity, which usually attends a grand review company. After a company, with its soul-stirring music, passed before our delighted friend, who seemed to look upon all the passing show as an event of everyday occurrence caring nothing at all about the wonders of a military parade, or its pagentry and trapping. If the power of music stayed his footsteps, and delighted his ear, it was for a moment only, his true object being to see Turin, and not its inhabitants. Hastening from the scene of parade, he employed a greater portion of the day in viewing its elegant edifices, and the rare and curious with which it at this time boasted a rich and proud profusion.

Upon his return homewards, he happened to meet a regiment of infantry which had just left the parade; he had only time to place himself in a position to see it pass, when a young Captain, upon whose well brushed coat a pair of new and elegant epaulettes glittered in "martial array," being evidently as desirous of making as much of a trifle as possible, by deploying himself (not his company) before "our friend," met with a slight accident, which put all his philosophy and fine airs to flight, and causing him to exert all his physical energies to the useful purpose of saving his falling hat, which a false step taken in crossing one of the numerous water courses of the city, had parted company with his head most unceremoniously. The exhibition was truly unfortunate,

yet the spectators laughed, and seemed much to enjoy the chagrin of the young officer; they looked at "our friend" the Englishman, and expected him to laugh also. Contrary to their expectations, he maintained the most provoking composure; nay, more, he promptly advanced to where the fallen hat lay, and taking it up, presented it with a bow of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with emotions of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to regain his company. There was a murmur of applause, a burst of generous feeling, which a good action often calls forth, and the stranger passed on.

Although the scene was one of a moment, without a word spoken, it touched the sympathy of the soul, and fell upon the heart like a sunbeam upon the early plant;—it broke forth in suddenness, and in power! What was the feeling that animated every heart at this moment? Not admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a *visible* proof of that true charity "which never faileth."

On the regiment being dismissed, the Captain, who was a young man of distinction and consideration, related in glowing terms to his Colonel, the circumstances of the morning. The Colonel mentioned in flattering terms this little incident, to the Commander in Chief, who expressed himself well pleased that there yet existed a true standard of politeness which was even *above* the standard of every day usage. Upon returning to his hotel, the Englishman found an Aid de Camp waiting to request his company to dinner at Head Quarters. In the evening he was invited to Court, and accompanied by the General, the Colonel, the Captain, and other officers.

At that time, according to Chesterfield, Turin was enlivened by the most brilliant Court in Europe. Here he was

received with the most particular and marked respect. During his stay at Turin, the liberty of the city was tendered him, and invitations to attend every place of note were pressed upon his acceptance; and upon his departure, letters of introduction were freely granted him to the different states of Italy. So much for Politeness; a private gentleman, of moderate fortune, by a graceful impulse of Christian sympathy, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, which then stood the highest of any in Europe in point of interest, on account

of its society, as well as the many charms both natural and artificial, and so rich in the greatness of the seventeenth century. Greater benefits were the result of this timely act of true politeness,—more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstance of birth or fortune, even the most splendid.

One word more, reader. And that is, *whenever you see a man's hat fall off, do not stop and laugh at him, for who knows but what a fortune may lie concealed therein?*

WHO ARE THE GREAT?—It is not improbable that the noblest human beings are to be found in the least favorable conditions of society, among those whose names are never uttered beyond the narrow circle in which they toil and suffer, who have but "two mites" to give away, who perhaps have not even that, but who "desire to be fed with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table;" for in this class may be found those who have been most wronged and have forgiven most; and those are the great, the exalted. It matters nothing what the particular duties are to which the individual is called—how minute or obscure in their outward form. Greatness, in God's sight, lies not in the extent of the sphere that is filled, or of the effect which it produces, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, with which trial is borne, and goodness is loved and pursued.

Channing.

INTELLIGENCE AND VIRTUE.—Intelligence and virtue afford the only security for the prosperity of states and nations, as well as individuals. They constitute the pillar of fire and of cloud which must

accompany the onward march of the human race to civilization and happiness. To add to the aggregate of moral and intellectual attainment, is to accelerate man's progress, and should be regarded as the special mission of every human being. The careful discipline of the mind secures a fund of enjoyment, which is diffusible in its nature, and permanent in its duration. Early and sound instruction communicates to its recipient unnumbered resources, and enables him to enjoy and to confer happiness and tranquility which are beyond the reach of external fortune.

COMPASSION FOR A PRISONER.—A Texas judge dispenses with a criminal in this way: "The fact is, Jones, that the court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold—our jail, unfortunately, is in very bad condition—much of the glass in the windows is broken—the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable; besides, owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket could be allowed to each; to sleep soundly and comfortably, there-

fore, will be out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of humanity and compassion, do hereby order you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

DREADFUL INSTANCE OF REVENGE.—King John had demanded the eldest son of William de Braose, Lord of Bramber, in Sussex, as a page to wait on Queen Isabella, meaning him in reality as a hostage to his father's allegiance. When the King's message was delivered at Bramber by a courtier, who bore the ominous name of Maulue, the imprudent Lady de Braose declared in his hearing, that she would not surrender her children to a King who had murdered his own nephew. The words of the unfortunate mother were duly reported by the malicious messenger. The Lady de Braose repented of her rashness when it was too late, and strove in vain to propitiate the Queen Isabella by rich gifts. Among other offerings she sent the Queen a present of a herd of four hundred cows and one beautiful bull. This peerless herd was white as milk, all but the ears which were red. The strange present to Isabella did not avert the deadly wrath of King John; for he seized the unfortunate family at Meath, in Ireland, whither they had fled for safety. The Lord of Bramber, his wife and children, were conveyed to the old castle of Windsor, and enclosed in a strong room, where they were deliberately starved to death, father, mother, and five innocent little ones, who suffered in our England the fate of Count Ugolino and his family; an atrocity compared with which the dark stain of Arthur's murder fades to the hue of a venial crime.—*Miss Strickland's Lives of the English Queens.*

THE JEWELS — A Tradition of the Rabbis.—The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath-day in the public school instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there."

She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they too may drink, of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it, then, my love!" he replied.

"A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them up?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She then led him to the chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "my sons! the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding! — I was your father but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said —

“Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!”

“Blessed be the name of the Lord!” echoed Rabbi Meir, “and blessed be his name for thy sake too, for well it is written, “Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.”

TEMPORAL JOYS. — It is with our worldly comforts, as it was with the original pleasures of Paradise. Some are for food, and some for trial. God has thought fit, therefore, to limit the use of these terrestrial felicities, and to signify in his word, that his intent in giving them is, that they shall be our servants, not our masters—advantages to us, not hindrances in admiring and adoring the immense goodness and bounty of our Father who is in Heaven.

Defile not your mouth with swearing; neither use yourself to the naming of the Holy One.

WHAT IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP?

As there appears to be a considerable degree of anxiety manifested by some of our citizens to ascertain what the principles of Odd-Fellowship are, I have thought proper to transmit you the following, in order that the more enlightened may not be deceived by those who dishonorably spend their time in some private corner, hoping to discover some of the mysteries of that honorable Institution, from the fact that they have no passport of merit by which they can gain admittance. Whatever good we find in man is the result of no inherent goodness by him possessed, but purely the result of Divine teachings; affecting him immediately by its impressions on his own mind, or by its influence on the minds of others, as exhibited by their conduct and opinions in their associations in society. Odd-Fellowship requires the undeviating performance of all those duties which grow out of the relation we sustain to the Creator and to one another. Hence it is important that it inculcate the existence of that Creator and the sacred character

of his revelations. Thus constituted, we prepared to command authoritatively the performance of our duty to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves, by acting upon that golden rule which makes man social and humane. To God! by reverencing his holy name, observing his laws and esteeming him the proper object of correct worship: however, we do not prescribe the mode of worship or dictate the religious creed of any of our brethren.

Odd-Fellows are taught to look upon the family of man, in all its diversities, as the descendants of one common parent, and that the God who made of one blood all the nations of the earth, has established one vast brotherhood, to all of whom we are bound by the tie of consanguinity; under these views it directs its plans of relief, divested of local feelings and party bickerings. The special benefits provided for its own immediate members form no small item in its amount of usefulness. These benefits are, in their application, appropriated to members and their families. When any one

of the Fraternity becomes afflicted and sick, it is the duty of his brethren to visit him regularly, and afford all the assistance that may be needed. Here it is that you may see the genius of Odd Fellowship walking in her robes of purity and benevolence, and developing the high and holy principles of the Order. Let those who doubt, go to the sick-bed and see her offspring help to the prostrate cooling the fevered brow, and administering ease to the tortured body—go to the death-bed, and see her hand wiping away the cold dews that settle in the cheerless valley of death—go to the house of mourning, and see her presenting consolation to the wounded spirit of the bereaved widow, and taking the defenceless orphan by the hand, and providing both support and education. Again: the titles of the world are never known in a Lodge room: her beaten paths of fame are forgotten, and all are to “receive honor with reluctance rather than extort it,” which enables us to exclaim with the poet,

“Honor is like the glassy bubble,
Which cost philosophers such trouble ;

Where one part crack'd the whole doth fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.”

In fine, the principles of the Order may be all comprised in that short sentence which Odd Fellows have selected as their motto, “Friendship, Love and Truth,” in connection with “Honor, Benevolence and Charity.” These are the bonds by which Odd Fellows are united, forming a threefold cord that cannot be broken. By it they live, and by it they are governed, and may they realize its soothing influence in their declining years and experience its benefits in their expiring moments. Love of all the moral and intellectual duties which our nature is susceptible of, and may attain, is like the duty and delight of every sincere worshipper of God and true hearted Odd Fellow. Such we wish the world and (in a particular manner) this community to know we are, and in the language of a brother, I would say to those who doubt, “If you can bring the passport of merit, come and see.” And if there be such as are disinclined to conform to the maxim of “proving all things and holding fast to that which is good,” we may at least hope that they will not prejudge us.

King-ton (Canada) Gazette.

A ploughman is not an ignorant man because he does not know how to read, if he knows how to plough; but a wife may be justly called an ignorant woman, if she does not know how to provide a dinner for her husband. It is cold comfort for a hungry man, to tell him how delightful his wife plays and sings; lovers may live on very aerial diet, but husbands stand in need of the solid.

England is now paying the sum of £755,000 per annum, (\$3,500,000) for the support of the royal family!

Man was never intended to be idle, inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.

If we took as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to appear so, we might appear as we are without being at the trouble of any disguise.

Precipitation often ruins the best laid designs, while patience ripens the most difficult.

REV. BRO. J. N. MAFFITT'S ADDRESS

Delivered before the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at the Celebration of Tremont Lodge, No. 15, May 19th, 1843.

REPORTED FOR THE SYMBOL.

[We take great pleasure in laying before our readers the following Address, by Bro. Maffitt. — It has been prepared for the press by one of our ablest reporters, who was present on the occasion; and we doubt not, but that any one who listened to the lecture from the eloquent orator, will readily admit that is a fuller and more correct report than any that has been given. It embraces, in substance, the whole Address, and for the most part, includes word for word, the language as it fell from the lips of the speaker. — *Ed.*]

Rev. Mr. Maffitt opened his discourse by remarking that in a perverse and wrong-headed world it was often reserved for a single individual to acquire imperishable glory. This appears to have been true far back even before time was. When Satan was in great power after his revolt in heaven as described by Milton, and armed and surrounded by his hosts, one good angel opposed his impious designs; and unmoved, unstained, unshaken in his fidelity, he turned his back on his enemies. It is hence true that Abdiel was the first Odd Fellow. Another picture might be presented on the race of time in the person of Enoch, who was as odd in his life as he was singular in his death. The speaker here quoted an appropriate couplet from the poet Campbell, and then observed that Odd Fellowship existed in the antediluvian ages, for Noah spent 120 years in preparing for and predicting an event which nobody believed.

In after times on the plains of the Asiatic mounds, lived Joseph and Moses, both of whom were members of the Order, the one in his forgotten dungeon, and the other on the forgotten desert. The chivalry of Egypt marched against the oppressed throngs of the Israelites under

the latter, who were protected by the spirit of Odd Fellowship. That same spirit was exhibited at a later period in the Man of Sorrows, who was acquainted with grief, whom they might humbly claim and esteem as the Master of Odd Fellows. In all times after, there have existed those who nobly dared to be odd. This principle inspires men with noble daring. Columbus feared no reproaches on land, nor no storms on the ocean of untried deeps in the pursuit of his cherished object. Hope buoyed him up in the dreary hours of midnight, and he at length discovered and reached the desired haven. O it is glorious to be alone in singular goodness; but much more so in the associations of brotherhood. As in Scotland the fiery wood cross which was passed from hand to hand lighted up the whole land, so does the union of mind with mind illuminate our world and dispel its moral and mental darkness. One heart throbbing with benevolence toward God and man will roll the flood of love through the world.

The speaker here proposed to state the origin, history and objects of Odd Fellowship. The changes, however, which he had rung on the word Odd he might be pardoned for, as this term had a variety of meanings which he here explained. The order grew up in Germany which became a second Rome in staying the ravages of the northern barbarians. He then went into a detail of the feudal system and explained the etymology of the term, and the tenure by which thousands held their lands by doing military service for their liege lords. From two hundred years to the eleventh century

the order declined in those days of darkness. After the revival of letters, the Order revived again, and flourished under George IV., who was Grand Master in England. In the year 1819, one of its brothers arrived at Baltimore, when he instituted the first Lodge in this country. There are now twenty lodges in that city numbering two thousand members, who annually dispense great charities. Practical benevolence is at the foundation of those principles that constitute modern Odd Fellowship. To do unto a brother as we should wish he would do to us,—to bury his secret deep within our bosoms,—to watch in his sickness, and to bury him when he dies,—to afford aid to his widow and shelter to his orphans, are parts of those duties incumbent on its members.

And it may be said, likewise, that in no other institution does a member derive the like advantages with the Odd Fellow who receives a weekly stipend in sickness, and (if poor) in health. In these dear offices of charity, there is always a sincerity exhibited that seldom is witnessed in other associations of men. In the Church no one is admitted unless he subscribes to a peculiar creed; but in our modern Order any body may enter, if he is the champion of philanthropy, innocence and religion. A single fact will show the advantages of the institution better than this declaration. The lodges over the country have raised over six millions of dollars and one hundred and twenty thousand males have received from them aid in the shape of sustenance and education.

Odd Fellowship is not a religious nor a political institution; though it requires of its members a belief of future accountability, and patriotism enough to support the government under which they live. Its great principles, were those of Charity, Friendship and Love. It was truly the friend of the widow and the orphan;

and its members would be hailed at the great day of final retribution with that welcome voice—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." An Odd Fellow cannot but be a better man. His heart beats in warm responses of sympathy for the distressed, and at the bed side of the sick, his hand is ever open to their wants.

"It had been stated in the morning papers," said Mr. Maffit, "that if the ladies would attend the lecture, I would tell them all about the secrets of this Institution"—(Here the bells rang for fire for many minutes, and as peal after peal resounded through the house, the concluding part of his sentence we did not hear. It was something witty, however, for a shout of applause followed from the audience.) When silence was restored, the eloquent speaker continued by stating that the spirit of Odd Fellowship, brought consolation to the couch of the sufferer, banished illness and pain, produced sweet slumber like the balmy atmosphere of an Italian sky, while the Iris of hope set enthroned above them.

There was but one class of objections urged against the Order, that had, in his mind, any weight; and those referred to the ladies. It was said, if Odd Fellowship be the good thing stated, why exclude the fairer part of creation from a participation in its benefits? Why expel *them*? Why not admit those beautiful forms upon whom Nature had exhausted her skill in perfecting her last, best gift to man? He would tell his audience; and he hoped the ladies would not be alarmed. The ladies were always Odd Fellows. They did not need mystic rites to impel them to a performance of duty—to the practice of benevolence, which was an inborn principle with them. Their charity required no discipline to render it useful to mankind. It was exhibited in the whole circle of their movements in

society. But the male sex needed training through such associations to fit them for the proper exercise of the virtues in question. Our gallantry ought not to permit us, therefore, to induce woman to join our Order. By so doing, we might indeed raise a mortal to the skies, but we would as assuredly, on the other hand, drag an angel down! Another objection was, that married men could not join the Order, because they were not single; but it was not so. Again: The ladies are not obliged to disclose their secrets—to reveal what “drugs, what charms, what conjurations, and what mighty magic,” they won an Odd Fellow with, as to require a brother, married or unmarried, to abandon the sacred principles of the Order. Women should not part with their keen and shining Damascus blades in that way, and develope the powerful witchery which wields such influence over us; she would prove a traitor to her sex if she did. And so likewise in the other case.

Another argument against the institution of Odd Fellowship is, that it can do no good that cannot as well be done under Church organization. This reminded him of the reasoning of that despotic Sultan, who caused the destruction of the great Alexandrian library. “If,” said the acute logician, “there are no books in the vast collection, but what accord with the Koran, they might as well be burnt; if they do *not* accord with the Koran, they *ought* to be burnt; therefore, in either case, let them be burnt!” But this argument was a fallacious one. He thought that all the good qualities that adorn human character, were fully exhibited in the members of the Order. He was no phrenologist, but he would summon for a moment the aid of that art in examining the characteristics of the institution. Take Reverence; and he would ask, was not that organ firmly developed among our members? Philoprogenitive-

ness, or the love and protection of children, was equally conspicuous amongst us. Acquisitiveness was likewise strongly displayed, and Benevolence the most prominent of all. In short, all the organs, whether intellectual or moral, were distinctly exhibited in our Order.

Another objection to our Order was, that it assimilated itself to Freemasonry, and was nothing but it in disguise. It was, however, not so. He could speak for both, because he knew both like a book. He had taken all the degrees in each to the highest. There was, however, a difference between them. Masonry was the fabric of all ages; and had come down to us from hoar antiquity. Odd Fellowship was comparatively an institution of modern growth. Masonry spread over all lands: Odd Fellowship was confined to Germany, Europe and America. They however were not opposed in their general principles.

To elucidate the antiquity and benevolent character of these associations, the accomplished speaker drew two sketches: one from written the other from unwritten history. More than eighteen hundred years ago a city lay basking beneath the sunshine on Palestine. The streets were alive with the busy throngs in pursuit of business or pleasure. Splendor was there—military power was there—female beauty and grace was there. Amidst this hum of brilliant activity, a low groan and subdued moaning is heard. What is it, that thus disturbs the general happiness that prevails? Look! It is a small procession of mourners following with sad countenances in sable habiliments the remains of a loved one to the grave. Nearest the bier, is a female whose distracted air, and agonized features, indicate, that the deceased, was her only son—her stay—her hope—her all! And they are bearing him away forever from her sight! The Centurian stops a moment to witness the scene, but

soon passes on, and curls his lip in scorn, that one death should raise such a tide of sorrow, while he whose trade is war has beheld thousands perish without an emotion of pity. But amidst this gloom a friend approaches. The procession stops. With a voice in celestial tones, he bids the *dead* rise. The command is obeyed. The dead arises;—he rushes into his mother's arms. They look around for the benevolent stranger—but he is gone! Who was the friend of the widow? Where has he gone? He was the Saviour of men whose nature was so deeply imbued with those divine principles that should govern our Order. That generation has long since passed away, and now he would draw a picture from modern, unwritten history, some incidents of which he beheld with his own eyes. It was on the banks of the mighty Ohio, in a hot and sultry season. The yellow-fever was prevailing in all its pestilential influences. The streets of the city were deserted, and hushed as it were in silence, no sound being heard save the dead-cart, as it passed from house to house and street to street. The sulphurous atmosphere was almost fatal to all who breathed it. Yet amidst this scene of devastation and ruin, one fraternity was there, whose attention to the afflicted was unremitting in the offices of kindness. It was a kindred fraternity to the one which I address this evening. They stood by the bed-side of the sick and the dying, administering the last earthly aid. One family, a husband, wife and three children, was travelling from the north to

this southern region. The husband was attacked by the disease in a land of strangers and without friends. A brother of the fraternity found him; the mystic sign passed between them and soon the room was filled by friends who tendered all aid and consolation. The husband, however, died, but the widow and orphans were well provided for. In all that had been described from written and unwritten history, it will be observed that a common spirit, feeling and sentiment pervades these associations, ancient and modern, and he thought he was not paying our fraternity too high a compliment in the comparison.

The able orator in conclusion, addressed the association by the name of Independent Odd Fellows. They rose and remained standing until he had finished. He remarked that their number was large, which was a cheering harbinger of their success; but their insignia indicated lives of toil, of fatigue, and of danger. At some future time the tears they shed over others, will be shed over each of them. He charged them to go forth into the world of wo and death, and as they

“Walked thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean they must sail so soon,
To put good works on board; and wait the wind
That would shortly blow them to worlds
[unknown.]”

He enjoined on them the observance of all the virtues, and comforted them with the cheering prospect of that glorious bliss in heaven which is promised to all who are upright and faithful.

The two most important things to be learned, are, first, the study of virtue, which will make one honest; and second, the use of wealth, which will make him contented.

Many opinions exist with regard to beauty of countenance. But there can be no beauty, where there is not an expression of innocence. A pure heart alone can confer real beauty.

SACRED ODES,

Written for the Celebration of Tremont Lodge, No. 15, of Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at the Oleon, May 19th, 1843.

BY REV. BRO. J. N. MAFFITT.

Hail ! Seraph Charity !
Up-borne on balmy wing of love,
From Eden's sunny groves above,
To bless Humanity !
Where sorrow reigns, and death pervades,
Thou bring 'st gladness to our shades,
Hushing the mourner's sigh,
And pouring radiance on the eye,
Through darkening clouds of destiny,
While Mercy's dove,
And Truth and Love,
The widow's lonely bosom cheer,
And wipe the orphan's bitter tear.

CHORUS.

Then blessings on the mystic tie,
That firmly binds
Our kindred minds
In Friendship, Truth and Charity.

God and Eternity !
From Thy high throne, in light serene,
Long files of cherubim between,
Bless our Fraternity !
To Thee the Noblest Grand we go,
When we would solace human wo,
We give our hearts to Thee !
And if our Grand Sire welcome home,
When His redeemed millions come,
We 'll dwell in love,
In bowers above,
And celebrate beyond the skies,
The charity which never dies.

CHORUS.

Then blessings on the mystic tie,
That firmly binds
Our kindred minds
In Friendship, Truth and Charity.

BY BRO. M. H. WETHERBEE.

God's spirit smiles in flow'rs,
And in soft summer show'rs,
He sends his love.
Each dew-drop speaks His praise,
And bubbling fount displays,
In all their lucid rays,
Light from above.

The tiny vines that creep
Along the ravines steep,
Obey His nod.
The golden orb of day,

And ocean's crested spray,
To Him due homage pay,
Creation's God.

Thus *Friendship* wears its bloom,
And smiles beyond the tomb,
In its own light.
O may that *Love* be ours,
Which gilds life's darkest hours,
Cheering like smiling flow'rs,
Hope's deepest night.

BY BRO EDWARD STEARNS.

O, thou, All-Seeing Eye ! this night
We've met to celebrate Thy praise ;
May all we've done, be in Thy sight
As fruits of wisdom's pleasant ways

By Faith ; may we continue on
In Hope what's said, in Deeds be done
Of Charity ; assured our gifts
Will meet acceptance at Thy Throne.

Our prayers are heard by Thee, O Lord !
O ! gracious'y do Thou approve,
And in thy Book of Life record
Our names, to join the Lodge above.

Then glory be to Thee on high,
And on Thy footstool humbly we
Will live, as Thou wouldst have us live,
In Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Original.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

"Gold sometimes hangs both thief and true man;
What can it not do and undo?"

IN the dominions of Montezuma, long styled Mexico's "Great King," near the mountains, in the celebrated mines of Potosi, recollection first burst upon me, in the dark solitude of my prison house. Thousands of years had passed ere the laborer in the Potosian mines disturbed my crude existence, or first gave *me*, a shapeless mass, an intrinsic and valuable existence.

But a few days elapsed before I was sent as a crude one to the furnace of the smelter, or refiner, after having passed through all the various processes of smelting, hammering and rolling; to which last operation I was subjected, for the purpose of receiving a requisite standard thickness and width, which constituted the Ingot. I was then stamped with a mysterious mark and pronounced a "Potosian Ingot." While an Ingot I was valuable in proportion only to my weight, and the convenience with which I could be transferred from place to place; but as I was shortly after sent to the metropolis, I was nearer the starting point of my adventures; and was also assuming a value hitherto unknown to myself, and perceptible to the many visitors who daily thronged the mint. At the national mint of La Belle France, I received the impress of circulating value, and was pronounced in all my parts and requisites a *Five Franc* piece of the realm of France. Here, then, may I date the first

day of my eventful life; my peregrinations, my curious adventures, and the various incidents of my changing and ceaseless destiny.

Mankind are all the shuttlecocks of time, with which destiny is constantly playing the game of vicissitude, and are constantly changing place on the great and varied theatre of their destiny—the creatures of hope, ever looking forward unto some unknown yet hoped for greater good; or seeking some new place ere they finally settle into that last resting place of oblivion—the grave.

Prosperity and Adversity make us acquainted with strange fellows; and if, under my various occupations, and during my life of activity and change, I can rescue a few scenes from forgetfulness, I shall have answered the purpose of enlivening a dull hour; and have satisfied myself that if I have not in reality done good, I have at least afforded amusement.

Together with thirty-nine of my brothers, I was rolled in a paper of fine texture upon whose outside was written the secret contained within; the roll in which I was deposited with several others, was placed in a coarse canvass bag, and transported from the mint to the Bureau of a Parisian Banker of some eminence named Lissac.

From the counting house of M. Lissac, I took my first peep at matters and things in general, of which I now proceed to speak—but more particularly of men.

M. Lissac, the banker, was seated at his desk busied in making up his accounts for the month, and despatching some letters of credit to his foreign correspondents; he was of the middling stature, though rather corpulent for a "Monsieur," but not too much so for a "John Bull." His open, frank, and good humored phiz, at once possessed me in his favor; and I was congratulating myself upon my good fortune, in being in the company of so worthy a man, at least until his and my acquaintance should

become more matured, and I might gain an admittance to his parlor, and an introduction to "Madame." In this desire I was destined to disappointment; my half formed wish was not to be realized, (at least at this time,) nor my desire for a better acquaintance gratified. I had only time to take a glance at the arched roof and curtained windows of the counting room, before I was swept, *sans ceremonie* into the drawers of his first clerk, and destined to act as "small change," in the technicalities of the trade.

Original.

INSTALLATION AT WARE.

ON the second Monday in April last, our Lodge was favored with a visit from our Most Worthy Grand Master, Daniel Hersey, Esq., and Right Worthy Grand Secretary Guild, for the purpose of installing our Officers for a second Quarter. After the usual ceremonies for installation, the Lodge adjourned, and the members proceeded to the Presbyterian Lecture Room, for the purpose of listening to an Address from the Grand Master, he having been previously invited to deliver one on that occasion. On arriving at the lecture room, we were much gratified to find it filled with an intelligent and listening auditory, composed of a fair proportion of both sexes. After the singing of some Odes, in which some the ladies kindly volunteered their services, the Grand Master proceeded to give us an able and eloquent discourse, in which he briefly glanced at the origin and history of our Order, and its standing at the present day. He then proceeded to explain the object and the principles of our Institution, and to answer some of the objections often urged against it. He spoke of woman—tender, sym-

pathetic woman,—of her love, affection, and benevolence in the most touching, feeling manner. He spoke of the softness of her nature, and of the reason why she was excluded from our Institution, whose fundamental principles are Benevolence, Love and Charity.

The audience listened with attention; and we feel assured from the expression of their countenances, and the remarks we have heard, that they were much gratified with the address. At the close of the lecture, the Brethren returned to the Lodge Room, and the following vote was unanimously passed.

"Voted, that the thanks of the members of this Lodge be returned by the Secretary in writing to the M. W. G. M. Daniel Hersey, Esq., for his able address before this Lodge, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication in the "Symbol and Odd Fellows Magazine;" believing that the interest of our Order will be promoted thereby."

We hope that Brother Hersey will consent to have his address published, as we feel assured that it has done good here, and that it will do more good if

laid before the public for their perusal. We hope he will not place that light under a bushel, but on a stand where all may see it.

We believe that it has been the means of increasing our numbers, and of softening the prejudices of the public against us. At the time of the address we numbered but twenty-six, we now number about *forty*, and we have the prospect of a goodly number in addition.

For one, I wish that we could have a few more such addresses in this region. Our Lodge is the first and only one in this section. We stand solitary and alone. Not a sister Lodge have we in any of the adjoining towns or counties. There are numerous towns in this section of the State far better able to sustain

a large and flourishing Lodge, than our little village, which probably numbers about a thousand inhabitants. We are situated about mid-way between Worcester and Springfield, in neither of which places is their a Lodge, but where we trust the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth will soon be raised, and the benevolent principles of our Order be seen and felt. But to accomplish this the people need light, and it is by the publication and circulation of such discourses as the one just mentioned, that light can be the most successfully diffused. And when our principles are fully known and understood, the discerning public will not fail to appreciate them. A. F.

Ware Village, Mass., May, 1843.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

17th of June.

It is to be hoped that each and every Lodge of Odd Fellows throughout the State, will come out *en masse*, and join in the Celebration of the 17th. Among the numerous associations and societies which will unite in the procession, that of the Odd Fellows should take a conspicuous part. The Order in Massachusetts is now numerous, and what is better, is composed of "good men and true." We need be under no apprehension of making an appearance in no way inferior to any other society which may be present. To see some twelve or fifteen hundred of our brothers together, would indeed be not only an odd, but a goodly sight.

We are happy to learn that a good number of the brethren from abroad are expected to be present and join in the celebration. Let not a dissenting voice be given. COME ONE — COME ALL.

THE "LIBERATOR" *versus* ODD FELLOWSHIP. — We publish the following from the "Liberator," of last week, only for the purpose of showing how completely ridiculous some people make themselves appear, in speaking of a subject which they know nothing of. We pity the man who can use no other argument but ridicule, misrepresentation and falsehood, with which to defend himself.

"ODD FELLOWSHIP. — A species of Freemasonry, and probably the same thing in substance, under the name of 'Odd Fellowship,' appears to be making rapid progress in various parts of the country. The formation of new Lodges of Odd Fellows is a matter of frequent occurrence. — These claim to have charity for their object, but they are as exclusive and selfish as any combination in the world. We protest against their existence, in the names of Christianity and Republicanism. They are secret societies, governed by unlawful oaths and contracts, and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

Whatever shuns the light must be evil; and no body of men can be justified in doing evil that good may come. We observe that all these Lodges have their Chaplains; and we need no other proof than this to satisfy us that they are opposed to the genius of the Christian religion. The clergy ever stand ready to fill any station that will give them exaltation or power. What form of iniquity have they not volunteered to sanctify? We scoff at the charitable pretensions of this Odd Fellowship as false and ridiculous. The very title, "Odd Fellows," is disgustingly silly, at war with true self-respect, and significant of a vulgar state of mind.

The Tremont Lodge held a public meeting on Friday evening last, at the Odeon, on which occasion an original hymn, written by that literary plagiarist and spiritual coxcomb, 'Rev. Bro. John N. Maffit,' was sung by the choir, and 'a *beautiful* and appropriate prayer' offered by Rev. F. T. Gray, Chaplain of the Lodge. There can be no doubt that Satan has had much to do with 'Odd Fellowship;' for his cunning and activity in the formation and consecration of lodges, in the appointment of chaplains, and in the administration of secret oaths, have been remarkably devilish.

"Let the real friends of charity—of brotherly kindness—of universal freedom and equality—of that religion which is without partiality and without hypocrisy, which rejoices in the light, and which needs no sign, pass-word, or grip, to cause it to sympathize with all who are in a suffering condition, and to bestow relief—raise their voices against these secret orders, and openly reprove all those who give them any countenance."

Such is the *beautiful* and *refined* language of the *modest* and *unassuming* Editor of the "Liberator," William Lloyd Garrison, Esquire; a friend to the amalgamation of blacks and whites in marriage—of the dissolution of the union of the States—of the abolishment of the Christian Church;—of one who has always *professed* a desire that Truth should prevail over Error, and that calm and so-

ber reasoning was better than sophistry and ridicule. Mr. Garrison has ever professed to be a friend to Truth. But in the extract we have quoted above, he has not only misrepresented, but asserted that which *has not the least foundation in truth*. We cannot for the life of us imagine why Mr. Garrison is so violently opposed to our Order, unless it be, that he has applied for admission into some one of our Lodges, and been rejected. Very probable that this or something of the kind, is the reason.

To administer to the wants and necessities of our fellow-creatures—to visit the sick—to comfort the widow in her affliction—to protect and educate the orphan, and to live together in Friendship, Love and Truth, finds no favor with the Editor of the *Liberator*. It is too anti-Christian—too anti-republican for *him*.

In relation to the assertion that "Odd Fellows are governed by unlawful oaths," it may perhaps be necessary to state, for the information of the uninitiated, that it is utterly and wholly *FALSE*; and Mr. Garrison *knew* at the time he made it, he had no authority for doing so, and had he in *reality* that regard for truth and honesty to which he has so long *professed* to be an advocate, he would not have made the assertion. But an individual who can thus scoff at and ridicule the Christian religion and those whose whole lives are engaged in its propagation, cannot have much sympathy for any institution, be its objects ever so laudable and praiseworthy. Mr. G.'s remarks, therefore, on this point, are not worthy of notice. They can do no harm. They show but an illiberal and prejudiced mind, seeking only for the destruction of all society and institutions which may be at variance with its own perverse and selfish imagination.

We hope our readers will pardon us for occupying so much space in noticing the Editor of the *Liberator*.

We have several original communications on hand, intended for our present number, which for want of room, we are obliged to defer till our next. Among them is an Introductory to the series of *Illustrated Papers*, by our highly valued Kenneth correspondent. Our readers may expect a rich treat from the perusal of these papers.

☞ "The History of a Five Franc Piece," by Bro. WYMAN, — the first chapter of which is published in our present number, — will be read with much interest. We think it one of the most interesting Tales we ever read. Bro. WYMAN will please accept our warmest thanks for this as also many other favors we have received at his hands.

☞ We have issued a neat edition of Bro. J. N. MAFFITT's Address before the Tremont Lodge, in a pamphlet form; which may be obtained at the Symbol Office, 32 Congress street.

☞ Brothers Ransom & Stevens, 325 Washington street, have the best soda water that can be found in the city. We speak from experience. We ask of the brethren to give them a "friendly call."

☞ Agents and others holding money on account of the Symbol, would oblige us by immediately forwarding the same.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

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A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Tremont, No. 15, do Tuesday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tues.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Friday.
Mechanics', No. 11, " " Saturday.
Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

THE SYMBOL.

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THE CHARTER, AN HISTORICAL TALE OF CONNECTICUT.—(CONTINUED.)

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ.

THE latter part of this conversation took place near an arbour, at some distance from the house, whither their path had conducted them. Together the conspirators now left it, and retraced their steps, by the circuitous walk, to the dwelling. There were, however, feet which sought no path, but flew over the ground the shortest route to the mansion, heedless of flower-beds or bushes, lawn or loam;—and bounding along with the light tread and fleetness of the hunted fawn. They were the feet of Catharine Wylls,—the 'Cousin Kate' alluded to by the gay Trevor. She had a lover! This lover was a young colonist. He was handsome, brave, and generous, and worthy to love and to be beloved by a maiden so fair as Catharine. Henry Wadsworth was warmly opposed to the resignation of the Charter. So was Kate. Whatever he loved she loved; whatever he hated she hated, and vice-versa. Nor was this all for love. It resulted from the happy unity of kindred and congenial spirits. Kate Wylls and Harry Wadsworth were paired together in Heaven.

The conversation between Andross and

Helen had, as doubtless the reader has conjectured, a third party as listener. Wadsworth had been walking with Catharine, and as he was about to leave her at her father's, she proposed accompanying him as far as the Governor's, where she would stop with her cousin Helen until his return, when he might call and escort her home. This was an excellent idea, and just harmonized with his own wishes. At the Governor's gate they separated; Henry bending his steps towards the town-house; Kate, anticipating the delightful walk she should have home, with a light heart entering the gate, and bounding up the avenue to the house. She had traversed half the length of the walk, when the forms of Andross and Helen before her caught her eyes. Unable to distinguish her cousin in the gloom, and unwilling to meet them at that hour, she turned aside into a by-path to gain the portico, without passing them. The path conducted her into a broader one which led obliquely to the front of the mansion. She had walked but a few steps when she saw Andross and Helen advancing towards her, but too much engaged to notice any

thing beyond themselves. The figure and air of her cousin could not be mistaken. "Who could it be with her!" Without waiting for a reply to this self-directed query, she retreated to elude their observation,—but with a half-formed determination of ascertaining who the stranger was, with her own eyes. Without returning by the by-path which was very circuitous, there was no way of escaping them except by a gate at the foot of the walk, where also was an arbour. To this she directed her steps, and entered the arbour.

"Helen certainly will not venture in this dark place with a man," she said to herself; "so I shall be secure here. For I am determined to see who she can be philandering with at such an hour."

In this concealment, undiscovered she she heard sufficient to assure her of the loyal intentions of her cousin, and to ascertain who was her dangerous companion. Hardly had they turned their backs, than she glided from the arbour, softly passed through the gate which led through the rear of the dwelling, and fled towards it at the imminent risk of leaving a stray tress or a portion of her robe on the bushes through which she forced her way. Entering the house by a door in the wing, she flew along the hall to the library. Its door was ajar. She went in and closed it behind her; found the key in the *escritoire*; unlocked the bureau; discovered the drawer, and with an eager grasp drew forth a narrow wooden case, about two feet long and three inches square, having a curiously jointed cover, like the roof of a house. It was secured by brass hasps and covered with a coarse, dark substance. Hastily opening it, she discovered a roll, of which she instantly took possession. Then taking one from a pile of old parchments which lay on the top of the bureau, she placed it in the case instead of that she had abstracted, fastened the

hasps as before, and replaced it in the drawer. Relocking the bureau she returned the key to the *escritoire*, and hastened from the room with the Charter safe beneath her cloak. Before she reached the door by which she had come in, the hall door opened, and she had barely time to step aside into a recess, when Helen entered, and, with a hurried step, gained the door of the library, paused, hesitated, looked cautiously around and then went in.

With a steady hand she placed the key in the bureau, and removed the case. Finding it too heavy, and from its bulk liable to expose her to detection, she removed the parchment, hid it beneath her mantle, replaced the case and key, and hurried from the library, and from the house.

How opposite the feelings of the two cousins as each in her turn left the library! With what different emotions throbbed their hearts!

"Now have I done His Majesty good service, and been the weak instrument of uniting to the Crown a disloyal people," said Helen, as she closed the door of the library.

"Now, in the hands of Providence," said Catharine with flashing eyes, as Helen appeared, "have I been instrumental in defeating a most high-handed treachery. I will go in and see if she really has taken away what I left. I can scarcely believe Helen could be in earnest." Leaving the recess she re-entered the room and discovered the empty case. Replacing the Charter in it, she concealed the case beneath her cloak, crossed the hall, and went out undiscovered. By a circuitous route, she gained the principal gate, and dark as it was, swiftly pursued her way home with her treasure. On her arrival, she sought her room; placed the parchment in her own private secretary; locked and double-locked it, and then sat down and wrote the following

laconic note, which she sent away by a servant :

DEAR HENRY : Leave the Assembly this instant, and come to —.

KATE.

"Here is the Charter, Edmund," faintly said Helen, placing the roll in the eager hand of Andross, who, impatient of delay, met her as she came from the house; and sinking upon his shoulder, she whispered, "What have I done? I tremble all over."

"Be reassured, Helen," he said, embracing her. "You have acted nobly. His Majesty shall know your loyalty."

"Your love is all I ask, Edmund."

"And is it not yours, dear girl?" he said, drawing her hastily to his heart. "Now go in, my love. I fear your absence will be marked. I will soon see you again."

"Where do you go?"

"To the Council. Adieu. I will return ere long."

"Remember my father!"

"I will. Good night."

Helen looked after his receding figure till it disappeared through the gate, and she then retraced her steps slowly and thoughtfully to the house.

On gaining the saddle, Sir Edmund Andross put spurs to his horse, and followed by Cato, rode through the town to rejoin his troop. He had scarcely cleared the straggling suburbs, when he was challenged by a mounted sentinel, posted in the road, who presented his harquebuss and demanded the countersign.

"The Charter."

"Pass to the right," replied the soldier, resuming his position.

A few yards from the highway, he came upon his troop, drawn up in a wood. Trevor rode forward to meet him.

"What success in love and politics?"

"I have the Charter here," he said significantly, at the same time producing the roll.

"Ha! The Lady?"

"She has redeemed her sex. I hail you as Governor of Connecticut."

"And these ox-headed Provincials shall know it within twenty minutes. Gentlemen," he added, addressing Randolph and Dudley as they rode up, "I have obtained the Charter of this Colony, through the agency of a loyal partisan. 'Tis here. The Council are in full conclave in their town-hall. I desire your attendance."

Here he gave one or two brief orders; the sentinel fell into his place in the ranks; and every man drew his rein tighter, and slightly pressed the flanks of his horse with the rowel of his spur.

"Forward."

Instantly the whole troop was in motion.

"Trot."

The squadron now moved out of the wood, wheeled into the road, and advanced at a fast trot into the town.

The servant had delivered Catharine's note, and young Wadsworth hastened to obey the commands of his mistress. She made known to him the whole affair respecting her obtaining the Charter, and placing it in his hands, said, "Henry, keep the trust sacred. Remember you hold there the liberties of this Colony."

The squadron of horse swept along the deserted streets of the town with the noise of a whirlwind; with armour clanging, spurs and bridles ringing, and matches glowing like lamps in the wind of their rapid motion, striking with wonder and alarm the startled citizens, who wildly rushed to their doors, and penetrating even the walls of the council-room, and arresting the councillors in the midst of their deliberations. Nearer and louder it grew, until the troop drew up before the door.

"What can mean this uproar?" exclaimed one of the Assembly, rising and approaching the window.

"There is some commotion without," said the venerable Governor; "Fitz Winthrop," he said to a gentleman near him, "I pray you go and learn the cause."

"There followed a sound of confused voices without; then a heavy footstep, accompanied by the clatter of armour and jingling of spurs, was heard in the vestibule. All eyes were turned towards the door, which was suddenly thrown wide open, and with a haughty mien and a bold step, Sir Edmund Andross, accompanied by Trevor, Randolph, and Dudley, and attended by four grenadiers, entered the hall. Governor Treat, who sat at the upper end of the apartment, fixed his eyes sternly, yet not without curiosity, on the stranger as he strode up the room; and then rising with that dignity for which he was remarkable, he demanded the cause for so daring an intrusion into a peaceful assembly.

"You shall learn, Sir; and you, worthy and honorable gentlemen, also," said Andross, looking around and speaking with ironical courtesy. "Have I the honor," he added, turning to his interrogator, "of addressing Robert Treat, self-styled Governor of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut?"

"I am," he answered with firmness, "Robert Treat, and Governor, by the grace of God and courtesy of his deceased Majesty Charles the First, of this Colony of Connecticut."

"Amen," responded several voices in the room.

The brow of the intruder lowered as he scowled round upon the Assembly.

"Whom," added the Governor, "have I the honor also of addressing?"

"I am Sir Edmund Andross, Knight, and by his present Majesty's pleasure, Governor of this recusant Colony of Connecticut."

Until this moment, every countenance in the room had been fixed upon the intruder in silent wonder, not unmingled with curiosity and honest indignation. Every mind, from the first, had received an impression as to the true character of the audacious stranger, who had thus broken in upon their councils, though no one dared whisper, even to himself, his suspicion. When the question was put to him by the Governor, demanding his name and rank, they hung with breathless expectation upon his reply. When it confirmed their worst apprehensions, there was a general burst of resentment and mortification. Every gentleman sprang to his feet; many swords flew from their scabbards, and one or two were even levelled at the breast of Andross.

"Hold, gentlemen," cried the aged Governor; "use no violence. This is a matter to be settled by cool tongues, rather than by sharp steel. In your haste," he added with cutting irony, "you have forgotten to welcome our worthy friends, who stand there, Edward Randolph, and Master Dudley."

Randolph frowned, and struck his sword-hilt. The latter smiled complacently, if not with a very little grain of triumph. Andross stood perfectly unmoved during the momentary excitement the declaration of his name had created. The members of the council who had been most forward, at length sullenly replaced their swords, not in the scabbard indeed, but beneath their arms, ready for use.

"Sir Edmund Andross," said Governor Treat, when the commotion had in some degree subsided, "I demand, by what right you intrude upon this Assembly, with a band of armed soldiers at your back?"

"We are not to be bearded to our very faces," cried a voice in a distant part of the room.

"He shall atone for his insolence," added another in a still sterner tone.

Andross turned from one speaker to the other like a lion at bay.

"Peace, gentlemen!" interposed the mild voice of the Governor, waving his hand with authority. "We wait your answer, Sir."

"I stand here in obedience to His Majesty's commands," he haughtily replied.

"On what intent?"

"We know his intentions well," cried several voices.

"I entreat you, be silent, gentlemen," again interposed the Governor.

"As these puritan statesmen seem to be so well informed on the subject," said Andross sneeringly, "there is no need that I should reply. But lest they misconstrue my silence, I answer, that I am here to demand, in the name and by the authority of his reigning Majesty James II., the surrender of your Charter."

"If we refuse to obey His Majesty?" asked the Governor, in a quiet manner.

"I am prepared to enforce his commands. Will you yield your Charter, gentlemen?" he demanded in a determined tone.

"Voluntarily, *never*," replied Governor Treat, firmly.

"**NEVER!**" rung loudly through the hall.

Sir Edmund Andross waited until there was silence; then casting a glance

of triumph around the room, his countenance assumed a significant expression, which at once drew attention and excited curiosity. Deliberately taking the roll of parchment from under his short horseman's cloak, he said, "I had anticipated your refusal, after the answers you have invariably given to His Majesty's writs, of which our mutual friend, Edward Randolph, was the bearer. Therefore, to anticipate any abstraction or concealment of your Charter, when my presence in Hartford should be known, I have thought it expedient in compliance with His Majesty's wish that, by all means, I should possess myself of the patent, to secure it before I appeared before you. How I have got possession of it, matters not. It is sufficient that I have it. This mockery of asking its surrender was, graciously, to afford you the opportunity of quietly resigning it, and in some degree thereby, recovering his Majesty's esteem. But my kind consideration for you has been thrown away, like pearls before—but, gentlemen, I need not remind you of the text. Behold your Charter!" he added, holding out the parchment in one hand, and striking it with the gloved forefinger of the other. "In the name of his Majesty, James the Second, and in this presence, I declare the Government under this Charter dissolved."

To be concluded.

A virtuous friendship is the sweetest charm of life; the source of every thing that is great and good and excellent on earth.

It adds great weight to a man's counsel to advise nothing but what he does, and to exact nothing from others, from which he himself desires to be excused.

How often are we indebted to others in our youth for settling a dispute between ourselves and our passions. I suppose our passions are always in the wrong, for they invariably are cast in the suit.

Only by the candle held in the skeleton hand of poverty can man read his own dark heart.

Original.

THE PROSPERITY OF OUR ORDER.

It is truly gratifying to witness the prosperity which has attended our beloved Order for a few years past, particularly in our own State. And it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant, when its banner shall be raised in every town and village in our country, and when its benevolent principles shall be understood and appreciated by all. Then, may we expect too see much of the bitterness of death removed; much of the misery and distress which pervade our world alleviated,—hope kindled in the heart of the despairing,—and the smile of joy lit up in the countenances of those whom the hand of misfortune had rendered wretched and forlorn. Then will charity and brotherly love abound, if we but carry out the principles inculcated by our Institution,—friendship and harmony will receive a new impulse, and much of the strife and discord that now mars the happiness of man will be done away.

But in the midst of our prosperity, let us remember the source from whence all our blessings flow. Let us remember that it is to God alone that we must look for success in our undertaking, and that without his aid all our efforts will be useless. Thus far he has looked propitiously upon us, and we have enjoyed the blessing of his smiles. And as long as we maintain the purity of our Order, and are engaged in the laudable work of relieving the distresses of our fellow creatures, we may expect the continuance of his mercies. But should we forget the high duties which devolve upon us as

Odd Fellows,—should we neglect to carry out into practice the principles which we have professed,—if we should fail to administer to the comfort of our sick and afflicted brothers; to provide for the wants, and to relieve the sufferings of the widow; if the orphan's plaintive wail is suffered to pass by unheeded; and the dead to go unburied; if the principles of our Institution should be prostituted to griping avarice, and to the baser passions of the human heart, then may we expect to see it crushed beneath the weight of its own guilt, and the just indignation of a righteous God. But if we are true to our professions—if we are faithful in the discharge of those duties which we have solemnly pledged ourselves to perform; if we “visit the sick, bury the dead, and educate the orphan,” then shall we continue to prosper, until our banner shall be unfurled in every land, and our Order shall become a name and a praise in all the earth.

Brothers, “Friendship, Love and Truth,” is the motto of our Order. Let it be printed upon the walls of our temples, to remind us that we are brethren, and of the duties which we owe to each other. Let it be inscribed upon our banners, that the world may know the principles which we inculcate. And above all, let it be impressed upon our hearts, that we may feel its power, and exhibit its influence in our conduct and conversation. In this way we shall secure the respect and esteem of all the good and the virtuous, and silence the tongues of those who through ignorance or ill will may mis-

represent our motives, and abuse our benevolent intentions. Let us feel thankful that we enjoy the privilege and the honor of being members of such a worthy institution, and strive to become ornaments and pillars for its support.

By such a course the purity of our Order will be maintained, and it will continue to live and thrive in beauty and harmony. F.

Ware Village, Mass., May, 1843.

Original.

WHAT IS ODD FELLOWSHIP?

THE question is often asked, What is Odd Fellowship, and what are its principles? I will endeavor to answer. In the first place, it is odd to be extremely charitable, one to another; that is, to visit one who is sick or in distress, who is, personally a stranger, and extend to him the hand of charity, and apply the balm of brotherly solicitude and kindness to his wounded spirit; to watch by him by night and by day, and see that he wants not for the comforts of life; to bathe the brow of the sick, and take him by the hand, and call him *Brother*; to relieve his wants; and smooth his pillow; and when at last his spirit is summoned to depart from this terrestrial world, to follow his remains to their long and narrow home—and should perchance a widow and orphan be left to mourn his loss, it is the duty of every Odd Fellow to visit them in their affliction, and relieve them as far as in his power lies. Odd Fellows are to do all the good they can to mankind, generally, and never to wrong a person to the value of anything. This is what we call odd, and any one that lives

a life of this character, may be considered an Odd Fellow.

One of the principles inculcated by Odd Fellowship, is Charity, in its fullest extent, towards our fellow beings. It is the internal and not the external qualifications of men that Odd Fellowship regards.

There are three moral duties which Odd Fellows are always to adhere to,—the first is to God, the second is to their neighbor, and the third is to themselves. To God, in never mentioning His holy name but with that reverential awe which is due from the creature to the Creator; imploring his aid in all laudable pursuits, and supplicating his assistance and protection. To himself, by not abusing the bounties of Providence, or impairing the faculties by irregularity or intemperance. To their neighbor, by acting upon that golden rule laid down in the unerring standard of Divine Truth, of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you in similar circumstances.

This is, in part, what we call Odd Fellowship and its principles.

A BROTHER.

"Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I'm sure." "No, my dear, for I don't perceive that you've *lost* any!"

The palm-tree is the true emblem of a beautiful soul, with no rough bark or branches, but crowned with thick leaves and rich fruit.

O D E S

Sung at the Anniversary of the Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., at West Cambridge, Monday evening, March, 8th, 1843.

BY REV. BRO. J. C. WALDO.

How dear to the heart is the tie that uniteth,
In bonds of sweet friendship, the honest and true !
Its charm is the power wild passion that bindeth,
While the path of pure pleasure it bringeth to view —
The love undefiled and good will that attends it,
Forbid that we e'er from its precepts should roam;
In the Lodge of our Order delighted I found it —
Our Temple, our Bethel, our dearly lov'd Home !
In the Lodge of our Order, Odd-Fellowship's Order,
Bright Friendship's pure Order, our dearly lov'd Home.

This pure Ancient Order we hail as a treasure;
The source of enjoyment to man it reveals;
Its duties all yield us an exquisite pleasure;
Their savour of mercy the bleeding heart heals:—
Its Samaritan kindness! how clearly this makes it
An emblem of Zion's good Shepherd, above!
That story I've heard it, delighted I heard it,
In the Lodge of our Order, the place that we love —
In the Lodge of our Order, Odd-Fellowship's Order,
Bright Friendship's pure Order, the Order we love.

Fondly we'll cherish the Order that giveth
A home to the widow, the orphan a friend —
Instruction and counsel that after-life crowneth,
And leadeth to virtues that heaven-ward tend;
The penitent sinner it gladly receiveth,
When home he returns again never to roam —
That lesson I found it, enraptured I found it,
In the Lodge of our Order, our dearly lov'd Home!
In the Lodge of our Order, Odd-Fellowship's Order,
Bright Friendship's pure Order, our dearly lov'd Home.

BY MRS. E. R. E. WALDO.

We are an army swift and strong,
Bearing our battle signs along;
While FRIENDSHIP we our shield have made,
LOVE is the sheath, and TRUTH the blade.

No trumpet loud, or clarion's swell,
Or martial drum, our fame shall tell;
The tear of gratitude shall be,
Our ensign and our heraldry.

The stream that leaps from ponder height,
Washes its channel pure and bright;

So shall our Order onward glide
Purging its path-way far and wide.

We come to those oppressed with care,
Their wants relieve, their burthens share;
The homes and hearts we seek to bless
Of widows and the fatherless.

Thus may we live, a holy band,
To scatter blessings o'er the land,
'Till found in Heaven, our LODGE shall be —
Our PASS-WORD, IMMORTALITY.

SERMON ON AVARICE.

TEXT.—“God made man, and man made money.
God made bees, and bees made honey.”

My hearers—If you wish to ask me for what purpose man was created, I should say at once, he was created to love, serve and obey his Maker, and to do all the good he can, without directly meddling with the business of others; but generally speaking, he don't like to believe this doctrine;

“He'd rather believe that the chief end of man
Is to keep what he's got, and to get what he can.”

I think, my hearers, that man has made money his chief end, whether he is designed for it or not. Go where you will among the nations of the earth—among the enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, heathen, barbarian, unitarian, trinitarian, nothingarian, and Money is the god bowed down to by all. Yes, my friends, it is the general or universal god for the whole world. There is but one greater, and more powerful; but it makes me feel bad to say, that this greater One is most shamefully treated by the unhalloed attentions paid the other. The difference is, one is worshipped six days in the week—aye, I may say seven—while the other is worshipped only one day—and, in thousands of cases not even that. You may well hang down your heads, ye proselytes of modern avarice, and blush for the shameful truths that I fire off at you! I shoot no blank cartridges—mine are no paper wads—but, with the leaden bullets of conviction, I mean to pierce your understanding-chests, which, alas! have been converted into sub-treasuries for miserly, worldly, gain-getting, hard-currency thoughts. Supposing, my hearers, that I should, in the superabundance of truth and honesty, have the superfluous kindness to say that

you were all worshippers of false gods, the same as are those pagan idolaters of the East, who don't know enough to move back when near the fire: supposing I should say this—what might you do to me? You might, perhaps, tar and feather me—you might ride me on a rail, as averse as I am to such a mode of travelling—you might persecute me to the fullest extent of the lynch law. Therefore I shan't say any such thing; but I will venture to say, that between you and the poor ignorant heathen, there is a practical likeness. They bow down to a log of wood, a piece of stone, or a pair of stuffed breeches; and you worship pieces of gold, bits of silver and scraps of paper. How much better, then, are you than they? Not but a precious little, when the moral and intellectual advantages which you possess are thrown into the scale of consideration. They, poor things, are surrounded by the thickest darkness of ignorance—so thick that their little sixteen-to-the-pound candles of instinct can burn but with a sickly glare: but you, my dear friends, are differently situated. Here you are, placed in an ever-blooming garden of knowledge. The sun of enlightenment shines down upon you from an unclouded firmament of peace: around you, on every side, flow streams of learning, enriching the soil of your intellects, and beautifying the flowery vales of virtue: before you stand the two trees of good and evil, and you know which is what as well as I do. With all these advantages, how is it possible that you, ye children of avarice, can be content to wallow in the filthy mire of lucre? But you will keep gnawing at the root of all evil, regardless of the poison that lurks therein, the effect

of which is most awful. It causes some to steal sheep, rob hen-roosts, lie, cheat and dissemble—others to put on the robe of piety, and go to church to pick pockets in prayer time—others to squeeze a poor man's sixpence in his clutches, till it squeals out for mercy—and others to perform a clandestine pilgrimage to Texas, to worship at the shrine of Mammon.

O, my friends! these things are a disgrace to a civilized community. I have no objections to your *making money*, if you can make it honestly and not too fast. Go to the bees, those little democratic insects, and grow wiser. They obtain their bread and their honey by incessant industry. There are no beggarly misers, thieves and robbers among them—no land-sharks, money-changers, flint-skinners, and sharpers—no striking for wages—no wrangling, disputing and quarrelling about gain, and the division of spoils. No, my friends, all there is love, harmony, industry and peace. The corruptions of avarice can find no crack through which to enter their well secured domicils; and sloth is drummed out instantaneously by the whole *bee posse comitatis*. The bee quits his hive in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to lick the dew from the grass, and hies him away to far distant fields, where it buzzes about from flower to flower, till he is heavily laden with the treasure he seeks; and he then returns, returns, and returns again, and so on till the shades of evening call him in. He folds up his wings and retires to

sleep with a calm conscience; for he knows that he has minded his own business, not meddled with others, and labored to prepare for a rainy day. His sleep must be sweet, and no mistake.

My hearers—I might as well let out the whole cable of my opinion, as to keep such a weight of it coiled up in my breast. Therefore, I say, I consider the practice of bees making honey, far more decent than many of your modern plans for making money; because one is made by industry—the other by fraud, idleness and rascality. You will all go to destruction in a dirt cart one of these days, unless you think less of money, and more of your own moral characters. The devil is fishing for you with a shilling on his hook for bait. He caught a lawyer the other day, but he couldn't keep him. He went to scale him, but he didn't like to be in such a scrape; and so he slipped through his fingers, and went *ker-flap* down into the muddy pool of his former iniquity. But you, my friends, are not all lawyers; so I advise you not to snap rashly at the devil's shilling, nor hang loungingly round it, or you may get hooked up by the gill—and if you do, you are fried eels, as sure as a cat can jump. All you want here is enough to make you comfortable; and that can always be got fairly—besides a small surplus to pay your passages to that happy land where one is as rich as another, and a perfect equality exists. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

LOGIC. Epaminondas said that all the Cretans were liars; now he was himself a Cretan, therefore he lied, therefore the Cretans were not liars, therefore Epaminondas did not lie, and therefore the Cretans were liars.

COURAGE AND MODESTY.—Courage and modesty are the least dubious of all the virtues, for they cannot be counterfeited; and they have this in common, that both are manifested by the same colour.

Original.

IS ODD FELLOWSHIP SECTARIAN AND PROSCRIPTIVE?

To the Editor of the Symbol:—

Being a subscriber to your interesting periodical, and somewhat interested in what I have conceived to be the distinctive features of the excellent Order which it supports, I trust there is no impropriety on my part in making the following enquiry, nor on yours in publishing it.

I would respectfully ask, is Odd Fellowship sectarian—that is, does it require, as the condition of membership, a particular belief in matters appertaining to religion? I make the enquiry because the Rev. John N. Maffitt in his late address before the Tremont Lodge in this city, is reported in the “Daily Times” to have made the following declaration:—

“Although not strictly a religious institution, yet the society adopts in its organization all its distinguishing characteristics: *and had the proud boast of admitting no infidel within its community.*”

Is this really the case? If so, your views of Odd Fellowship, as set forth in your journal, are widely different from the Rev. Mr. Maffitt's, since I have never seen in the *SYMBOL*, (and I say it with much pleasure,) any approach towards his bigoted exclusiveness. You have uniformly held out the idea that Odd Fellowship was founded on the most enlarged liberality; and hence I had concluded that no *religious tests* were required to ensure admission, but that all that was necessary in the applicant, was, the possession of a fair moral character. Entertaining this opinion, and approving most heartily of the general design of your institution, I have often thought,

that could I pass satisfactorily this ordeal, it would afford me much pleasure to be constituted a member. But since a religious test is required, I find I must give up all hope of ever being made an Odd Fellow; for I frankly confess, Mr. Editor, that I am an *Infidel*—one of those unfortunate people whom your institution, according to the Rev. Mr. Maffitt, has the “proud boast” of never “admitting within its community.”

I regret exceedingly to see this manifestation of bigotry; because it compels me to say that if this is the spirit of your Order, I have not only been sadly disappointed in its character and tendency, but have been wretchedly imposed upon. I thought it eminently a Benevolent Institution; but Mr. Maffitt's sentiment is every thing but benevolent; for true benevolence, as I understand that virtue, never even censures, much less *proscribes*, an individual for his private opinions. Its sphere of duty lies in the performance of good deeds alone, not in controlling men's thoughts. Like the worthy Samaritan, it knows no distinction of creeds, but embraces within its world-spread arms, every son and daughter of the race. I had supposed that Odd Fellowship disdained the petty disputes of bigoted sectarists; but, alas! how slow is the progress of mankind in renouncing prejudice and intolerance!

My Infidelity is the result of years of patient, unwearyed, sincere investigation. Still, I grant I may be wrong; but ought I to be proscribed, because the light within me burns not so brilliantly as that within the breasts more highly fa-

vored? I know that my scepticism was honestly obtained, and therefore I see no reason why it should be made an objection to me, especially by an institution professing to be founded on the purest charity and benevolence. I contend that I have precisely the same right to entertain and promulgate Infidel opinions that the Rev. Mr. Maffitt has to entertain and promulgate Christian ones; but I trust I shall never so far forget the requirements of common charity and common honesty, as to follow his example and proscribe him because he believes different from myself. Respectfully,

AN INFIDEL.

[We can assure our correspondent "Infidel," that we conceive it not in the least "improper" to publish his communication. We are willing that every one, be he Christian or Infidel, should have a fair hearing, if he thinks he sees aught against our institution, particularly when such objections are expressed in a spirit of candor, and with an evident desire to get at the truth. And such we conceive to be the case with the writer of the foregoing. In reply to the question, "Is Odd Fellowship sectarian, requiring as the condition of membership a particular belief in matters appertaining to religion?" we answer in the negative. The religious opinions of a candidate proposed for membership, are never enquired into.—If he is a moral, temperate, honorable man, it is all that is necessary to gain him admission into an Odd Fellow's Lodge. There are no other requirements. True, we have what may be called our moral and religious teachings and practices; but these are merely the *great* truths and duties

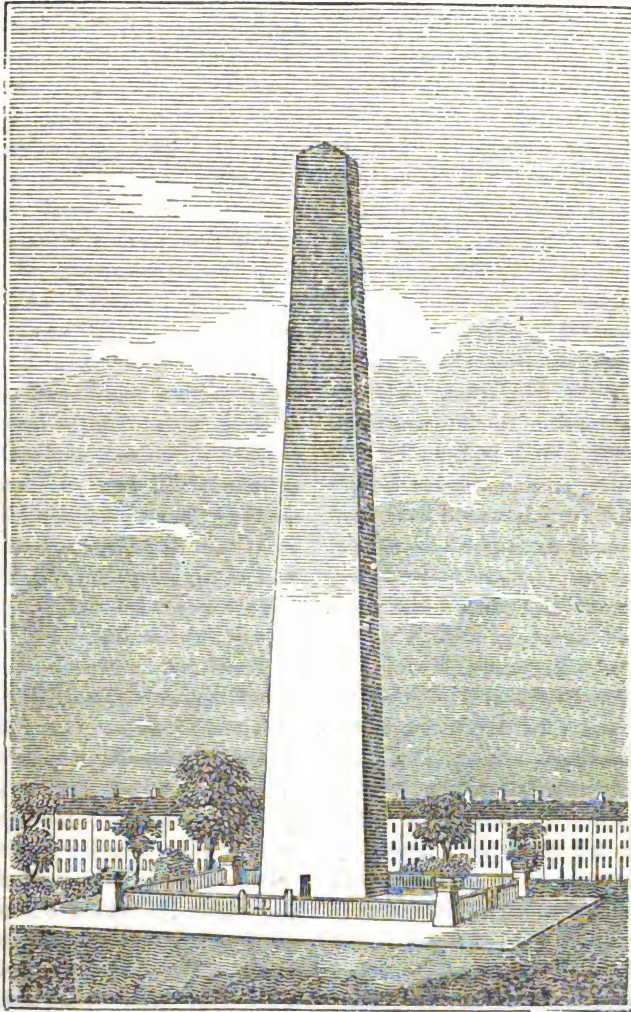
which form the *basis* of all religion and morality, rather than a complete system of religion. Our object is to unite men in the performance of these great duties and the recognition of these great principles, leaving them, without molestation, to believe, propagate and practice, whatever *more* their own understandings and consciences may approve. All religious disputes and sectarian discussions and sentiments are strictly prohibited in our Lodges. In the world, a man may attach himself to whatever church he chooses, and believe what peculiar doctrines may appear to him just and true; but in our Lodges he must be an Odd Fellow and a brother, and nothing more nor less.

In reply to the alleged declaration of Rev. Bro. Maffitt, that no infidel was admitted into our institution, we would say, that he might have made the remark, and yet meant no disrespect toward those calling themselves infidels. The remark, if made, was probably intended to apply to a public profession of infidelity, rather than to any peculiar opinions they may entertain as individuals. This is the light in which we view it, and which, we think it was intended to be received. For it would have been but folly in Bro. Maffitt to make such remark, — conveying the idea which our infidel friend takes of it, — knowing, as he must, that we number in our institution men of every variety of opinions in matters of religion. No more is required of an Infidel to gain his admission into one of our Lodges, than of a Christian; and he is as much respected and considered in the same light as any other brother. To the unworthy, the door of the sacred temple of Odd Fellowship is ever closed; but to the benevolent and philanthropic, who would drink at the pure fountain of Virtue and Truth, the invitation is, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—*Ed.*]

DICTATORIAL MANNERS.—In the too frequent way of communicating useful counsel, there is almost invariably something to vex, often to insult, and almost always the arrogance which assumes authority, and exercises a species of despotism. Now if men were as willing, and as ready, to give reasons as they are to give rules, much mischief might be pre-

vented, and some good might be done. Pride is undoubtedly gratified by being enabled to deal out its animadversions, and self-regard is flattered, but at a terrible expense—a great sacrifice of benevolence. Yet, it is no small part of good breeding and, we may add, good morals, to give appropriate advice appropriately.

17th JUNE, 1775.



Original.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

SIXTY-EIGHT years have now elapsed since the battle of Bunker Hill, and eighteen years since the laying of the corner stone of the Monument, which has been built to commemorate that great precursor of the subsequent revolutionary struggles. To indulge in a few retrospections concerning this great event and its tower-

ing remembrancer, now that two "grim visaged wars have smoothed their wrinkled fronts," cannot prove uninteresting to even the most listless enquirer, particularly when the busy "notes of preparation," which are now making in our midst, remind us of the recurrence of that anniversary which is now to be celebrated

in an especial manner, outvying in "pomp and circumstance," all its "illustrious predecessors."

On the night of the 16th June, 1775, Col. Prescott, pursuant to the orders of Gen. Ward, repaired to Breed's Hill, — since generally designated Bunker's, — for the purpose of secretly erecting entrenchments. He was mainly assisted by Gen. Putnam, who had the principal superintendence of the expedition — the simplicity of whose character and dauntless courage remind us more of the old Homeric heroes than that of any other of the personages who distinguished themselves in the revolution. The redoubt on the summit of the hill was about eight rods square, and laid out by Col. Gridley, engineer on the occasion, with a genius and skill which would have honored any officer in the highest advance of military science.

It was near midnight before the patriots commenced the work of forming the entrenchments. Encouraged and animated, however, by the zeal of Prescott and Putnam, and a full realization of the importance of their undertaking, they worked energetically, but quietly, beneath a dim starlight, with nothing to divert their attention but the "All's well" of the unconscious English sentinels, wafted towards them by the breeze from the opposite shore

The day dawned and found the Americans to the number of about two thousand, fortified within their entrenchments. The English officers upon the first alarm of what had transpired during the night, repaired to the eminence of Copp's Hill, and were seen gazing in common with the soldiers and citizens, in astonishment at what they saw before them. General Gage, the English commander, immediately summoned his officers to a council of war, to take into consideration the measures best suited to the emergency, and devise means to drive the "rebels"

from their strong-hold. In the meantime several frigates, floating batteries, the Somersett line of battle ship, a formidable baton of the heaviest pieces, and a mortar on Copp's Hill, opened a tremendous fire on the Americans, sufficient to appal even veteran troops, but which was received with imperturbable coolness by the sons of the Pilgrims, and with that fondness for scriptural association for which they were always distinguished, they likened themselves to the children of Israel, and patiently awaited the onset of the red-coated Philistines.

The council of British officers were any thing but unanimous in their deliberations concerning the best course to be pursued in the contemplated attack; and various modes were suggested by Generals Gage, Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, Pigot, Grant and Robinson, and Lords Percy and Rawdon. Their plans were at length matured, and troops to the number of five thousand, and a large supply of artillery ammunition, were transported from the end of Long Wharf and Winisimet Ferry to Charlestown. The troops were formed in columns at the foot of the hill ready to advance. The neighboring heights and the steeples and roofs of houses in Boston were crowded with citizens and soldiers breathlessly awaiting the issue. At length the word is given for the troops to move forward. They march. The Americans are ordered to reserve their fire until the enemy are within eight rods of them; or in the words of "Old Put," till they could see the "whites of their eyes." It was punctiliously observed until the command was given to "fire," when a murderous volley was discharged into the line of the enemy. The whole front rank was swept away. Rank succeeded rank and returned the fire, but with no effect, as the Americans were well protected by their breast-works. The efforts of the enemy were vain, and with sulkily reluctance they

were compelled to retreat toward the shore. The British rallied, and organized anew; and with unwavering step and firm, undaunted courage, they again made their way through the tall and almost impassable grass over the bodies of their fallen comrades, and with the burning sun blazing on their faces, presented themselves before the entrenchment of the Americans, but with the same result; for after boldly sustaining and returning the terrific fire of the patriots for some time, they were at length forced to retreat with great loss. Again they rallied, and received the orders of Gen. Howe again to prepare to advance. Some murmurs were heard along the files from the discouraged and exhausted soldiers, and remonstrances made by some of the officers against the terrible sacrifice which their General was making of some of the best troops in His Majesty's service. But Gen. Howe was determined to retrieve the honor of the British arms. He determined on their third trial not to answer the galling fire of the Americans, but as soon as its effect was over, to immediately close his ranks and rush to the entrenchments. Animated in some measure by the intrepidity of their commander, the troops re-ascend the hill, receive the fire of the Americans, and rush for the redoubt, which by the aid of their bayonets they gain possession of — the Americans having no other means of repelling them than by throwing stones and using the butt-end of their rifles. It was at this time, when the partially defeated Americans were driven back from their breastworks, and the brave Warren slain, that the conflict assumed, in appearance at least, its most desperate character, and which may be aptly delineated in the description of an ancient bard who loved to sing of battles.

"Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.

As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries abound."

The Americans had retreated about 20 rods before the English could form in line and fire upon them, which when they did, destroyed more men than the whole prior part of the engagement. The patriots, however, made good their retreat, and the English showed no disposition to follow up their victory.

The loss sustained by the Americans amounted in all to four hundred and fifty — one hundred and fifteen killed, three hundred and five wounded, and thirty taken prisoners. The British loss was one thousand and fifty-four, including eighty-nine officers; of these two hundred and twenty-six were killed, and eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded. "Thus in this battle," writes a describer of it, "the British gained a nominal victory, but the Americans the only prize contended for; they destroyed entirely the physical and moral power of the British army, imprisoned them within their narrow lines, and prevented their excursions. The enemy never after recovered their enterprise and confidence while in America, and by this single battle the final success of the American revolution was secured."

The corner stone of the monument the design of which is to keep before future generations the grateful recollections and associations of the revolutionary period, was laid by the hands of the illustrious La Fayette, on the 17th of June 1825. On this occasion an immense concourse of citizens assembled from all parts of the United States, to witness the interesting ceremonies. The depth, however, at which it was laid, (says Bowen's Picture of Boston,) being insufficient to resist the action of the frost, it was taken up, the foundation sunk, the same relaid, and on

the 21st of July, 1827, the base, 50 feet in diameter, was completed; and the work gradually progressed until it was obliged to be stopped for want of funds. Some two or three contracts were afterwards entered into with Mr. Willard to finish the work, when on the 23d of July, 1842, the cap stone was raised to its summit. There are ninety courses of stone in the whole structure, eighty-four of them being above the ground, and six below. The base is 30 feet square. The net rise of the stone from the base to the apex, is two hundred and nineteen feet, ten inches, which with the seams of mortar, makes the whole elevation two hun-

dred and twenty-one feet. The whole amount that has been expended in completing the *Monument*, is \$120,000.

We have no desire at present to allude to the disgraceful delay and wasteful expenditure of the monies raised from time to time during the building of the first half of this obelisk. Suffice it to say, that it was at length taken in hand by the *Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association*, which together with the patriotic exertions of the ladies of New England, and the munificent bequests of several private individuals, eventually raised the funds necessary for its completion.

THE KISS AND THE TEAR.

When I first saw the tear in thy soul-telling eye,
I 'd have kissed it away had not others been by;
But the happy and heartless were laughing around,
And the gem of pure feeling fell cold to the ground.

As we lingered to part where the pale moon-beam shone,
With a heart-thrilling rapture to love only known,
I deemed that naught earthly could add to my bliss,
Till the tear's soft enchantment was lost in thy kiss.

With blessings alike so transcendently dear,
Could I tell if I loved best, the kiss or the tear?
Did I swear for the one, I 'd be false to my oath;
Be it thus, then, mine own one! oh give, give me both!

Knickerbocker.

TOBACCO CHEWERS.—We do not know why it is, but tobacco chewers are the most liberal class of people now in existence; that is, towards each other. Meet an acquaintance when you will, and if he asks for a chew, the needful is produced without a murmur. Yes, and there is a grace attached to the presentation of this joyful weed, which every one feels when in the act of giving it to his friend.

Books are but men turned inside out, or metamorphosed into letters,—against whom, thus surviving themselves, the stroke of death cannot prevail.

It has been aptly said that a false friend is like a shadow on a dial—*appearing in clear weather*, but *vanishing* as soon as it becomes *cloudy*.



INTRODUCTION.

BY KENNETH.

IN the early history of the world, the system of Mosaic, or Symbolic instruction, was much used, and took place of the written letter over a large portion of the eastern continent. This system was confined principally to the ancients, and by them was extensively taught, in all their schools of philosophy. The learned sciences were illustrated (even at this early age of the world) by many curious, grotesque, and imperfect figures, or hieroglyphical delineations. Among these curious symbols were many that seemed to be well adapted to the end for which they were used. The sun was used to represent the greater light, the moon the lesser light; the stars, called the "lamps of darkness," were represented often on an opaque, or black picture of an irregular form, when much space was required to be given—when not enumerated a round opaque figure with a single star in the centre, and of a large or small size, according to the magnitude of the star to be given. All the figures used by the ancient philosophers, appear to have been successively used, by succeeding centuries, but in a more perfect form, and better adaptation, as education, art, and science have removed their excres-

encies and irregular combinations. The emblematic designs of the ancients, were also designed to convey some great lessons of moral truth, by a skilful and well combined arrangement. From the simple numericals arose the scenic or illustrative method, that method called the pictorial illustration of the present time.

King Erectheus, was one well skilled in the learning of the ancients, and it was under his fostering skill that the Grecian developed, so fully, the beauty and utility of the language of Symbols. Under the guidance of such a master it was that those majestic and beautiful temples arose; in them were taught not only astronomy, philosophy, and pharmacy, (then received as an occult science,) but the science of living well—the science of morality. Here in these schools the doctrine of Polytheism, and the idea of Polytheism and the idea of one great universal Deity—the doctrine of rewards and punishments, were first shadowed forth, by the use of Symbolic illustrations, illustrated and scenic diagrams. The value of this mode of instruction will be readily acknowledged by every person acquainted with the state and progress of learning in those days. There

are very few nations even at the present day who do not still retain and use to a certain extent, under certain modifications, and for certain purposes, the Illustrative or Symbolic language. Every person at all acquainted with the sacred writings will find under the Mosaic dispensation, many types and shadows, which were used to convey or prefigure some command, duty, warning, or promise; being a sort of remembrance, between the Creator of the world and the children of his love. Beautiful, indeed, were some of these Symbols. Aaron's budding rod, and the altar of incense, the table of the shew-bread, and the holy vessels, and the brazen candlesticks, were all of them significant Symbols, which conveyed a definite meaning to those who used them. It would be useless for me at this time (however pleasing it might be) to write a paper upon the origin, or a minute history of the Symbolic language of the past or "olden time;" my purpose being to speak of our own Symbols, the Symbols of Odd Fellowship; to us sacred Symbols, way-marks to duty, "mile-stones" on the road of life—to us they are as the finger boards that point the way to happiness and rest.

Many and pleasing are the associations that cluster around the ancient and time worn altars of our honored fraternity, venerated and cherished as they are by

every Odd Fellow; they have been, and still are by many, ridiculed as the useless lumber of "by-gone" centuries, full of unmeaning pomp, and empty show, as useless as the tinsel with which they are adorned and decorated—this has been the case with almost every thing which the great mass of mankind cannot understand or appreciate. The wonderful discoveries of Gallileo, gained him a bed of straw in a cold and damp prison house. The theory of gravitation when first made known by Newton, afforded only a topic for the idle scoff and senseless ridicule. Were it necessary for me to dwell longer on the utility of the Symbolic or Emblematic,—I might recount to you the many beauties of that great temple which the Lord of Hosts put it into the heart of Solomon, the king, to erect, to the glory of his praise and the honor of his name. Nay, more, I might speak of the curious girdle of the ephod, of the breast-plate of righteousness, whereon was engraven the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. But as the object of these papers, is not a defence of the *custom* and *use* of the Symbols of our Fraternity, but merely an illustration of their prominent utility and moral teachings, I shall confine myself principally to the benefits resulting from them when rightly understood and duly appreciated.

MARRIAGE. — Marriage is a lottery. Marriage is "very like a whale," and very likely to introduce you among a "sea of troubles." A respected contemporary observes that marriage "is like a silk purse most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it." Marriage is like a mousetrap — once get in, and you are caught, without the least prospect of recovering your liberty. Marriage is like a "rose tree in full bearing" — how

attractive are its flowers! but the bright leaves fall after a season, and the thorns alone remain. Marriage among fools is like a boiled calf's head without the accompaniment of brains. Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday, served up cold on Monday, ditto with pickles on Tuesday, and hashed up on Wednesday. In short, marriage is a mixture, and you can hardly taste the sweets without imbibing some portion of the sour.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER VII.

WELL PAID FLATTERY.

MOST of my readers, without doubt, have heard of the celebrated James Smith, who was called the "eccentric and fearless," on account of the bold flights of fancy which he often permitted his muse to take, regardless alike of the consequences to himself or another. If he wished to say anything, he had a faculty of putting the matter into rhyme or satire, the effect of which would long be remembered by others, when he had altogether forgotten it himself. Few poets would dare indulge their frantic wit with the licence or impunity of the celebrated Smith. A little episode in his life well illustrates the truth of the old adage, (a homely, though true one,) "nothing venture, nothing have."

The late Mr. Stratham, printer to the King, a man by the way of some eminence and considerable literary knowledge, was present at a dinner where James Smith made one of the company also. The topics of "table talk" although not coming quite up to the standard given by the inimitable Coleridge, were nevertheless varied and interesting.

In course of the conversation the subject of *flattery* was introduced, and expatiated upon with much animation; almost every one present, took a part in the discussion except James Smith, — he on the contrary maintained an imperturbable silence, and in fact so great was his mental abstraction on the occasion, that Sir Charles Morden asked him if he was as "oblivious to wine" (which was circu-

lating briskly) as he was to the conversation. His only answer was a familiar nod, or smile. Mr. Stratham seemed much interested in the discussion, and maintained that but few men could swallow flattery, less easily than himself, and quoted many incidents in his life to show his superiority over other men in regard to this particular and pleasant foible.

Mr. Stratham (by the way) was an old gentleman, and possessed of a handsome yearly income, the fruits of his well husbanded industry; he also loved "oysters and Champaigne," and could discuss the qualities of a *turtle soup* with as much gusto as any of the *modern whiskered, bon vivants* of these more modern times, who are on the daily look-out to catch a glimpse of the magic "*turtle soup*," so invitingly displayed at the hotel of Taft, or the Restaurant, of *Parker & Co.* As may be supposed, although at an advanced age, Mr. Stratham retained his intellectual faculties unimpaired, while he was physically suffering from the effects of gout and rheumatism. The party however, like all others, had an end, and Mr. Stratham, and James Smith, each went their several ways, the one to sleep soundly till morning light, the other to dream goblins, headless turkeys, bolstered feet and rheumatic pains.

At a late hour the next morning, as Mr. Stratham was comfortably seated in his arm chair, the servant placed a letter before him. After adjusting his spectacles, and smoothing again for the fifth

time, the cushion which supported his gouty foot, he read aloud the following *jeu d'esprit* : —

"Your lower limbs seem'd far from stout,
When last I saw you walk ;
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he immediately added a codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of *three thousand pounds* ! Nothing more was heard of Mr. Stratham, for two or three years afterward when, one morning a well dressed gentlemen knocked at the door of Mr. James Smith, the "fearless" poet, and after remaining closeted

with him for some time, he took his departure.

About one o'clock the same day, the veritable James Smith, was seen in the counting-room of the banker of the late Mr. Stratham, deceased, and received of the teller, the legacy in question. After carefully looking over the bills, he deposited them safely in the left breast pocket of his coat, (nearest his heart, reader,) and while buttoning the same, was heard to make the following audible remark : "Since the days of Sannacarius, it may be questioned whether any bard has been more liberally remunerated for any equal number of lines." Reader, so thought your humble servant, the author ; and if a fortune sometimes lies *concealed in a hat*, you will cease to wonder at the *Poet's Legacy*.

A REMINISCENCE OF BUNKER HILL.

THERE are many local anecdotes and stories which relate to this great national battle-ground ; but in point of true fellowship and disinterested sacrifice, we rarely find any that will equal the following.—

At the action on Bunker Hill, Putnam said to his men "Aim at the handsome coats, pick off the commanders." When the British were driven back the second time, and nearly all the officers killed, the gallant Maj. Small, dressed in a dazzling uniform, (a tempting mark for a soldier,) was left standing alone, every one having been shot about him. The American marksmen, by Putnam's side, levelled their muskets to shoot him, when Putnam suddenly recognized in Small an old and particular friend and fellow-soldier. "For God's sake," exclaimed he, "dont kill that officer ; I love him *as a brother* ;" and springing forward, threw

up the muzzles of the deadly muskets with his sword and saved Small. Small was so near as to hear him make the remark, and he repeated it in the British camp among the British officers, whence it found its way back to the Yankees.—When the Americans were retreating and Gen. Warren had left the redoubt, he was recognized by his friend Small, who called to him and begged him to stop, and save his life. Warren turned round and seemed to recognize him, but would not stop. Small ordered his men not to fire at him and threw up the muzzles of their muskets with his sword. But it was too late,—the fatal ball had sped, and Warren fell, eighty yards from the redoubt—near the spot where the monument now stands.

☞ The grace which makes every other grace amiable, is humility.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS—Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn how we are supported in the publication of the *SYMBOL*. Though it is with no small degree of reluctance that we tell them the "facts in the case," yet we consider it an act of duty that we do so, hoping thereby, it may have a good effect. We believe our subscribers, one and all, wish for the success of our magazine, and would cheerfully lend what assistance they could for its support and encouragement. And we have no doubt most of them suppose we are well supported in the publication. From the great number of Odd Fellows in our midst, such an inference would be nothing more than fair and reasonable. But it is not so.—It has been a very losing concern to us thus far, and will continue so unless we can have our subscription list very materially increased in numbers. There are certainly Odd Fellows enough in our immediate vicinity, who, if they would lend their support, would be amply sufficient to place the *Symbol* in a flourishing condition. We would, therefore, most respectfully and seriously, solicit the aid of our subscribers in publishing our magazine. If each subscriber would use a little effort to induce a brother to subscribe, we feel confident their efforts will be successful, and that we shall be enabled to pursue our work with a light heart and merry one.

If we were engaged in a work where *Self* was the only object in view, we should deem ourself altogether too presuming in making the above request of brothers. But we are governed by no selfish motive farther than to continue our labors free from embarrassment in pecuniary matters, and a sincere desire that the principles of our beloved Order

may become universally known and adopted. Farther than this we ask not. We never supposed for a moment, that in publishing the *Symbol*, it would be a profitable business. We knew at the commencement, that it could not be at least for a considerable length of time.—We only thought we might "clear our way," as the members of the Order increased; but how far our anticipations have been realized, our readers have already been advised. Our friends, we hope, will bear our request in mind, and so far lend us their aid as their inclinations may prompt them; and whatever may be the result of their efforts, they shall receive our hearty thanks.

17TH OF JUNE.—Somewhat fearful that our readers are ignorant of the fact, we take this early opportunity of informing them that on Saturday next there is to be great doings in Boston and Charlestown. We would likewise inform them that it has been currently reported in the city for some time, that the Hon. Daniel Webster is to deliver an address on that day on Bunker Hill. The occasion of the grand celebration which is about to take place, we are told is in consequence of Bunker Hill Monument being finished; and it is generally supposed that Mr. Webster will allude to this fact in his speech. Among the many distinguished individuals who are to be present on the occasion, it is confidently believed by many that the President of the United will be one of the number. On this point, however, we cannot speak so definite as we could wish, not having received from him, personally, any communication to this effect. However, arrangements have been made for his reception, and it is hoped he will be "on hand."—

We think if "nothing happens," there will be a "pretty considerable sort of a time;" and we would advise all who want to see the whole world, and more to, to be in the city on the 17th. Already are our public houses crowded with visitors, and our Charlestown friends have actually been obliged to nail a large piece on their town in order to accommodate the numerous host who have already arrived, and could not get accommodated "elsewhere." Most of the buildings have two and three beds on the top, and in a few instances, some ten or a dozen may be counted!

Having said thus much, and given our readers as we think, all necessary information in relation to the subject aforesaid, we trust they will give it all due consideration, and govern themselves accordingly.

P. S. — Since the above was in type, we have learned from undoubted authority, that the President will be present on the occasion, and that orders have been received from head-quarters to have the big gun brought out, and all other necessary arrangements made to give him welcome. This is a great country!

☞ "The History of a Five Franc Piece, chapter 2d, by Bro. WYMAN, we regret to say, was not received until too late for insertion in our present number.

☞ Those of our subscribers who have not paid their subscription, would greatly oblige us by doing so without delay. We cannot live on promises alone much longer.

☞ We are happy to learn that the Odd Fellows, generally, in this city and vicinity, will join in the celebration on the 17th.

THE SYMBOL. — A good number.
[Philadelphia Saturday Museum.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM. — Ditto, ditto, ditto.

☞ Our fair correspondent "KATE," will please accept our thanks for the lines she has favored us for publication. They will appear in our next. If we can but get the ladies enlisted in our behalf, our success is most certain.

☞ Some people are willing to be your friends if you will think as they do, and act according to their opinions of right and wrong. He only is your true friend who seeks no recompense but your friendship for whatever favor he may do you. Favors offered on any other principle are bribes, and should be rejected with disdain by an honorable mind.

Notices of Books, &c.

THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW.—No. 1. Vol. 3.

This Magazine was duly received, and we are sorry to say was mislaid—but justice, if it comes at last, is "better late than never." And we would say of this work that it well sustains its *established* reputation. The original papers in this number are well written; "Quid Nunc?" No. 6.—meets our idea of the *case* precisely, and as the "old man" said, we could not have "better expressed" the matter had we spoken ourself. — "Thoughts for the People," should be read by every person, whether he is desirous of cultivating the principles of active charity, or not; it will do him no harm, and may do him good. Beside the Editorial matter, there is much interesting variety for the amusement and instruction of the Brotherhood.

FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Adapted to the Use of the Yeoman of the United States.

The first number has been left upon our table, by whom we do not know—if we did, we would acknowledge the courtesy gratefully, as the work is worthy the attention of every *practical* as well as scientific cultivator of the soil. —

It is published in monthly parts by Messrs. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. We predict an extensive sale of the Farmer's Encyclopædia. In the Introduction we find many valuable remarks which are too long to extract, and too important to be abridged; we refer the reader to the work itself for further information. We perceive the work is to be embellished with spirited engravings and illustrations of the various subjects of which it treats. Price 25 cents per number.

LONDON LANCET.

By the kindness of a friend we have received the fourth number of this useful and valuable aid to the Medical Profession. We do not know who the Agent for Boston is, but presume our friend Redding has it—he has a little of the “very best” the tables afford. We may have occasion to notice this work more fully hereafter. From a glance at its table of contents, we should think it a valuable addition to the library of the student of medicine.

THE VEIL REMOVED, or Reflections on the Life of Israel Putnam, &c. By John Fellows. James D. Lockwood, Publisher, New York.

A miserable affair throughout the whole, from title page to conclusion—a garbled, and unfair attempt (in our humble opinion, which by the way may not be worth much) to wrest from “Old Put” his well earned fame. *Let the dead rest alone in their glory.*

RAMBLES IN YUCATAN. Langley's, of New York, Publishers.

We have not seen this work yet, consequently can say nothing for or against it until we do.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmonds, “
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Reusselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10 do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 13, do do	Fri.
Perseverance, 17 do do	Thurs.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28 do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	
Grove, 58, do do	Thur.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64, do	Tues.
Croton, 78, do	
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do do	Mon.
Meridian, 42, do do	Wed.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mor.	
United Brothers, 52 do	Tues.
Howard, 60, do	Wed.
Commercial, 67, do	Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22, do	Thurs.
Mercantile, 47, do	Tues.
Olive Branch, 31, do	Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73, do	Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues.
Nassau, 39, do do	Thurs.
Atlantic, 50, do do	Mon.
Fulton, 66, do do	Wed.
Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do	Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.	
Williamsburg, 62, do	Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co.,	Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do do	
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co.,	Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co.	Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co.,	Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do	Mon.
Dutchess, 59, do do	Wed.
Fireman's, 19, Albany,	Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16, do	Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5, do	
Union, 8, do do	
American, 32, do	Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy,	Mon.
Spartan, 62, do	Fri.
Phoenix, 41, Albany,	Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy,	Wednes.
Trojan, 27, do	Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh,	Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy,	Thurs.
Halcyon, 56, do	Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo,	Mon.
Buffalo, 37, do	Tues.
Tehosceroron, 48, do	Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester,	Fri.
Teoronto, 69, do	
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,	Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithica,	
Rockland County, 76,	Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,	Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.	
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.	
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.	

OFFICERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND LODGES.

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MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Daniel Hersey, C. P. Hezekiah Prince, H. P. Robert L. Robbins, S. W. C. C. Hayden, J. W. Geo. T. Carruth, Scribe. A. Guild, Treas.

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Thomas Barr, W. D. D. G. M. for Lowell District.
Thos's F. Norris, " " Cambridge do.
Eber Smith, " " Boston do.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.

Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

Suffolk, No. 8, over Amory Hall, cor. Wash'n & West, Tu. Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Friday.

Mechanics, No. 11, " Saturday.

Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.

Quinipiac, No. 1, New Haven, Monday.

Charter Oak, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday.

Middlesex, No. 3, E. Haddam, Wednesday.

Poquannock, No. 4, Bridgeport.

Harmony, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmonds, "
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.
Charles Ball, New Haven, (Ct.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1843.

NUMBER 10.

THE CHARTER, AN HISTORICAL TALE OF CONNECTICUT.—(CONCLUDED.)

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ.

A DOZEN swords glittered in the hands of as many gentlemen; the grenadiers threw themselves before their leader, who caught half a score of blades upon his own.

"Hold!" he cried; "your doors are guarded — yourselves are prisoners. One word from me and you will be cut to pieces."

"Base craven!" "Villain!" "Coward!" were the epithets that assailed his ears on all sides.

"Forbear, gentlemen! Let us act mildly," said the Governor. "May it please you, Sir Edmund Andross," he added, looking fixedly at the parchment the Knight held in his hand, "to unroll that instrument, that all may be convinced, — for some doubt, — that you hold our Charter."

"Assuredly," he replied with confidence. Casting an exulting look around, he unrolled the instrument and displayed it before all eyes. The quiet smile that played about the Governor's mouth, and the broader signs of merriment visible on the faces of the rest, induced him to look closely at the parchment, when a glance showed him that he held simply an Indian deed of hunting grounds. His proud and

confident manner changed, not to one of mortification and disappointment, but to one of vindictive rage. He gnashed his teeth; crumpled the parchment in his hand; flung it to the earth and ground it with his heel.

"By whatsoever interposition of Providence, your unjust intentions have been foiled," said Governor Treat with a dignity strikingly contrasted with the excitement of the other, "you are properly punished for resorting to stratagem. — Those who have deceived you, have proved our friends."

"Infernal woman!" muttered Andross through his closed lips. "This is intentional. Ho! Sir Puritan, or Sir Governor! I am not to be thwarted thus. By the Holy Cross! If your patent be not given up within the hour, you shall each be shorter by the head, than you now stand. I have arguments without, I think you will listen to."

"Colonel Wylls," said the Governor to a noble looking gentleman who stood by his chair, "have the goodness to report the nature of these arguments."

"Doubtless, of this complexion," he replied, glancing at the grenadiers. He

the time, all idea of leaving his native place, and essayed perseveringly to obtain employment. But a blight seemed to have fallen upon all alike, and ere many more weeks had passed away, very many young men, who had, like himself, been thrown out of employment, left their homes and families to seek their fortunes in a strange place. Several of them were so fortunate as to obtain work in New York and Philadelphia, and the news of their success determined James to listen no longer to the voice of affection, but to break, for a brief time, (he hoped), the tie that bound him to all he held dear on earth.

Having made up his mind not to remain any longer idle, he mustered courage to impart to his affectionate wife the resolution he had taken of leaving her for a short time, promising most faithfully, if he did not succeed in obtaining work in two months, he would then return.

His wife used every argument she could command to induce him to alter his purpose, but he succeeded, at length, in persuading her of the absolute necessity of the step he was about to take, and eventually wrung from her a reluctant consent.

"And you promise faithfully, James, you will not remain absent more than two months, and if you cannot then obtain work, you will return?" said his wife, after she had given her consent to his departure.

"I do promise, dear Mary; but I have no idea I shall be absent so long. I have a sort of presentiment I shall be successful, and I have already half arranged my plans for our future residence in New York—for I am going there, if I don't get any thing to do in Philadelphia."

"O, James, don't build such castles! It is not right, you know. Hope for the best, but let us be prepared for the worst."

And thus it was arranged that husband and wife should be parted for the first

time since their marriage. Mary made preparations for his departure with alacrity, and with a seeming cheerfulness; but her heart was very heavy, and she essayed to drive away a sort of vague presentiment, an ill-defined shadow of something wrong, which would force itself upon her in spite of her very self.

As for James, he determined to leave every cent with his wife, for her support during his absence, taking with him barely enough to meet his expenses to Philadelphia, for he hoped there to find employment.

I will not attempt to describe the parting scene of the fond husband from the doating wife and cherished child. They parted, he with a heart buoyant with hope, though his spirits were saddened by the remembrance that he was bidding farewell, perhaps forever, to all he loved best on earth, and she turned aside in the house after a last embrace, to weep in silence and in sorrow.

He took the road direct for Philadelphia, which was the nearest city, having promised that he would write to his wife the moment he arrived there.

As the form of her husband faded from her sight, Mary's heart sank within her, and she would have given worlds, had they been hers to give, could she have recalled him, and persuaded him to remain and trust to the same kind Providence which had befriended him hitherto. But it was now too late, and, with a strong effort, she chased away the tears that forced themselves upon her heart, and went to her work with alacrity, if not with cheerfulness.

CHAPTER II.

Not many weeks ago, a young stranger was seen walking in one of the greatest thoroughfares of this vast metropolis, who bore evident marks that he was laboring under disease. His haggard look betokened distress of mind, and his pale, thin

face showed too plainly that sickness was making rapid inroads upon a constitution never of the strongest. Hour after hour he had wandered, a stranger in this mighty emporium, without meeting one familiar face or hearing one sympathising voice. At length, and just at dusk, his feeble frame could endure no more, and he sunk upon the pavement, suffering under the accumulated miseries of cold, sickness, poverty, and absolute starvation!

A good Samaritan, who chanced to pass him as he lay, inquired what was the matter with him; but disease and hunger had so much enfeebled him as to prevent his utterance, and a feeble groan was all the reply he could make to the sympathising inquiry.

The stranger, who lived near at hand, was one of those humane men, too seldom found, who never, when they observe a fellow being in distress, pause to inquire who or what he was, or whence he came. He only knew that a fellow being lay before him speechless, and evidently laboring under an intensity of suffering; and calling assistance, he had the sufferer at once conveyed to his own residence. A comfortable bed was provided for him, and every thing that humanity could suggest was done to alleviate the miseries of his situation. In a few hours the good Samaritan had the unspeakable felicity of knowing that his patient, if not likely to recover, was at least comfortable, and he left him in the enjoyment of a sweet and sound repose.

Mr. Arden, the gentleman who had thus charitably afforded shelter to the sick and houseless wanderer, thought he would examine the clothes of the stranger to ascertain, if possible, who he might be and whence he came; and in this he was aided by some papers found in the stranger's pockets. Reader, that poor, famished stranger, who but for the humane attention of the worthy Mr. Arden must

have perished in the streets, was JAMES EDWARDS. How he became reduced to such a plight need not be narrated; it can readily be imagined.

Among the papers found in James's possession, besides some letters from his wife, breathing the most devoted affection, was one which seemed to afford peculiar pleasure to the worthy benefactor of the unfortunate man. What were its contents it behoves us not to say at present, but as soon as he had perused it, he called his wife, and gave directions that James should be attended as carefully as though the sufferer were her own husband; and having done this, he left the house, saying he would return in a short time.

Let us now return to Mary Edwards, who we left sad and weeping, as the form of her loved husband faded from her sight.

She received a letter from Philadelphia, where he had remained some weeks, vainly seeking employment, and he had determined to proceed to New York, nothing doubting that success would attend him here. From that time forward she had heard no more of him, and nearly three months had already elapsed. Her heart misgave her, and although she struggled to keep down the apprehensions which would pass over her, she could not but feel wretched and miserable, as well at his protracted absence as at his unusual silence. While seated one day at her work, which some kind neighbors had procured for her, a letter, post marked New York, was brought to her, and she tore it hastily open.

It contained a note for twenty dollars, and requested her to come to New York immediately, as her husband's situation required her attention. She dared not think what that situation might be, but her arrangements were made with alacrity, and a few hours saw her, with her little boy, seated in the stage that was to bear her to her husband.

Immediately on reaching the city, she proceeded, as directed in the letter, to Mr. Arden's residence, and her hurried rap was answered by that benevolent man in person.

"My husband—my dear, dear husband! Oh, where is he?" was all she could utter.

Mr. Arden knew at once who was his visiter, and he conducted her into his parlor, where he endeavored to soothe and compose her. But she could only reply by asking for her dear husband.

Bidding her be more calm, he conducted her to an upper room, and as she entered, the first object that caught her sight was her own beloved husband, the shadow of his former self, but still her dearly-loved, highly-prized husband. He was seated up in bed, supported by one strange man, while another was wiping his swollen lips, through which the blood and froth were issuing in rapid streams.

At sight of her, the dying man—for he was dying—recognised his heart's idol, and a faint gleam of pleasure passed across his pallid and distorted features. He essayed to raise his arms, as if to invite her to a last embrace, and as she sprung forward to throw herself upon his bosom, he feebly uttered "Mary!" gave one convulsive sob, and his spirit passed to his Maker.

Mary fell, swooning, to the floor, and was carried from the apartment insensible; and when restored to consciousness, she found herself surrounded by strange faces, on all of which she observed an appearance of sympathy for her affliction, and condolence for her sad bereavement.

"Where, where is my poor James?" she exclaimed, turning to one who stood nearest to her.

"Compose yourself, my good lady," said the stranger, in accents of compassion; "your husband has paid the last tribute to the God of the universe, and his spirit is now with Him who gave it."

"Oh yes, I remember now," said Mary, sadly.

"Come here, Charley," she added, turning to her little boy, who unconscious of his loss, was playing with a kitten, but who, obedient to his mother's voice, was at her side in an instant.

"My poor boy, you have no father now, and I have no husband, friend or protector. Let us return home again."

"Not so—not so, Mrs. Edwards," said one of the strange gentlemen. "God has seen fit to call your husband to himself, but he has not deprived you of friends or protectors. Your husband was our brother, and our brother's wife can never need a friend while we have means of proving our regard, nor a protector while we have power to raise a hand in your defence."

"You speak in riddles, sir," said the bereaved widow, "but I may not doubt you. If any thing can console me for the loss of the kindest and best of husbands, or make up to my orphan boy for the most affectionate of fathers, it will be the remembrance of your kindness to him in his hours of dreadful need, and to me in mine of deep affliction. I will remain and see all that is left of him who was dearer to me than my own heart's blood, consigned to the silent tomb, and I will then return to my home, and endeavor to forget my sorrows. I can never forget your kindness."

"Do not talk of that, madam, said Mr. Arden. "We have but done our duty as *Odd Fellows*."

"*Odd Fellows!*" exclaimed Mrs. Edwards, with enthusiasm, rising and seizing the hand of the speaker. "And are you members of that glorious order, who are bound to each other by those ennobling ties of *friendship, love and truth*? Are you members of that exalted corps whose aim and objects are pure benevolence and charity? Oh, I might have known as much before. My poor husband, I know, was of the same noble body

as yourselves, but I did not know that you were all brothers!"

"Yes madam," replied one of the strangers, "we are Odd Fellows, and as such we have endeavored to do our duty to your unfortunate husband, and our unhappy brother. The bond that knits us together is not of that worldly character which may be severed with a breath; and while we condole with you in your bereavement, may we not express our gratification at the discovery of the *secret tie*, which gave him, who was your husband, a claim upon the best feelings of our nature, and which gives you, as the widow of that brother, a claim upon our sympathy, our friendship, and our protection."

"May heaven bless you, sirs!" was all the afflicted widow could reply, as the rising sobs choked her utterance; but she soon added, "I feel, indeed, now that I am not friendless or without a protector; for while God gives you the hearts to feel for the sufferings of your fellow men, the secret tie that binds you together as Odd Fellows teaches you to remember also the widow and the fatherless. May you be blessed here as you have deserved, and may that glorious order, of which you are such worthy members, go on prospering and to prosper, until the name of Odd Fellow shall be, throughout the earth, but

another word for benevolence and charity."

Reader, if you think you have been reading a fictitious tale, wrought from the brain of one who has whiled away many hours in conjuring up the fantasies of his own imagination for your amusement, you are mistaken. The records of our city will convince you that I have not dealt solely with fiction in this little sketch, and although some occurrences may have been interwoven with a plain narrative of facts, they are not unnatural or improbable.

The body of the unfortunate Odd Fellow, though he was a stranger in a strange place, was followed to the grave by hundreds of sympathising brothers, and the widow of that Odd Fellow, retires to bed each night, sad indeed, as she broods over the bereavement with which the hand of Providence has visited her, but never without offering up the incense of a grateful heart to that Great Power, which instilled into the hearts of strangers those divine principles of benevolence and charity which had soothed the dying hours of her unfortunate husband, whose only claim upon their kindness or their sympathy was in that secret tie which binds together men of the most discordant natures, in the bonds of

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles o'er the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will Hope and Fancy twine her roses.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Wilmington, (Del.), June 9th, 1843.

BY REV. BRO. BARNES.

PERHAPS one of the most common objections urged against Odd Fellowship is "Secrecy! Secrecy!" Now it will appear evident, to every one, that this is no objection whatever, unless one of two things can be established.—It must be shown that *secrecy* is a sin in itself considered, which is evidently absurd; or, that the *secrecy* peculiar to this institution is of a dangerous character. Can the first alternative be maintained? Is simple secrecy or concealment a sin? Impossible! God has his secret counsels. We read of his secret purposes, of mysteries which angels for ages desired to look into, of things not known to any of the inhabitants of heaven, no not even to the Son, but to the Father only. When Christ was on earth he taught that plainly to his disciples, which he purposely delivered in parables to the multitude. He also told them in *private* that which he commanded them to "tell no man." Even after his resurrection he privately met with his eleven disciples, "the doors being closed," where they were together. But let us pass from these august precedents to other and more common examples. Kings and Cabinets have their secrets and their private deliberation. Our own Congress and our legislatures, even our little ecclesiastical associations, frequently sit with closed doors, expressly to keep *secret* certain matters of great importance, or transactions relating solely to official examinations, in which the public have no special concern. Your families have their secrets: *The man who would seek to pry into your domestic concerns beyond what you saw proper to make known, all regard as "a busy-body in other men's matters," a*

character that few would associate with and none admire. Who then, will say that *secrecy* is in itself a sin? No man of *common sense* who regarded in the least that reputation. The soul of man is veiled by the Creator's own hand to all save the omniscient eye of God, so that surrounded by thousands, man may retire into that *sanctum sanctorum* of his own nature, and commune, like the Eternal, with the private counsels of his mind, the secret purposes of his own heart. This sounding objection against *Odd Fellowship*, is more specious than real.

Unless the secrets peculiar to Odd Fellowship are objectionable in themselves, the "hue and cry" of *secrecy* is foolish in the extreme. We respectfully assure this assembly, after an intimate acquaintance of several years with the institution, that there is nothing in Odd Fellowship that conflicts with the principles, or spirit, or designs of Charity. It is not in any objectionable sense a *secret* society. Our principles are important, they are the great springs of action—these are not our secrets. Our precepts, those which we teach to regulate our conduct in our intercourse with each other, and with the world, these are mostly drawn from the incorruptible teachings of Christ himself—they are not our secrets. Our objects, what we propose to accomplish by the organization, these are not our secrets.—What, then, are the secrets of Odd Fellowship? We are perfectly willing to meet this question. We will even reveal the secrets—what are they? The ceremony of initiation, the manner of transacting our regular business when together, with certain signs, pass words,

modes of salutation and address peculiar to Odd Fellows, by means of which we can determine, beyond the possibility of mistake, or imposition, who are members of the Order, and by which, in the darkest night, or cast upon a foreign shore, among people of a strange language, we should still have the power of asking, and the certain hope of meeting with Odd Fellows, of receiving every attention and assistance which our circumstances required.

It is this remarkable feature of Odd Fellowship, so innocent, so simple in itself, which has awakened the apprehension in some minds that this institution may one day become a dangerous political or revolutionary engine. It is true, that by means of these simple secrets, *Odd Fellows* are *one* the world over. By them the Genius of our Noble Fraternity is binding nations and continents in brotherhood, and extending the links of her mystic chain to the islands of the sea. — But Odd Fellowship is only mighty to *do good*! Mighty to carry out the benevo-

lent objects for which our institution was created; mighty to lift the burthen from the calamity-smitten spirit; mighty to relieve the sick and distressed; mighty to call forth the funeral-gathered multitude even at the decease of a stranger, in a strange-land; mighty to console the widow in her sorrow; to cherish and educate the orphan for usefulness and respectability in the world. In these respects Odd Fellowship is mighty, but the *blue-eyed* male citizens of Delaware or of this Union will just as soon become a dangerous political engine. There is no common ground on which this Order can unite to carry forward any political or revolutionary purpose. Who are your blue-eyed male citizens? You instance — they are men of the North, South, East and West. They are politicians of every stamp, men of various political tenets, and of all local prejudices, which so effectually divide the citizens of America. So are Odd Fellows. When the former prove a dangerous political fraternity, then, and not till then, fear Odd Fellowship.

SCENE IN A COURT-ROOM IN NEW ORLEANS. — A person who had drank a little too much of the "striped pig" the other night, was placed before the Recorder the next morning. — "You were drunk last night," said the Recorder, "You're right for once," said the prisoner. "I shall send you for thirty days," said the Recorder, "Oh, don't," said the prisoner. — "I will," said the Recorder. "I'm a printer," said the prisoner. "Are you?" said the Recorder, "I am so," said the prisoner, "we invited you to our Anniversary dinner, you know," "So you did," said the Recorder. "How did you like that ham?" asked the prisoner, "It was excellent," said the Recorder. "And the wine," asked the prisoner, "That was better yet"

said the Recorder. "And the toast so complimentary to you?" asked the prisoner with a smile, "That was better than all," said the Recorder. "I know *who wrote* that toast," said the prisoner, "You may go," said the Recorder.

SOME years ago a witness was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken: the witness hesitated until he rivetted the attention of the whole court on him; then fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began — "May it please your honor, you lie, and steal, and get your living by cheating!" The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "turn to the jury, sir, if you please."

THE MIDNIGHT COUNCIL.

BY BRO. F. J. OTTERSON.

[The ancients relate, that the Gods to prevent
being annoyed by impertinent men, held their de-
liberations between midnight and dawn.]

Ho ! in the mighty Pantheon
A ruddy glow of fire;
A murmur like a waterfall,
Is wand'ring through the air;
And from the blue empyrean,
Long trails of waving light,
Like meteors dropping earthward,
Come rushing through the night.

To council in the Pantheon !
From all the realms of space,
The kings of Immortality
Are moving to their place;
Far o'er the slumbering ocean
The Triton wakes his shell,
And lava-bathed Vesuvius
Sends up the king of hell !

See, yonder by the frightened moon
Comes down the God of war —
I hear the neighing of his steeds,
The thunder of his car;
Mad discord o'er his helmeted head
Her blazing faggot whirls,
And from his sanguined chariot-wheels.
The battle's blood smoke curls.

And Neptune in his gem-paved home
Has heard the Triton's call —
Has grasped his speary trident,
And left his coral hall;
O'er water, plain, and mountain,
Come Satyr, Nymph, and Faun,
To council in the Pantheon,
Before the breaking dawn.

Imperial Juno passes —
What regal port is there !
No goddess half so worthy

Jove's diadem to share :
And in her train fair Venus,
The gentle queen of Love,
With Hymen's torch before her,
And Cupid's wreath above.

The God of Light and Music,
With harp and silver bow,
Spreads o'er the orient heaven
A many-colored glow :
His flaming chariot leaving,
He joins the glorious throng,
And from his harp breathes sweetly
The fairy soul of song.

And there the queen of Wisdom,
Resistless martial maid,
In battle's gorgeous panoply
All terribly array'd;
There too the vine-king Bacchus,
And Fates, and Muses, mix
And grim and gloomy Charon,
The ferryman of Styx.

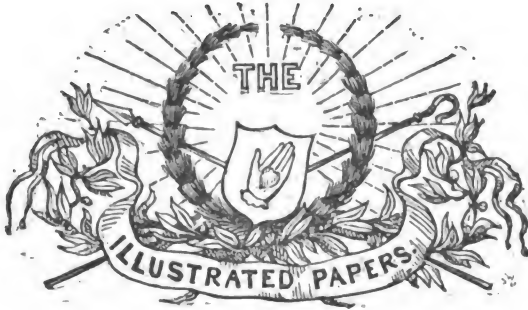
And Ceres, and Pomona,
And Flora sweep along,
And Pan, the god of Shepherds,
And Hercules the strong,
And Hebe with her goblet,
And Dian from the chase,
And message-bearing Mercury,
Are in the holy place.

And last the mighty thunderer
Comes down the stormy road,
Earth quivers to its centre,
And bows before the god —
Supreme among the mighty
He moves, the lord of all,
And at his word dumb silence
Reigns through the crowded hall.

HE that loves for beauty, will cease to love
when beauty fades ; while the form that wore the
charm, may long exist a monument to the folly of
misguided affection.

To whatever party a man who acts from high
and honorable principles belongs, we look upon
him as deserving the highest respect of all good
citizens.

Original.



J U S T I C E .

BY KENNETH.

“With what measure ye mete; it shall be measured to you again.”



We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live :
Our's is her wedding-garment, our's her shroud !
And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor, loneless, ever-anxious crowd ?
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth.
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

The cruelty of the wicked is written in characters of blood. Oppression, and want, have cast a blight, a chilling blight, upon the fairest of earth's flowers — they fall and wither in an hour ; — like the morning rose in its freshness, and beauty, they linger but for a moment and their

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beauty and fragrance are scattered before the stern realities of a cold-hearted and unfeeling world. It is that calls into action and gives life and energy to the active charities of our benevolent association, to lessen, subdue, and mitigate many of the evils which have so long clothed the widow in weeds of mourning, and her fatherless children with the garments of penury and want. To drive from their door the grim spectre of want, to “feed the hungry and clothe the naked,” is the indispensable duty resting upon every member of our Order ; and that we should be *just*, as well as *generous*, our hieroglyphic chart exhibits to us in a most striking manner, the just retribution due to cruelty, oppression, and sin of every description.

The immutable laws of God, strengthen and guide us on in the path of duty and right. The teachings of the spirit of love is ever with us, — the bright and ever-beaming light of the star of Bethlehem still shineth around us, — the only star that gilds our pathway to the tomb — the harbinger of hope on earth of peace

and rest in heaven—that bright undying light which alone leads to that blessed abode, where there is no tears, where the oppressed in spirit—the widow and her fatherless ones can repose forever on the bosom of Eternal Love.

That a knowledge of our duties as faithful Odd Fellows may be duly cherished and kept in our memories, Justice, is exhibited to us under the guise of a female figure bearing the *sword* and *scales*. The one indicating that equitable law of justice is alike the property and right of all, thereby clearly showing that the most exalted in name, or station, are not to look for any abatement of the rigor of the law in their behalf. Justice is blind to party or partial claims, bound, with the emblematical fillet of ancient Egypt, she stands forth the presiding divinity of Truth—immutable, unchangeable.

At the right hand of this figure and near its feet are cross-bones and a skull, which in language terrible as the grave itself proclaims the sad end to which sin invariably conducts its votaries. Truly hath it been said, “The wages of sin is death.” And most assuredly does justice sooner or later overtake the guilty.

The whole group of figures combine to teach us the important lesson, viz.:—That all the lovers of darkness—and the actors in cruelty, oppression, and crime, being weighed in the balances of justice and found wanting, are given over to the sword, and consigned to a merited retribution and fate,—as the just demerit of their offence against justice and her laws. For thus it is written, “by sin death entered the world.”

To this sad state of mortality and death, we are all passing—the ever-ebbing flight of time is rapidly bearing us hence; soon shall our feet have reached the confines of that country,

“From whose bourne no traveller returns.”

And the sentence, “dust thou art, and

unto dust thou shalt return”—hath already passed upon us all—but thanks to God—

“There is a rich provision made,
A way to life—a road to heaven,”

which will finally lead to everlasting rest and repose.

In view of this fact, Justice should never be lost sight of for a single moment. To the Odd Fellows, it is an all-important element or regulator of character. Like the “mene, mene, tekell, upharsan,” of the terror-stricken Belshazzar, it brings joy to the lowly and oppressed, and causes the monarch to tremble upon his throne. It carries hope and consolation to the afflicted, and the down-trodden; disgrace and shame to the oppressor. Justice, as well as truth, in action, is a proper and right discharge of duty in all stations, and at all times, as well as under all circumstances.

What Odd Fellow who fails to perform the duties of any office, the acceptance of which was a pledge, and guarantee, that he would perform it, does not in every omission of duty prove himself guilty of falsity, as fully and effectually as if he had directly broken his word? And what will apply to any one office or act, will apply equally to all. Truth in action is the only course of conduct, proper and just to be pursued—it is Justice—a rendering unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s.

It is true that circumstances in life, and the varied disappointments attendant upon our pilgrimage “through earth,” will often cause us to break our plighted word, and prevent our fulfilling all our engagements with each other, these of course are always to be taken into consideration, when we speak of justice as applied to our intercourse with each other as Odd Fellows. And small indeed is that soul (comparatively speaking) that is unwilling to acknowledge a

wrong or ask the forgiveness of a wronged brother.

Few, very few indeed are the instances when a brother, has received the ingenuous apology of a sincere and convicted understanding, a free heart, and an open hand—that this apology has been deemed insufficient. It is all that a generous and open heart demands, it is all that a generous and open heart can give—and any brother after having made such an ample apology, stands fully justified in the eyes of all good men, whether such apology is accepted or not.

Brethren you will bear with me if I use much plainness of speech towards you, well knowing that the “rebukes of a friend” are better than the “kisses of an enemy.” How read you our sacred and soul-binding affirmations of honor? Affirmations, enforced in all our emblems, speaking to the heart through the eye—

bidding us reverence and obey God, as the great creator and ruler of all things, to be subject unto those whose rule is in equity and justice, while we are knitted more closely in the bonds of love to our brethren—to be just, honorable, and forgiving in all our varied intercourse with each other and the world.

Let our aim be to elevate the standard of our beloved Order, to raise the temple of benevolence, upon the sure foundation of *Justice*—to lay the corner stone upon the immutable pillars of friendship, love and truth—the only sure foundation upon which Odd Fellowship can rest, and rest secure and unshaken from the storms of persecution, bigotry and false prejudice.

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”

A TRUE STORY.—A few Sundays since, in the town of H—, in the western part of an adjoining state, a minister who, to the shame of the church be it said, was suspected on very good evidence of indulging in convivial entertainments with a chosen set, read the hymn, and sat down as usual while it was being sung. Whether unmindful of his sacred functions, or overladen with potations deep, did not appear from the information given; but it so happened that while the choir was engaged in their devotions, the sleepy god Morpheus took full possession of his senses.

The singing was at length finished, and the congregation waited—and waited for the good word, but none came. As soon as the deacons observed the sad catastrophe, one of them turned to the parson, and with an audible voice said to him—“It is out!”—meaning the hymn.

“Is it?” said the parson, half waking; “well, fill it up again, and charge it to Jim Haines.”

As life is a day's journey, and we are all travellers, it would be well for us to examine whether we have made any endeavors to secure a comfortable lodging at night.

If a prince worship God in truth, he must remain in his limits, be true to his treaties, be content with what he has, and suffer patiently the privation of what he has not.

Nothing so much resembles flowers planted on a dunghill, as the good done to an ignorant or worthless man.

When the soul is ready to depart, what avails it whether a man die on a throne or in the dust.

Original.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER III.

"And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

M. Savoy, the gentleman in question, was a good looking, red faced, corpulent Notary, who had his dwelling in the suburbs and his office in the *Rué dé Trinidad*, and was excessively fond of good stories and good brandy ; this latter taste if any thing prevailing over the former.

M. Savoy, after some small talk, several bows, &c., called for a small supply of brandy, with a knowing look, as he said, "to last until his next order arrived." The brandy was drawn and delivered to M. Savoy, the grocer remarking at the same time with a comical laugh, and placing his finger on one side of his nose, "your factor has just left, M. Savoy." This intelligence did not seem lost on M. Savoy, who handing the grocer a bank note exclaimed, "my change," which was returned him, myself included in the number, immediately sought the depths of the Notary's pocket. The Notary after carefully adjusting his small clothes, and smoothing his wig, (for his honor wore one,) grasped his cane firmly, and bowing, left the grocer to count his gains, and your servant to felicitate himself on his third change of companions.

The Notary directed his steps to his office, and after musing some little time in silence, broke out with the exclamation of, "My factor? my factor? 'tis time he brings me good old Cognac, but I pay him for it and do not bring the

revenue officers upon him, and he now and then does a disagreeable job for me, but then I always make matters satisfactory to him.

"He sneer at me! I well remember when he sold sheep's heads about Paris, three for a penny, and now he keeps a grocery, and has forgotten the low estate from whence he has contrived to raise himself. Oh! the ingratitude of this world!

"What is it to that grocer, Jones, if I am more lucky than himself in these matters—let him mind his shop, (and with a complacent smile continued he,) treat those who are above him with the respect due their rank."

How much more of his self communion I might have heard, I cannot say ; but at this moment a clerk from the Bank entered with a bundle of notes and papers labelled *unpaid*, with the request to "notify endorsers also," placed them in the Notary's hand and withdrew. I now had an opportunity of contemplating in a new light one of that class of men who get their living mostly by the misfortune of others (a sort of tolerated blood-sucker regarded as a necessary evil, although shunned by the extravagant and heedless as a pest of community,) of observing the low chicanery and stratagem managed by the pettifogging M. Savoy, while engaged in his business transactions.

Readjusting his spectacles, he proceeded to read aloud from his papers:—
"Baring & Co.'s note for three thousand

francs; Alworthy & Cash's note for one hundred and fifty francs—a mistake surely—I must only note this; my friends must not suffer; last Christmas Alworthy sent me a fine, fat goose; and should I now protest this trifling piece of paper, I should lose my goose for next Christmas, and his good opinion besides; whereas I can note it only, and then save three francs to myself, and not lose my goose either; and better still, I shall seem to oblige Alworthy at the same time I oblige myself with a goose for Christmas, and put three francs into my pocket! Ha! (slapping his hand upon his knee) I have it! Capital! capital! I will speak to Alworthy myself—no dropping notes into the post office—and tell him I presume he forgot this small note in the multiplicity of his concerns; and I only *noted* it, and would not put an esteemed friend like him to unnecessary expense, especially when the sum in question was so trifling.* Peters & Co.'s acceptance for one thousand francs—they must pay the protest; hard times these! but Notaries must live as well as other men, and to protest is according to law. What have we here? Benton & Bromley's note, and Jones, endorser. Benton & Bromley are good, but may have been short, and taken the advantage of the protest to raise the money—for they could always meet their paper—and this paltry sum of one thousand francs must have escaped their notice in some way; upon consideration, they never would have let their note passed to a Notary, if no more than one thousand francs would be necessary to cancel it. But here I can touch the grocer, Jones, through the pride of his heart,—yes, I can work something to my advantage out of this protest; yes, Jones, you love

* The "small spirit" of the Notary, amply illustrates the oft repeated saying, that "kissing goes by favor," or that "money makes the mare go."

your credit as well as your cash, and I can gain, perhaps, a little 'hush money.' I see the way all clear. And I can stop his rude jests, also; confound his eternal allusions to 'my Factor.' I'll just give this grocer Jones (pulling up his dickey, and drawing the knot of his stock a little more to the right) a call."

After writing and despatching sundry small notices and protests, the Notary glanced at his time-piece and found it three, P. M.—the usual time for closing the office. Locking the door of his safe, and depositing the key in his pocket, he began his business preparatory for home and dinner. Just as he was leaving the office a servant announced Mr. Alworthy.

Notary.—Good day, Mr. Alworthy, happy to see you. Pray, be seated—Charles, a chair—Charles, hat. Mr. Alworthy sit if you please—chair (handing one.) What is the current news to-day on 'Change. How are Stocks, on the rise, eh?

Mr. Alworthy.—M. Savoy, I have called on you at this time, I hope in season, to prevent cost on our small note, which unfortunately our clerk, Mr. Cash, forgot until after the bank had closed, and then you know it was too late. But I told him I would just step to your office, and probably save cost as well as credit, as the small note was overlooked, having been a misdate in the entry of one day, which hapily I found out in season. Have you the note, M. Savoy?

Mr. Savoy.—Yes, friend Alworthy, here is the note. I should not have protested it—I must note it of course; but for an old and esteemed friend, I should have waited a few days.

Mr. Alworthy.—Greatly obliged for the favor, M. Savoy, here is a draft for the note, and here are three francs for noting. Business calls me at this moment; good evening, M. Savoy.

M. Savoy.—(To himself.) Very precise and business like, friend Alworthy is

to-day, and very careful of his notes too, and a little too quick for me this time. I wonder how this fellow, who is a good friend to me notwithstanding, will be so distant and independent, and do business always according to his own liking? never can bribe him, no, nor gain any advantage of him, thanks me coolly and politely, for not charging protest, and seems to think by his manner, I suppose, that I have no right to protest his note.

Well, it is all owing to his education, I suppose; his father before him was just such a stern, unflinching fellow; and why should not the son be like the father? Like father, so the son, is one of our old proverbs. But I must look out for the main chance. I must not lose sight of Christmas, and the goose, unless for some greater and more substantial good.

EMMET AND HIS LOVE.

Now for the last sad look,
The last faint cold embrace;
The latest kiss my love may print
Upon her lovely face.

* * * * *

Ay—bear her from my sight—
The bitterness is past—
But yet one charge my spirit leaves,
A dying one—the last!
Oh! bid her love my name—
Through death, infamy and shame.

In reading the history of ill-fated Ireland, how often does the heart turn, sick of bloody scenes and murders, to the simple and touching incidents that adorn the lives of those, whose daring and mighty deeds stand as a record of chivalry and patriotism upon the brightest page of the annals of the world. When the mind becomes diseased and care worn in contemplating the bloody transactions of the battle field, and the wranglings of the council chamber, with what transport and joy it leaves them to meditate on the fine affections and amiable attributes of the inner man, and ponder over scenes where "love and death" have sorrowful meetings.

Robert Emmet was a celebrated lawyer and statesman of Ireland. During the struggle for independence, he stood foremost on the forum and in the field for the

liberty of his native country. He was the idol of Ireland—

"None knew him but to love him—
None named him but to praise."

Naturally of a warm and ardent temperament, with a heart glowing with patriotism, and a soul fired with the wrongs and wretchedness of his country—oh! is it any marvel that he stepped forth in her darkest hour, and swore upon the altar of Freedom that his countrymen should have their liberty, or he would pour out his heart's blood in the cause. Unfortunately he was betrayed by his enemies—convicted of the crime of treason and sentenced to be executed. He delivered a fine speech before the court, which has and will be preserved for ages yet to come.

* * * * *

'T was the evening of a lovely day—the last day for the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was cosely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such a haughty bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However he granted the boon—led her to the dungeon—opened the massive iron door, then closed it again—and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall with a down-

cast head and his arms were folded on his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden, who had sometimes made him think “the world was all sunshine.” The clanking of the heavy chains sounded like a death knell to her ears and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, methinks, as are held in Heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his body—he spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of infancy, and though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, oh! he prayed she would still cling to him with affection and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the time of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing a tear from his eye—he separated them from their long embrace—and led the lady from the dungeon. At

the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could not say farewell—the door swung upon its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. No—not forever—is there no Heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously—a martyr to to liberty.

* * * * *

“And one—o’er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded amidst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band.”

’Twas in the land of Italy—it was the gorgeous time of sunset—sunset in Italy—what a magnificent scene. A pale emaciated girl laid upon her bed of death. Oh! was it hard for her to die, far from her native home, in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no—her *star* had set—the brightness of her dream had faded—*her heart was broken*. When ties have been formed on earth—close, burning ties, what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love is given to “passing flowers.” Enough; she died—the betrothed of Robert Emmet—the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling tones of the shepherd’s lute sounds a requiem to her memory.

THE U. S. GRAND LODGE.

THE R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States will hold its regular annual communication on the third Monday in September next, in the new and splendid hall erected by the Grand Lodge of Maryland in the city of Baltimore. Few of our brethren give to the sessions of that important body the consideration which they so eminently deserve, and indeed it may be added, that few of the State Grand Lodges

in the selection of their Representatives look beyond securing the services of some of their distinguished members, who will regard diligently their own particular State interests. When it is recollected that the Grand Lodge of the United States is supreme in all matters which concern the work or language of the Order, that with the consent of State Grand Lodges it has also appellate jurisdiction in matters

of grievance between individuals and Lodges, and that its powers are very plenary in all questions where there has been no special relinquishment of authority embodied in the characters of State Grand Lodges or Encampments, it will at once be perceived that its deliberations and legislation should awaken a deep interest throughout the whole Order. The approaching session will be perhaps the most important one which has been held since its institution. Many proposed constitutional amendments are to be acted upon—the decision of the Annual Moveable Committee of Great Britain which assembled on the 5th inst., on the subject of our conflicting relations with that body will be considered and determined—the condition of the “official magazine” and the propriety of its continuance will be the subject of investigation and legislation—propositions for a thorough revision of the work of the Order are now pending—the abolition of the proxy system and the suggestion of ways and means to secure immediate represen-

tation from each State will be earnestly pressed—the removal of important qualifications for holding office in that body will again be presented—the appointment of a general inspector of the work, with power to select deputies or to travel at his election, will be advocate—and a hundred other momentous topics will come up incidentally, the determination of which may deeply affect the well-being of Odd-Fellowship. In view then of these exceedingly interesting subjects, we earnestly recommend to the State Grand Lodges and Encampments to select their representatives in season, and by all means to be present *in propria persona*, and not by proxy, on that occasion. The time has been when from the necessity of the case, Grand Lodges at a distance from Baltimore where uniformly represented by proxies; that period it is hoped has gone by forever, and every State will as a matter of pride be henceforth emulous of presenting itself in the person of some of its most distinguished sons.

Covenant.

THE OBJECT OF OUR ORDER.

BY ABEL FLETCHER.

Who, that has ever cast an eye over the world in which he lives, has not seen much suffering and distress at which humanity recoils, and charity, with bleeding heart, weeps that she cannot relieve? Who has not seen stretched upon the couch of death, the pallid and emaciated form of one, whose cheeks once glowed with health and beauty, but who has now fallen a victim to the withering and wasting hand of disease, and whose few remaining hours will soon be numbered with the things that are past? And O, how often have we seen the poor sufferer, helpless as he is, neglected and uncared for by a cold, unfeeling world, with scarce a friend to

sympathize, or to administer to his necessities in that hour when the spirit, as it lingers about its tenement of clay, is preparing for its departure to another world? How often do we hear the orphan crying for bread, and the widow, as she weeps over the green grave of her departed husband, praying to Heaven to protect and to provide for her little ones! How often, I say, do we meet with scenes like these, as we journey along the crooked paths of life,—scenes that sicken the heart and sadden the soul, and that call for the sympathies and the charities of the philanthropist and the Christian? And who, that has a drop of the milk of human

kindness within his bosom, will not heed the orphan's cries and the widow's prayers? Who, that has a heart to feel for others' woes—that has ever felt the soothing influence of sympathy in his own soul, will not be willing to unite his efforts with others in extending the healing balm of relief to the sick and the suffering of our race?

This is a world of mingled joys and sorrows. There are hours, in the course of man's existence, when he needs the aid of some kind friend to stand by his bedside to watch the throbbings of his pulse—to wipe the tear from his moistened cheek—to cheer his desponding spirits with the sweet tones of love and friendship, and to administer to the wants of his physical system. O, how sweet is the voice of friendship in the hour of sickness and distress when shut up from the world in a narrow room and compelled to waste away long days and nights in pain and anguish! How refreshing, at such a time, to greet the countenances and to grasp the hands of those we love, and to whom we are united by the silken cords of friendship, and who bring them those charities which will soothe our anguish and relieve sufferings! It is for the accomplishment of such noble purposes as these that our beloved Institution has been established. It is to unite men together in the bonds of "Friendship, Love and Truth;" to make mankind brethren; to make them feel that they are, in a measure, dependant upon each other, and that it is their

duty to comfort and assist each other in the hour of affliction. It is to impress upon mankind the important lesson that we do not live for ourselves alone, but that we live for each other; that we are by nature social beings; that we cannot live happily apart, nor can we live happily together, except we live in friendship and harmony. For this purpose have the members of our Order connected themselves together, and solemnly pledged themselves to "visit the sick, to bury the dead, and to educate the orphan." O, there is a moral grandeur—a moral sublimity in purposes like these that elevates our Institution above all others of human origin, and places it next in importance to that of Christianity. Who, that has ever felt the hand of misfortune,—the pains of sickness, or the pangs of grief,—and has ever experienced the heart-cheering and soul-reviving influence of the hand which brings comfort and relief—can be so heartless, and so destitute of every virtuous emotion, that he can lift his voice against an Institution whose principles are based upon the soundest morality, and whose object is to relieve the sufferings and to assuage the griefs of our distressed fellow-creatures? We hope, for the honor of humanity, that but few, if any, such can be found. Then let our banner be unfurled in every land, and our principles proclaimed and practiced, until all opposition to our benevolent efforts shall cease, and the great work of humane melioration shall be accomplished.

Independent Odd Fellow.

IMPROVE YOUR MINDS. — Young men, a great deal depends upon your own exertions, in regard to the cultivation of your minds. If you are dilatory and idle, spend but a small portion of your time in study, and seek for pleasures in the frivolous amusements of the world, you cannot expect to be distinguished for mental acquirements, or make any advancement

in general knowledge. You must study. Read books from which you can gain the most information, not for the sake of saying you have read this or that work, but for the sole purpose of disciplining your minds.

Some of you doubtless say, we have no time to study. We work hard through the day, and at night we are too tired to

read or turn over our books. But you can find time to study. There are still many hours in the day in which you are not employed. Some of you have at least one hour given you for your meals. Here you can save thirty minutes, which will make an hour and a half you will save during the day. Add to this half an hour in the morning, and an hour at night, and you will have three hours. Three hours

a day—and we cannot believe there is an individual who cannot have as much time—three hours a day will amount to no less than thirteen weeks in a year.—Now thirteen weeks in a year is no small portion of time—and in this period; how much can you study! Never say then, you have no time to devote to the improvement of your minds. Lose not a moment.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR THE KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER IX.

HINTS ON ELECTIONS—*Continued.*

HAVING heretofore spoken of some of the qualifications necessary to a just and happy dispensation of the various elective offices of a subordinate lodge—I would further extend these remarks by saying—that in the first place the *good* of the Lodge is to be alone considered. The best interests of the Lodge and of the Order to be kept first and foremost in mind at every election of officers.—And the best men chosen to fill those offices—whether these individual are our particular friends or not,—this is not the question under consideration; but simply, will the best interest of *all* concerned, be best enhanced, by their elevation to the several chairs of office. *Favoritism*, or other personal considerations, have no business in a lodge room of Odd Fellows—and no *good* and *true* Odd Fellow will ever be found giving countenance, or lending his influence to favoritism or partiality. Suppose I have a friend, one whom I esteem, one whose interest I am anxious to advance,—but whose qualifications for the office of N. G. are not such as would enable him to discharge

its duties with neither dignity or honor to himself,—or to the benefit and credit of the Order. What shall I do? He is my friend, and a “very candid, good sort of a fellow he is” too, he “likes Odd Fellowship, and thinks it a good institution.” And lastly, he will be “put out if he is not” put into the N. G., V. G., Secretary, or Treasurer’s chair. And he no doubt “expects it.”

Very well, these are all very natural, and suggestive questions, which doubtless, occur to all minds. The various answers may be as different as the questions themselves, and even more so when we consider the light in which they are to be considered. They are questions involving, (when considered in the light they should *above* be considered,) a just administration of the principles of Odd Fellowship—administered with IMPARTIAL JUSTICE. The *best men* for the office always being chosen—without reference to any other qualification, than *fitness* for office.

The first officer of every Lodge should at least be familiarly acquainted not only

with the Constitution and By-Laws of his own Lodge, but the parliamentary rules for presiding. He should, as a matter of necessity, be well versed in *reading*—as on him devolves the more important duties of initiation. And how can he discharge those important and impressive duties to any advantage to the order, or *credit* to himself if he does not know how? I will allow he can (I have seen it done) get through his part; but it is “getting through with a vengeance.” I once heard a candidate who was asked “how he liked the ceremony?” exclaim: “the ceremony was beautiful indeed, but awfully botched, by the Master.” (Reader I think he was half right.) There is no excuse for not knowing how to perform *any*, or *all* the duties both of the elected and appointed officers; for the charges, and lectures are always entrusted to those whose duty it is to deliver them. And it is not keeping up the “ancient landmarks” of the order, to vary from, substitute, interpolate, add to, or take from, the beauties of Odd Fellowship as

expressed and laid down in the various charges and lectures of the order. And any officer, either elected or appointed, who knowingly violates any, or either, of the above named rules, breaks his plighted word, given upon the reception of the books and insignia of his office. The interests of a lodge is as much enhanced or lessened, by the qualifications and fitness of its officers, and the consequence of an injudicious elevation of men not qualified for the offices which they fill, will sooner or later result unfavorably to the interest or well being of all concerned.

To ensure harmony and good feeling in the Lodge, Friendship and Truth out of the Lodge, and Love with each other in our intercourse with the world—let us rear the fabric of Odd Fellowship, upon *merit* and *qualification* alone, so far as it respects the elevation of our Brethren to office. So long as we keep these precepts in mind—so long as we practice upon them—*so long*—and no longer, shall our institution flourish.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE INFLUENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP ON THE PUBLIC MIND.—Whatever degree of unpopularity those who are inimical to our Order may succeed in attaching to it on the public mind, we are confident that the leading principles and motives of benevolent action which are inherent in our Institution, present themselves more boldly and in a degree proportionate to the opprobrium attempted to be cast. An expanded benevolence, a conciliatory kindness, and an honest endeavor to establish more firmly the love of truth, ingenuousness, and singleness of aim and purpose—as opposed to selfishness and duplicity—cannot but prove

irresistible in challenging the respect and eliciting the esteem and confidence of the public. That universal happiness would be the consequence of the universal adoption of these benevolent maxims, is a truth so obvious, that we presume no one would have the temerity to call it in question. It may be said that these beneficent precepts were in existence—had action and life—were duly estimated and cherished—long anterior to the advent of Odd Fellowship; that though but dimly seen through the blood-red horizon which surrounded the ancient heroic nations, and the murky clouds of the ancient mythology and philosophy—

yet, that they were revealed to humanity, in all the splendor of their divine attributes, by the meek and lowly One who trod the shores of Gallilee;—He who “spake as never man spake.” We admit it—gratefully admit it—humbly acknowledging the divine source from whence they emanated. But have they not, at times, been partially if not almost entirely forgotten? Have not the professed conservators of these divine precepts often been false to their trust? In the long lapse of ages, amid the unhalloved wrestlings of ambitious men for pre-eminence and power—the assumptions of hierarchies—the tyranny of despots—the grinding oppression of haughty barons and nobles—and the sufferings and degradation of myriads of people—alas! how little was there then left, of *Friendship, Love and Truth!*

But influences have been at work for the last three centuries which have greatly ameliorated the sad condition of mankind. The invention of the art of printing, and the consequent diffusion of knowledge and the mild principles of Christianity among the people of the earth, have enabled them—and will enable them to an infinitely greater extent than heretofore—to assume a moral attitude against every species of injustice and oppression, against war and anarchy. And in view of such a happy consummation, we might almost be tempted to realize, in anticipation, the description of the poet, when, as he says—

“All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o’er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend!”

Odd Fellowship is but the embodiment of those mild and humane principles, which are even now but partially felt on the broad surface of society;—it is a sort of transcendental expression of them—if we may be allowed the term.

It is objected to Odd Fellowship, that it is exclusive in the practical application

of those benevolent principles it professes to be governed by. How can an institution be termed exclusive, whose portals are thrown open to every worthy man who may chose to enter? Besides, as we apprehend, it is not alone in the amount of positive benefit which may accrue from its benevolent provisions, but in the effect which every Odd Fellow’s high appreciation of friendship, love, and truth, will produce on the minds of his own particular circle of acquaintances,—and through the multiplicity of these particular instances, produce a higher regard for those practical virtues in the public mind. We may again recur to this subject.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR INTOXICATION.—There has been recently discovered in India, by accident in the first place we believe, a most curious narcotic, the produce of the *Indian hemp*; differing from the hemp of more northern countries only in the presence of this narcotic stimulant. A state of intoxication may be produced which will last for the space of three hours or more.

This drug was first discovered by the English in India. “Men clad in leathern dresses, ran through the fields brushing through the plant with great violence; the soft resin adheres to the leather, and is subsequently scraped off and kneaded into balls.” In Niepal the leathern attire is dispensed with, and the resin is gathered upon the skins of the naked natives.

There are several preparations of it—one for smoking, one for sweetmeats, and others for beverages and medical compounds; the effects are with slight difference the same. From the beverage, intoxication ensues in about half an hour. The inebriation is of the most pleasant kind, causing the person to sing and dance, and eat food with the greatest relish. In its effects upon the system it

is perfectly harmless; nausea, sickness of the stomach, or headache, is not the result of the use of this drug; a pleasant sleep is all the inconvenience (if inconvenience it can be called) which results from its use.

Much interesting matter in relation to the above may be found in a reprint from the Transactions of the Medical Society of Calcutta, written by an eminent surgeon of the Bengal army, who is now living. We shall have occasion to speak of this curious drug, and the peculiar phenomena attending the use of it, more definitely hereafter.

Number Eight State Street, Redding & Co.'s Literary Rooms.—Reader did you ever visit the periodical depot of Redding & Co.? If not, you have yet a "well filled table" to look upon; a "groaning board" of choice literary and miscellaneous periodicals, magazines and newspapers, from all parts of the United States. Nor is this all. By the steam packets, he receives the best and most popular English magazines and newspapers. The Illustrated News and the laughable Punch, lay arm in arm like two brothers—the Omnibus, and *£ s d*, together with an endless variety of interesting and amusing reading of all sorts and kinds are spread before the reader in delightful profusion.

Call on Redding & Co., friend, and then you will feel much obliged to us for giving you this timely antidote against a warm afternoon. Other things may be found at Redding's, besides Magazines, &c. Ask our friend Prescott, if it is not so, upon his side of the room?

☞ We were in hopes that the secretaries of the various Lodges in the State, would have forwarded us for our present number, a list of their officers elect.—We have corrected the list so far as heard from.

MENOTONY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—This Encampment, at West Cambridge, was installed on the 21st ultimo, and is now in a "successful tide of operation." The brethren at this place have heretofore taken great interest in the Order, and we doubt not the institution of this Encampment will be productive of much good.

—
MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No 4—was installed in the city of Lowell on the 29th ult. Our friends in that place have taken hold of the work in good earnest, and much good may be expected from their labors. Being in Lowell a week or two since, we visited the Encampment, and were much pleased to witness with what spirit of unanimity and good feeling that prevailed among the brethren. Their meetings are held at Mechanic's Hall, one of the neatest and pleasantest rooms in the city. Those of our friends who feel disposed to pay our Lowell brethren a visit, we can promise them a cheerful and pleasant reception.

—
CORRECTION.—We were in error in stating in our last number that the banner of Massachusetts Lodge, which was carried in the procession of 17th of June, was painted by Bro. Savory. It was painted by Bro. F. E. CHILDS. It was of superior workmanship, and due credit should be given. We cheerfully make the correction.

The splendid banner belonging to Massasoit Encampment, was painted by Bro. SAVORY.

—
☞ The Daily Mail says that a new society, to be called the "Even Fellows," is about to be started in this city. As ladies are to be admitted, the Odd Fellows must look out for their laurels. It is scarcely necessary to add that the members will not be expected to keep secret the doings of the society.

It is said that a Millerite went into a shop recently, and wished to obtain a new ascension robe, declaring that his old one had been made so long it was quite out of fashion. — *Olive Branch*.

Be careful, brother, what you say on this point, or it may be the means of your drawing a black mark across your subscription book. *We* said pretty much the same thing once.

Odd Fellow's Offering for 1844.

The Odd-Fellow's Offering for the year 1844 is now in press, and will be issued as early as the middle of September next.

The work will contain 800 pages of ORIGINAL MATTER, from the pens of intelligent Odd Fellows, on subjects interesting and useful to the Fraternity: it will also be embellished with elegant Steel Engravings, among which an accurate likeness of a well-known and much-respected Brother will be presented. The book will be printed and bound in the style of the American Annuals, and sold at the low price of *one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy*.

Communications on business, and articles for the pages of the Offering, must be addressed to the subscriber, New-York city.

All articles intended for publication must be received prior to the 25th of August.

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

D'AUBIGNE'S ON THE REFORMATION.

Every person at all acquainted with the stirring event of the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, in Germany, Switzerland, &c., will not fail to read this attractive and interesting book. The incidents herein described, may be relied on as fact. Borrowing no interest from fiction, it comes to us fresh with the recollections of great events, eloquent with the history and times of the great Reformer. It needs no herald to proclaim its merits. It is a history of the great Reformation—a reformation, too, fraught with the never ending destiny of man.

Redding & Co., No. 8 State street, are the Boston agents.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

This superb magazine comes to us this month literally crowded with the very best periodical reading. Why, look reader, here are *only* fifteen original articles from the pens of some of the first writers of the day—Willis, Paulding, Herbert and Judge Conrad—and the first plate, "Coming to get Married," is decidedly a finished specimen of American art. The work is deserving the support of an intelligent public, and we doubt not receives the encouragement it so richly deserves. Redding & Co., No. 8 State street.

GODEY'S LADIES' BOOK

Is also before us, and is a goodly number. Here also are fifteen original articles, and three embellishments, and all for \$3.00 a year, or 25 cents per number. If this is not "dog cheap" (not a classical observation however) for literature, we know not what cheapness is. Why, the plate of the Boudoin alone is worth the price of the number. Redding & Co.

INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW.

Number three of volume third, for June, is received, and presents its usual varied and interesting original and miscellaneous contributions for the amusement of its readers. This number contains several well written articles in prose and poetry, and well sustains its important and influential rank among the publications of our Order. The following extract from a question by "Aaron," entitled, "Do Odd Fellows believe in a God?" is chaste and beautiful; and conveys as clearly and truly as language can do, the acknowledged claim of Jehovah to our homage, obedience and love.

"Yes; God is demonstrated perfect and clear,
As the seasons revolve that accomplish the year;
In the brightness of flowers, sweet partners of light;
And stars that illumine the regions of night.
He's seen as Almighty in order divine,
In changes that mark the progression of time,
In bounties unnumbered, rich nature's produce.
He's seen in the whirlwind, the lightning and storm;
O, where can you look that you view not his form?

Another victim to unrequited love perished at Baltimore last week, by a draught of laudanum. What have the women to answer for? — *Bee*.

Rather ask, What have *not* the women to answer for?

A Mr. *Dalrymple* of Newport, (R. I.,) has had to pay \$5000 for courting Miss *Abby Peck* from the 6th of December to the 2d of January, inclusive. This is more than a *peck* of Abby's is worth.

The greatest happiness a man can enjoy is that which he feels in *desiring nothing*,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are always happy to receive the communications of our friends and the friends of the Order,—and any well written and deserving communication, shall have its place in the columns of the Symbol—but we would again repeat that all communications asserting *anything* as a fact, and designed for publication, must be accompanied with the real name of the author. We cannot consent to be “gummed” (as the phrase is) with anything of the kind sent us by “*Zeno*.” We are not of so stoical a nature as to wantonly trifle with the reputation of any person, much less upon so serious a point as the one in question. Communications upon varied, and interesting subjects, tales and poetry, we are and have always been ready to receive without the real signature of the author; and have published or declined them as was in our judgment most beneficial to the interests of our Magazine, and the cause we advocate.

“S. S.” received, and under consideration.

“Moses,” respectfully declined.

“No Flat” is rather a questionable signature; but the article is “pretty good.” With a little modification and a change of signature, it might do for the Symbol.

We are much pleased with the unique “Old Manuscripts,” by “Alonzo.” Will he not draw another paper from the same parcel?

Will not some brother in possession of some facts and old reminiscences, &c., of the Order, forward us some papers for the Symbol? We should be happy to hear from any Brother anything amusing or interesting connected with Odd Fellowship.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmonds, “
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.
Charles Ball, New Haven, (Ct.)

J. G. Morse, General Agent.

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

• List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10 do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 18, do do	Fri.
Perseverance, 17 do do	Thurs.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28 do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	
Grove, 58, do do	Thur.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64, do	Tues.
Croton, 78, do	
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do do	Mon.
Meridian, 42, do do	Wed.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.	
United Brothers, 52 do	Tues.
Howard, 60, do	Wed.
Commercial, 67, do	Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22, do	Thurs.
Mercantile, 47, do	Tues.
Olive Branch, 31, do	Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73, do	Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn, Tues.
 Nassau, 39, do do Thurs.
 Atlantic, 50, do do Mon.
 Fulton, 66, do do Wed.
 Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.
 Williamsburg, 62, do Tues.
 Whitehall, 54, Washington Co., Thurs.
 Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co., Tues.
 Orange Co., 74 do do
 Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co., Thurs.
 Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co. Tue.
 Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co., Thu.
 Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do Mon.
 Dutchess, 59, do do Wed.
 Fireman's, 19, Albany, Thurs.
 German, Colonial, 16, do Mon.
 City Philanthropic, 5, do.
 Union, 8, do
 American, 32, do Wednes.
 Watervliet, 38, West Troy, Mon.
 Spartan, 62, do Fri.
 Phoenix, 41, Albany, Wednes.
 Franklin, 24, Troy, Wednes.
 Trojan, 27, do Mon.
 Star, 29, Lansingburgh, Tues.
 Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Thurs.
 Halcyon, 56, do Thurs.
 Niagara, 25, Buffalo, Mon.
 Buffalo, 37, do Tues.
 Tehosororon, 48, do Thurs.
 Genesee, 51, Rochester, Fri.
 Teoronto, 69, do
 Mohawk Valley, Schenectady, Mon.
 Ithaca, 71, Ithaca, do
 Rockland County, 76, Thurs.
 Onondaga, 79, Syracuse, Tues.
 Cayuga, 80, Auburn.
 Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.
 Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND LODGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Hez'h Prince, C. P.
 Robert L. Robbins, H. P. C. C. Hayden, S. W. Cha's A.
 Smith, J. W. John Mears, Jr, Scribe. Atkins A. Clarke,
 Treasurer.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Edward Tyler, C. P.
 Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence
 Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague,
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 Waldo, HP: D. Cady, SW: J. Vaughton, JW: J. P. Pattee,
 Scribe: J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP:
 James M. Stone, HP: Hazzekiah Lord, SW: Job H. Cole,
 JW: Alex'r Greene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas'r.

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 bert Guild, R. W. G. Sec'y. Hazzekiah Prince, R. W. G.
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 well, Sec'y. Sumner Young, Treas'r.

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 Chandler Robbins, Chaplain.

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MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, P. G. John
 Wright, NG: John Taft, VG: Dan'l McLennan, Secretary;
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 son, Rec. Sec'y. S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y. Henry
 Lyon, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their loca-
tion and time of meeting.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339
 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2, at Encampment Hall,
 weekly—Saturday.

GRAND LODGE, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.,
 at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, West Cambridge, semi-monthly,
 2d and 4th Fridays.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell,
 semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, Covenant Hall, Friday.

MASSACHUSETTS, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

Suffolk, No. 8, over Amory Hall, cor. Wash'n & West, Tu.

Siloom, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Chrysal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor.

Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Friday.

Mechanics, No. 11, " Saturday

Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

LIST OF LODGES IN CONNECTICUT.

SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, New Haven.

QUINPLAC, No. 1, New Haven, Monday.

CHARTER OAK, No. 2, Hartford, Tuesday.

MIDDLESEX, No. 3, F. Haddam, Wednesday.

PAQUANNOCK, No. 4, Bridgeport.

HARMONY, No. 5, New Haven, Tuesday.

THE SYMBOL.

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ADDRESS

Delivered before Nazarene Lodge, No. 13, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Ware Village, June 23d, 1843.

BY REV. BRO. JOHN M'LEISH, N. O. OF MIDDLESEX LODGE, NO. 17.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

BRETHREN—It is not without diffidence and solicitude of mind, I enter upon the present undertaking, of pronouncing a lecture before this community and the worthy members of Nazarene Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows, on the nature and utility of Odd Fellowship. Attached to systems of education, we sometimes neglect human weal, not knowing how to carry out innate principles of benevolence and charity. To hear something of Odd Fellowship, will undoubtedly cause it to be the subject of your thoughts; and the discourse, if it has much of real value, as without doubt it has, will naturally introduce a fondness for, and will recommend it for your investigation and care.

Odd Fellowship is an institution highly valuable, and worthy the warmest approbation of a virtuous community. There is not a nation so barbarous, so uncultivated, in which there may not be found some traces of its influence, although in its rude and imperfect state. And in those happier climates, where reason is improved—wherever the beams of art and knowledge are extended, Odd Fellowship, likewise, gains admission, meets

with proportionate advancement and flourishes together with them. Prometheus is said by the poets to have stolen fire from heaven, bestowing which to mankind, yet wretched and savage, he rendered life comfortable, and prepared the way for all the beneficial arts afterwards invented. Such we may esteem Odd Fellowship—a divine ray from heaven's throne, enlightening the noble and capacious soul of man, and elevating him above all other created beings, serving life and warmth to all the lovelier faculties, teaching them to impart a share of their fruits to others, and by this means, diffusing humanity, knowledge, friendship, love and truth.

The object of Odd Fellowship has often been brought before the public in different forms, and with various ability; nor ought lectures of this kind to be considered an evil, but the very opposite, if so be they are presented in a proper spirit, and by a judicious appeal to the word of God, in confirmation of the principles taught. Diversity of judgment about the principles and objects of our Order, is what may be expected in this world, where error and imperfection so much prevail; not arising from any defect in the institu-

tion, but originating in a want of a perfect knowledge of the objects and designs of the Order. To correct the errors of the uninstructed, and exhibit its true object, while the discovery of its true object lays us under obligation to embrace and follow it fully, provided these objects are in accordance with the unerring word of truth and divine wisdom, and point out the right way of doing good and fully performing our duty to our creator, our fellow, and ourselves, then, ought not to be viewed as intrusive, or regarded by any one as an ungrateful service. Truth invites investigation, and courts the severest scrutiny. It is Error that hates the light, and is averse from coming to it, least it should be manifested. At a time when unprecedented interest and activity are in vigorous operation to diffuse the principles of philanthropy both at home and abroad, it would be increasingly gratifying to perceive a spirit of serious investigation excited to ascertain the motives and object of Odd Fellowship, in order to form our sentiments and direct our obedience to fulfil the laws of our creation. Dr. Chalmers says, "No man is warranted to adopt maxims, systems or sentiments, in the matters of God, from his own imaginations, or the opinions of others, distinct from that which God has revealed, or a substitute for that which he has appointed." The question now is, not what think ye; but what is written in the law. We call ourselves Odd Fellows, and profess to receive the Bible as the guide of our motives, and the fulfilment of its commands our only object. — With the practical adoption of these sentiments by the hearers, we are anxious that the principles of Odd Fellowship should be investigated, which, if accompanied with a disposition to do our duty when they are known, cannot fail of a favorable result; but cannot promise success to enquirers of another character, who are the subjects of an indifferent or

double mind relative to their fellow-creature's welfare.

Among the many associations of the day, none profess a more prominent place than Odd Fellowship — having for its only object the blessed and holy purpose of diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. No institution can boast of a holier work, a purer principle, a nobler aim. Free as the breeze of heaven, untrammelled by any superstitious rites, it spreads its angel-pinions o'er the land, carrying blessings to the chamber of the sad and sorrowing, smoothing the pillow of the fevered brow, and whispering words of comfort to the downcast in soul. Possessing these qualities, it has a claim on every man, to a high place among the institutions of the present day, to say nothing of its antiquity and its blessings in gone-by days. To the enlightened Odd Fellow, whether he be a philosopher or a peasant, the principles of Odd Fellowship is a theme always delightful to his soul; which forms within him a tone of elevated feeling. The recollections of the past, and the prospect of the future, create a melody of sacred sentiment and sublime feeling which no strains can imitate but the harps of heaven. Its vibrations are mingled with every devout exercise, and by their habitual operations and powerful effect, silently direct the course of his pleasure, and become the chief means of raising his affections, purifying his taste, forming his disposition, making his virtues strong, his motives pure, and his joys heavenly. It is a holy and consoling principle, suited alike to the noble in his palace, and the mechanic at his bench, the unlettered and the learned, the empire and the family circle. The deserving man may live long and pass through various and trying scenes, and his observations of men in various circumstances may be extensive. He will see the short-lived and treacherous prosperity of the bad man rising and

flourishing like the luxuriant vegetation of spring, and like that blighted by an untimely frost, withering down to ruin. But he sees on the other hand, the calm and tranquil enjoyment of the good Odd Fellow, like the cloudless skies and steady sunbeams of a summer's morning; and in view of all this, he will be ready to say, It is a false idea that Odd Fellowship is not thus adapted to all the circumstances of fallen mankind. Its principles of benevolence are designed for a universal blessing—a sun to shine in every clime—a sacred stream to wind around every hill, and flow through every vale—a sea of fragrance for every wind to wave—a strain of seraphic melody to awaken the most delightful associations in every breast. Such is Odd Fellowship—such is its fitness for universal association—and such the grace and refined enjoyments it imparts to man—from youth to wrinkled age, that like the glorious skikina, smiles in seraph loveliness along his path, and cheers the farewell of this world by its pre-figurative brightness of a better.

Odd Fellowship seeks no covering to be cast over its deformities. It has none. It is pure benevolence, teaching us to feel our brother's woe, to make his cares, sorrows, afflictions and wants our own—to weep with those who weep, and bind up the heart that bleeds.

The Odd Fellow does not require to be admonished that it is his duty to approach his afflicted brother, and aid him as far as is necessary. Here as in all other cases, he finds an agreement between his duty and his own welfare; he approaches his sick brother without dread; he fears nothing from the scare-crow contagion. These are sentiments which the Odd Fellow carries about with him through his pilgrimage. Hour after hour is spent with brothers laboring under every disease to which this country is subject—and thank God, he has no rea-

son to repent his conduct in this respect; having the smile of kind heaven, the approbation of a good conscience, and the blessings of Him that was ready to perish. This the Odd Fellow ponders well. His silent eye, while it would reach as it were the laboring soul of the suffering brother, and never loses sight of the important truth, that the eyes of heaven, with the beams of resplendant truth, behold the solemn work; and at times, like the air, as if alarmed at its own languor, seems to take an alarm, and rising up in terrible majesty, pours out, with irresistible force her powers, drives the sea into mountains of water; or, with a single sweep, prostrates a whole forest. Every difficulty is surmounted. Every barrier thrown aside. Fear has no place in his bosom, moral courage inspires his soul, and as an angel of mercy, stands at the bed-side of his sick brother, or surrounded by the weeping widow and orphan children, he opens his heart and hands to supply their wants, and speak words of comfort to their afflicted souls.

The Odd Fellow's cornucopiæ: spacious as the heavens which over-spread them—pours all the real comforts of life over their heads most plenteously. Their daring courage and blessed hopes have caught the freeman's soul, and with gigantic strides, like the bounding lion on the lamb, they crush the harsh, stern spirit of a cold and cruel world by diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. In God they trust, and shall not be overthrown.

Men of the world confer on heroes and bloody conquerors the highest honors; in poetry and song rehearse their deeds of blackest hue, and gild in glory a name, that should be cursed, and from the records of humanity erased—no friend to men, nor friend to God; while the noble and generous philanthropist is forgotten. The man, the friend of men, whose voice, like thunder-peals, has been raised to

kindle up the fires of Love, and open channels for the flow of human kindness, that orphans wails, to shouts of joy might turn, and widows sinking hearts be raised to calm repose again, has passed away, and seems to lie in forgetfulness. But the conqueror who has made nations tremble, hurled kings from their thrones, and given their crowns to others, drenched the soil with the warmest blood of the noblest sons, and captive led the lovely daughters of the land far away from the place that gave them birth—virtue unprotected, causing streams of tears to flow from eyes that never wept, but tears of joy, as monuments of their chivalry—have piled up the bones of victims slain to bleach beneath the winds and sun of heaven. History records his glorious achievements; to decorate his brow, garlands rich are wove, and placed on his war-worn front; to shroud his tomb, the pride and blazonry of honor, have been gathered; his deeds of battle and blood, the fabrics of his fame, have been cemented by affection's cords revered, by his furbushed blade, stained with colors, richer than vermilion's shades, the life's blood of warriors, patriots slain, and mingled with orphan's tears. Alas! the vain, the foolish show and fading crowns, are doomed to disappear. Time's corroding tooth their lustre will deface. The records of his valor will soon with heaven's fierce fires be shrivelled up, and not one vestige of glory remain.

Not so with principles of Odd Fellowship. When aged time shall yield its reign to eternal years, they shall live, because they are part of God's own nature. Let us look for a moment at the influence of Odd Fellowship, towards making us a wise and great people. It exhibits and is in agreement with the wisdom of the wisest in our nature. We value its principles as a great means of spreading truth through the land, displaying its glory, and showing the deformity of vice; our young

men, when taught in its mystic signs and learn its excellency, will find a guide to virtue's holy shrine, and truth, like armor buckled on, will be a sure defence against the wiles of sin, and this knowledge be both diffused through the whole breadth of the land, and transmitted from generation to generation.

The standard of morality is found in Odd Fellowship, and that is founded on God's unerring word. To raise the moral operations and feelings of the people, we have only to be intimately acquainted with Odd Fellowship, and this is only learned within the sacred walls of the Lodge room.

What is Odd Fellowship but a transcript of the divine mind? What does it teach us but hatred against sin? In proportion as its principles are known, we see God's view of sin; and as this is spread in society, and its influence felt among our young men, it will produce the highest degree of virtue, thus stemming the tide of vice, and closing the flood-gates of wickedness,—honoring God in all their acts—living epistles of godliness. We cannot but love Odd Fellowship. It is endeared to us by its precepts and its privileges: not only in teaching us righteousness, but mildness, humanity, friendship, benevolence, and charity, these principles are at work, like the secret, silent influences of the water spring. It will penetrate through and vivify society; its roots spread deep beneath the river bed. It has budded. It is now in bloom, and soon the whole land will be filled with fruits.

Would you see Odd Fellowship carried out in practice? then look at RAIKES, the founder of the Sabbath School, with unwearied diligence, calling the ill-clad youth to come and learn the precepts of our holy religion, raising them up to call him blessed, portraying the hideous features of vice—learning them to shun its deep, dark chasm, and causing them to love

and cherish the heaven-born attributes, benevolence and love.

Howard, with a feeling soul for fellow-man, exhibited the true spirit of Odd Fellowship. To find him you must enter the loathsome prisons, in the dark and dreary cell, administering consolation to the penitent, cordials to the afflicted, watching the returning flush of health on the countenance of the pale, emaciated and helpless prisoner, silently and patiently wiping the clammy sweat from the brow of the dying outcast, or with slow and solemn steps follow the stranger to the house prepared for all living. The orphan find in him all he could see in a parent, The fatherless, all he could wish in a father.

Whatever we desire to make life happy, is found in Odd Fellowship. There is in it a magic bond, that binds man to man, with the sweetest embrace of affection; regarding the brotherhood as ourself. A wreath of heaven-born virtues, encircle the brow of the good Odd Fellow, and religion's brightest fires burn in his bosom. He encourages the young to emulate the virtues of the wisest and best of the human race. He reverences age, venerates the brow whitened with the snows of many a winter, and with a son's devotion, casts around the helpless widow, or tottering sire, his manly arm to aid and shield.

The Odd Fellow is patriotic. He loves his country of birth or adoption. It is endeared to him by considerations the most important. Its government, none like it ever did exist. Its religion, the religion of the cross. Its privileges, education, mutual rights. While he render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsars, he does not withhold from God the things which are God's. He boasts not like Nebuchadnezzar, of great Babylon, in which he dwells, and forgets the Lord who keeps the city. He fears to be driven from his elevated glory, to take up his abode

among foes and cruel task-masters, but willingly, cheerfully yields to God his highest praise, his best service, his whole soul. When he comes to feel the chill of death, and the crimson current to stagnate in his veins; when the bells of death ring in his ears, and its knocker strikes at his bursting heart, the light of religion, the peace of conscience shall not be extinguished—the conscience more base than iron shall wax vastly more precious than gold—and when numbered with his fathers, it shall be said of him, he acted well his part.

The origin of Odd Fellowship, we are informed by the Manchester Unity, was in the reign of Nero, the Roman Emperor, A.D. 55, under the name of "Fellow Citizens." The title "Odd Fellows" was given to the members of the Order, A.D. 79, by Titus Cæsar, who presented them with a dispensation, engraved on gold, accompanied with a number of emblems, nearly all of which are worn by the officers of the various Lodges at the present day. We have every reason to believe that the Order was established by the Christian soldiers for mutual assistance and protection. They were continually exposed to danger, privation and sufferings, probably in consequence of their religious creeds; and without doubt, pecuniary assistance was one of the objects that led to its formation. Benevolence and charity were part of its ennobling attributes. We also are informed this institution was introduced into Spain in the fifth century, under the Roman dispensation; in the sixth century into Portugal, and in the twelfth, into France and England. In the eighteenth century, a portion of these Lodges formed themselves into a union, and some of them remain unto the present day under the title of Loyal Ancient Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The first Lodge in this country was formed in the city of Baltimore in 1820,

under the name of Washington Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F. There were then but five individuals, and they were themselves poor. Unfortunately, the names of these worthies are lost, except that of P. G., THOMAS WILDEY. Since that time, Lodges have been formed in almost every State in the Union; the number of members in 1838, was 20,000; at the present time, the number of members is 150,000.

Is not this sufficient to encourage us to double our diligence, and nerve us for the work? What an array of talent is to be found among Odd Fellows, and that talent bending its energies to ameliorate the condition of the millions of the American people. In the ranks are to be found governors, statesmen, lawyers, judges, ministers of the gospel, military and naval commanders and officers, and last, though not least, the industrious mechanic,—the bone and sinew of our country. The banner of Odd Fellowship floats proudly in the breeze, displaying the emblems of the Order in colors the most beautiful, describing our principles in language (though silent) the most sublime. Since the formation of this institution, kingdoms have arisen and fallen, governments have been overthrown, revolutions and changes have been felt and made. But Odd Fellowship has passed through the fire, unchanged, for eighteen hundred years. Surely, God is in it, or it could not have passed through so many overturns unaltered. Heaven's arm has been thrown around it, and God's best blessings have crowned the feeble efforts of its members. The name **ODD FELLOW**,—it is a name of distinction, having a dependence, particular, acting out of the common course.

Odd Fellowship distinguishes itself by its universal benevolence, extending its philanthropic spirit to the utmost extent of its means. A brother travelling, in need of aid, has only to make himself known as an Odd Fellow, by night or by

day, and at once hearts are open to receive him; hands are stretched open to aid him; he is sent away on his journey rejoicing; every wish is anticipated. If, perchance he is laid on a sick bed, he is not cast down with the thoughts of being unable to have all his wants supplied; he has a dependence, a weekly allowance from the lodge of which he is a member. He begs not the cold charities of the world; his weekly income is not charity—it is his due, his just and lawful claim, the proceeds of his own investment; and his hopes are fully verified. Disappointment of aid, help and assistance, is unknown in the annals of the institution of Odd Fellowship. The worthy brother has never been turned empty away.

The Order is particular in receiving its members. No man will be admitted within the pale of Odd Fellowship who does not sustain a good moral character; nor is the inebriate ever permitted to enjoy the blessings of this fraternity; nor he that deals in stuffs that makes men mad and poor. But he who fears an oath and loves God's holy law, is Odd, a helper in the work of love.

The operations of the fraternity are out of the common course. Men are sometimes selfish. Odd Fellowship teaches us that while we are mindful of a brother, we are not to be less generous than others, as far as our means will permit. Duty, honor, and gratitude bind us, to be faithful to every trust, faithful in the performance of every duty binding on us to perform, for the advancement of God's glory, the good of our neighbor, ourselves and families.

If, of necessity follows, that blessings and pleasures, out of the common course, are enjoyed by the Odd Fellow, the world sees his acts and they admire them.—The rich applaud him, and the poor bless him. From this pure pleasure springs, joy in grief, pleasure in pain, a peaceful conscience, and the smiles of an approving

God. How pleasant his life, how triumphant his death! Eternity his rich reward. Who, then, would not be called an Odd Fellow? Do you wonder at the name? has it not much meaning?—full of mean-

ing—replete with blessings, consolations and unnumbered joys, with pleasures indescribable laid up for them at God's right hand.

Concluded in our next number.

Original.

A S K E T C H .

THE solemn thunder rolled
Along the vaulted sky;
Deep clouds like whirlwinds strolled
In awful grandeur by.
Red lightnings burst the gloom,
Above the startled world,
And from the ocean's womb
The roaring waves were hurled.

From out the bursting clouds,
That hung against the sky,
Like perished nations' shrouds,
The winds went roaring by,
As they would rend the sea
And waste it in the air,
Oh! dreadful 't was to see
The found'ring vessel there.

* * * * *

The sky is bright and blue,
The gloomy clouds are gone;
With a gentle motion too,
The waves are bounding on;
The moon sheds down her beams
Upon the ocean's breast,
So calmly still, it seems
Her lover there at rest.

Where are the gallant crew,
Who with their strong ship fled?
Beneath the water's blue
They're slumbering with the dead!
Above their coral grave
The sounding waters go—
Their dirge is in the wave,
Their requiem in its flow.

H. S.

QUID NUNC.

From the Independent Odd Fellow.

WHY is it, let us ask in this paper, that woman, with her softness and kindness, her fidelity as a wife, her devotion and love as a mother, her charity as a Christian, should raise her voice against the Institution of Odd Fellowship? She has written her benevolence on Temperance banners, and it gladdens the soul and humanizes the heart in the anniversaries and pageants of benevolent Societies.—She has founded, and she is supporting by her benevolent feelings and doings our institutions for the orphan, the unfortunate and the poor. The sad and lonely blind boy whose sightless eyeballs never

beheld the tears which his mother shed when she looked at her ill-started babe, is feeling along the page of his reading-lesson for the letters to spell and bless "Woman's Benevolence." We look at our "Sailor's Homes," and "Snug-harbors," our Asylums for the deaf and dumb, the lunatic and the destitute, and in them we can see the benevolence of our matrons, our wives and sisters.

Woman has strewed chaplets of flowers in the chieftain's path of glory; her handiwork of mercy and benevolence is viewed in almost every enterprize of good that has ever been originated to bless hu-

manity. Look at her untiring vigilance and faithfulness in the domestic circle, the influence which she has exerted in the melioration of mankind and we shall say —

“Here love his golden shafts employs, here
lights
His constant lamp, waves his purple wings ;
Here reigns and revels. ”

Why is it then that Woman should be arrayed against an Institution the pillars of whose temple rest on the broad basis of Benevolence? Why should the “fair portion” of this community whose “midnight lamp” burns around the couch of sickness and distress, and whose eyes slumber not over the sick-bed and the dying while hope lives, or gentleness and goodness can administer comfort; why, I ask, do they oppose Odd-Fellowship, based as it is on Benevolence?

Fond and devoted wife! need we tell you that this is a life of mixed good and evil? the despoiler is abroad in the land; the storm and the whirlwind succeed the calm and the sunshine; disappointment, bitter grief and sad reverses are the lot of mortals! He who lately led you to the bridal altar with “hope anticipating future joys,” may to-morrow be laid on the sick-bed, the death-couch, and exchange his marriage vesture for the winding-sheet and the shroud! Would you desire the condolence and sympathies of his brothers, they who have pledged themselves by an obligation heard in heaven “to visit the sick and bury the dead;” then do not oppose Odd-Fellowship. Would you find friends to gather around your domestic altar when “heart-strings groan with deep complaint,” and the clouds of adversity and sorrow are lowering about you, do not oppose Odd-Fellowship.

Tender mother! bending with unceasing watchfulness and painful suspense over the fair cherub of a thousand hopes and a spotless love, hushing every murmur that may disturb the gentle slumber

of the loved and sickly one, do you not see fatherless children all around you and those that clasp no mother’s hand “the envied kiss to share?” then do not oppose Odd Fellowship. Would you behold the hand of benevolence stretched out to bless and protect the widow and the orphan, would you see the united charities of a Society applied to administer relief and comfort to them, do not oppose Odd Fellowship, but encourage it with your smiles, give us “God-speed” with your wishes, and enable us to say, we have woman on our side, therefore we shall, we *must* prosper.

But we are not answering the question with which we begun; why does Woman oppose the Order? We speak, of course, only of those who *do* raise their voice and exert their influence against us, for we rejoice to know, that as it was in reference to Christianity in the days of the apostles, there are “honorable women, not a few,” whose hearts and hands and talents are enlisted on our side. One cause, we apprehend, why so many of “Columbia’s fair daughters” speak and act in opposition to Odd Fellowship, is found in the influence maintained over their minds by religious teachers. We wrong no one, and speak not “evil of dignities” when we assert that the clergy exert a mighty and commanding power in the formation of the female character, and in forming the *opinions* of woman. The members of our churches to some extent, no doubt, rely on the declarations of their minister as to what Odd-Fellowship is, in its objects, &c. What he says on a subject like this, is likely to be credited, especially by those who have neither the opportunity, nor the time, to investigate for themselves.

Woman, from her domestic, and secluded habits, from her natural disposition to believe that, which is accompanied by a show of piety and sanctity, has imbibed notions hostile to the Institution of

Odd-Fellows. It should be borne in mind that even ignorance of our Order may exist with learned men, and statements may be made by good and well-meaning persons that cannot be sustained, when they speak of the principles and designs of this Institution. We are willing to be judged by the same test that is applied to Christians, "by their fruits shall ye know them," and our fair readers should ask, what has Odd-Fellowship done, and what is it now doing to turn back the tide of wo, and soften the bed of anguish and despair, before they give implicit faith to the assertions of their spiritual guides.

Another reason why woman is opposed to the Order, is given by Odd-Fellows themselves. There is a spirit of *tantalizing* abroad (so to speak) which we regret to confess may be classed among the frailties of our brethren themselves. Our "mysteries" are trifled with, curiosity is excited, and "disappointment laughs at hope's career," by a kind of pleasantry which ought not to be indulged in by our members. We refer to "the goat," to "being put through," and other phrases alike dishonorable to the head and the heart of every Odd-Fellow who makes them. If it be true that "Woman is the softer sex" or "the weaker vessel," the indulgence of such expressions as I have referred to, can make no favorable impression on her mind. This species of tantalizing is objectionable, it cannot be justified on any grounds, and it has done the Order much harm. That which was spoken in jest, and without due reflection, is seized upon as a formidable objection against the Institution.

Brothers! let us not be the originators of our own reproach, and by a reckless temerity give the "fair sex" cause to practise that caution which we ourselves are bound to observe. We are not to deny that there are things kept secret; but we can honorably and in a dignified man-

ner, convince all unprejudiced minds that our secrets are not so futile as to be trifled with, nor so unimportant as to be made ridiculous.

We might extend these remarks and mention various other causes that operate on the female portion of the community to imbue the minds with unfriendly feelings against the Institution. We would gladly remove all the obstacles that prevent woman from casting her influence into the scale which preponderates in our favor. We would do this, from a full conviction of the powers which she possesses to aid our cause onward, in its accelerated and growing progress. She is now no longer the vassal of man, but his companion and associate. The paths of poetry, science and religion are strewn with the flowers of her intellect and genius, and who does not recognize and acknowledge her influence in the various capacities of the neighbor, the mother, the friend, the wife? Her hand administers the charities of a warm and confiding heart around the bed of languishing while life endures, and her love survives the very betrayer's smile of perfidy and falsehood! Although she may be called the "weaker sex," yet there are examples all around us of the wife, the daughter and the sister, who have exhibited a heroism in danger, a fortitude in adversity, and a constancy in the reverses of fortune fully equal to that of the "sterner sex."

It need not be a matter of wonder then, that we should desire her influence in the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and let it be one of the prominent objects of the members of our beloved Institution, to secure the co-operation of woman in its promotion. "Love is the only loan for love," and if we show ourselves benevolent, kind and charitable, if we exhibit the fruits of "Friendship, Love and Truth," we shall win over to our cause woman, with her

constancy, and her fidelity, her virtues, and her influence.

"Oh Woman,
A ministering angel thou,
When pain and anguish wring the brow."
May the time hasten on when the "fair

daughters of America" shall unite their hearts and voices and pens, in defence of an Institution which, next to Christianity, is destined to bless the world and "make men social and humane."

Original.

TEARS.

BY REV. BRO. J. O. ADAMS.

"THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues." — *Dr. Johnson.*

Nothing sounds more dubious in relation to an individual than to hear that he never weeps. Let his ear and his soul be saluted with exquisite music — let him listen to the most eloquent and spirit-moving oration or sermon — let him lose a near and dear relative and friend; and still he is tearless. Perhaps he would give the world to weep — but the luxury is denied him.

Yes — the luxury of tears! It is indescribable. Some of the best of humanity I ever knew, were frequent weepers.

To weep was a relief to them. They were secretly sympathising with something real or imaginary around them — and gave vent to their sympathy in tears. Such were, generally, good husbands, wives, parents, brothers or sisters. They could all laugh heartily, perhaps, in five minutes after the weeping, or even in the midst of tears — the sun through a rain-cloud!

The purest feelings of the heart are uttered in tears. The best spirit of earth have thus found expression to their sentiments. The common ridicule of tears is not really humane; — it is a strong mark of depravity — though often thoughtlessly indulged.

The world is full of tears — and most of them are for its benefit. Some of them may be noted. There is the tear of pity. God's blessings on it! It is in the eye of that ministering angel who lightly moves to the relief of the poor and afflicted; and not there because it is the melting language of *woman's* heart. No — look again. Yonder son of the sea has just stepped on shore. Rough and hardy, he comes from his strife with the storm of the main. Shall his heart have *woman's* tenderness? Listen; — a ship-mate died on the passage, leaving a dependent wife and children in poverty and sorrow. Behold him soliciting aid for the widow, and laying the gift before her with teary eyes. He who never quailed before the mightiest ocean tempest, is subdued by others' woes, to tears. We love to think of the great Washington weeping as he signed the death-warrant of the young, accomplished but unfortunate Andre; or when he parted with his companions of the Revolution. Who does not think more highly of this "nature's nobleman" that he could thus declare himself a being of holy and mysterious sympathies too deep for words to declare? A greater than Washington — than all the earthly good, failed not to speak in the language of tears. At the grave of Lazarus, sympathising with sorrowing friends, "Jesus wept." Yea,

when he beheld the city of Solomon and David, the city of the Lord, through the sin and rebellion of a desperate people, devoted to destruction — "he wept over it." *Pity!*

"Her tear 's the essence of the soul,
That pure emotion prompts to roll,
Like falling dew from heaven;
For fellow-man it sweetly flows,
The rain-drop to the drooping rose.

It trembles in the brightest eye,
It gushes in the burthened sigh,
And dews the damask cheek;
In sympathy it seems to start
From the full fountain of the heart,
Some suffering heart to seek;
It flows, too, with the fleeting breath —
Grief's agent at the house of death."

There are tears of joy, also. These flow where sin and misery are taken away — where the broken hearts are bound up — the destitute supplied — liberty proclaimed to the captive — and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. We are touched with the simple yet eloquent relations of a reformed inebriate, as he declares his conversion from the sin of intemperance. — The heart is steel that can read it without emotion.

"At eleven at night I went home. — When out at this hour I always went home intoxicated. My wife had given me up again; and listened, as she told me, whether the door opened drunk or sober, for she could tell. It opened and shut sober. When I entered, my wife was standing in the middle of the room to see me when I came in. She was astonished — but I smiled and she smiled. I told her quick; I could not keep it back. I have put my name to the temperance pledge never to drink as long as I live. — It was a happy time. She threw her arms around me. I wept and she wept; we could not help it; and our weeping waked up our daughter, and she wept too."

Again, we hear from the same source

"I do feel for the drunkard. My heart yearns over him. I fell asleep to-day, just after dinner, and woke up crying. I dreamed of all drunkards being reformed." Such tears have their mission. They have already moved hardened hearts, and washed away multitudes of sins. Let them flow on.

Tears of penitence, too, have their place in our world. The poet alludes to them.

"Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
As o'er the faults of former years
She wept, and was forgiven?"

Such are approved above. There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. Such tears restored Peter to Christian discipleship after he had denied his Lord. Such have saved many a life — reformed many a profligate — made many a man great and good, who would otherwise have made his "bed in hell." It hath been written that "to weep for fear is childish; to weep for grief is humane; to weep for compassion is divine; but to weep for sin is Christian."

This leads us to speak of Christian tears. These are tears of sympathy and love. The disciple of the great Christian teacher is to "weep with those that weep." He who is

"To view through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe,"

will not be tearless through life. His soul will mingle with others; and the full tide of his affection will flow out to every fellow sinner under heaven. The teary eye of the faithful pastor; — what has it done for some listening son or daughter of error and of sin? A Christian mother's tears over a wayward child. Heavens! what heart can resist their power? They could move the world. — They have moved, when the rod, the sword and the cannon have proved ineffectual. Their full influence in time will never be known till the books of eternity

are opened, and revelations which human heart had not conceived, are declared to the redeemed of heaven.

But we have now to speak of the tears of grief,—alas! too freely flowing in our sin-stricken world. They have fallen since the early days of earthly mourning. Poverty and want weep for comforts denied them. Innocence weeps that villainy has deceived it. Inexperience weeps at its mistakes; and folly at its misfortunes. Friendship weeps that it has been defrauded by false pretensions; charity that bigots are not born again. The world mourns in vexation, disappointment, crosses and bereavements,—plans frustrated, expectations cut off, hopes blasted, death-making ravages among hallowed endearments, and life embittered with trials worse than death. All these bring tears—fast flowing tears. Earthly affection proffers its kindred aid; but wipes not away the tear. It is there still. Myriads in their sorrows have said, “O that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day

and night.” Go into the grave-yard, and there behold evidences of tears that have flowed in the past. Every stone is consecrated with tears. And these tears are to be wiped away. It is one of the offices of philanthropy, mercy and love, to seek them out and allay them. This also is a wise ordination of heaven. God has given us sympathies; these are to be exercised. And all righteous exercise of them is a true answer to the demand of humanity. By individual means, and by all conveniently operative combinations, should this work of love be done. “Am I my brother’s keeper?” is to be readily and truly answered—and most specially in his affliction. Let the mourner’s tears be dried. Let his heart be comforted.—Let his pilgrimage be smoothed to that better existence where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,” and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.”

Original.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER IV.

“The devil speed him! No man’s fire is freed from his ambitious fingers.”

AFTER this small interruption, the Notary left the office of his business for the luxuries of his dinner table. His house being but a short distance from his office, it was soon gained, and my curiosity gratified by an introduction to the family of M. Savoy. Seated in the parlor was Madame Savoy, a portly counterpart of her husband, though of not quite so ruddy countenance. Dressed in the height of Parisian style, were her two daugh-

ters, remarkable for nothing except a degree of boldness and impudence, surpassed only by their affected distinction of manners as disgusting as they were out of place and out of tone. Amelia, the eldest, perhaps seventeen, was blessed with a tolerable good set of features, the only unfavorable point of which was a sharp, turn-up nose, and full head of deep caroty hair. She was reading one of those mawkish works of fiction with which the Parisian press at that time poured forth in such numbers as to liter-

ally deluge all classes with an inundation of sentiment as pernicious as it was profuse. Sophia was lounging in a listless attitude, intended to be extremely genteel, upon a couch of wrought damask, and discussing with her mother the merits of an article in the last number of *Les Journaux de Modes*.

Madame Savoy and her daughter had arrived at that interesting period in a discussion where each one thinks they have the mastery, or best of the argument, and not unlike some of our quarrelsome divines, dispute only for the reason of making a noise. They were thus both perfectly satisfied with their own opinions, and as violently opposed to the opinions of each other. Madame Savoy was beginning to look red with excitement, and Sophia had already contradicted her interested *mama* three several times, and the wordy, angry disputation was rapidly gathering force and intonation, when the dinner bell—that all-powerful tranquilizer—put an end to the all-absorbing discussion. Leaving the merits of the mooted question until again taken up by the disputants, we will (unclassically) “hitch our chair” to the table of M. Savoy. Seated at the head of the board, by virtue of his office, officiated our friend the Notary. Opposite sat his wife Madame, while Amelia and Sophia, like “dutiful children,” as they were, occupied each, one end of the “groaning board.” Two waiters dispensed the good things during this eating hour, in generous profusion, and little time was gained for either party for conversation, until after the removal of the cloth. So intent upon the duties of the hour were each one, that they scarcely lifted their eyes from the table until the reflected image of the well filled decanters before them made known their own especial and favorite presence. This universal catholicon soon opened the doors of their loquacity, and the tongues of the female portion of the family moved

with redoubled vigor, owing doubtless to the short recess gained while devouring the savory viands that had just given place to the wine and desert. M. Savoy, on the contrary, was not to be diverted thus easily from the “main chance,” by a small (?) direliction from the prescribed rules of fashionable etiquette, but continued to masticate with the gravity of an alderman, the bone of a fine roasting piece, which he had just snatched from the plate as the waiter bore the fragments from the table. In spite of the “O, la! M. Savoy, how can you be so impolite as eat meat when the desert is present,” of Madame,—the “shocking bad taste, father,” of Sophia, and the half swoon of the gentle Amelia, he sat bolt upright, his blue coat buttoned close up to his chin, his round red face glowing in contrast with the snow-white dickey which stood erect in all the pristine glossiness of well-strained starch and spermaceti, regardless alike of exclamations and swoons, he finished his bone ere he thought of replying to his bewildered questioners.—What he was about to say to Madame S. and the young ladies, was smothered ere their utterance; for catching a glance of the “red and rosy,” as he called his favorite wine, he replaced the decanter from which he had just poured out a small glass. “No matter, ladies, we’ll talk of etiquette by-and-by—wine now.”

Notwithstanding all the faults of M. Savoy, he was not addicted to the intemperate use of wine, (which could not in truth be said of brandy.) He had barely time to toss off one glass of sherry and be in readiness to accompany his wife and daughters to the ante-room, ere it was his accustomed hour for afternoon siesta. M. Savoy accordingly retired to indulge in a comfortable nap, while Madame and her daughters stepped out on one of those most delightful of all excursions—a “shopping” expedition, and left me no alternative but to sleep until it

pleased the Notary to awake, or to amuse myself with my own reflections or observations, which reflections or observations the reader will, of necessity, have to look for in another chapter, for this is the end of this.

S U M M E R. — BY D. RUSSELL.

I hear above, around, beneath,
 A still small voice which sweetly sings
 The coral hymn, — fair Nature's wreath
 Culled from a thousand fields she brings:
 The fields and floods, the earth and sky,
 Raise one unceasing song on high.

To Him, the universal Lord,
 This glorious song of praise ascends;
 All Nature breathes with one accord
 Her incense, and her treasure blends;
 Each wind which waves the forest tree,
 Proclaims her artless minstrelsy.

O, let the grateful hymn respond
 From man, the lord of all below !
 Let his high wishes rise beyond
 This earthly globe, and strive to know
 His Maker's will, his word, his ways,
 That he may render nobler praise.

Original.

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

BY BEL FLETCHER.

PERHAPS one of the most common objections to our Order, is, that it is a secret institution, and, therefore, to be looked upon with suspicion. Although this objection has been refuted time and again, yet it has been as constantly reiterated, and urged with all the seriousness imaginable, as if it were something brand new — just fresh from the mint — something that we never thought of before. Now, although it is really tiresome to keep answering the same objection over and over again, yet it is sometimes necessary. If, therefore, it will not be too great a tax upon the reader's patience, we will just notice it again, for the sake of refreshing the very treacherous memories of some of our opposers.

We say, then, what has often been said before, — if debating societies may be allowed to close their doors against the public; if legislatures may be allowed to hold their secret sessions, and churches their secret meetings for the trial of guilty members, why may not Odd Fellows be allowed the same privilege? If our Sa-

viour communed with his disciples in private, and committed secrets to their charge commanding them to "*tell no man*," is it any worse for Odd Fellows to commune together in private, and to have secrets which are to be told to none except members of the Order?

In the time of war, when men gird on their armor for battle, and march forth to deeds of blood, for the purpose of destroying life and of shooting down each other like wild beasts — then they may be allowed the use of secret pass-words, or countersigns, for the furtherance of their dark designs; and with this no fault is found,—all this is perfectly right; but when a benevolent society adopts the very same means for the accomplishment of a good object,—for the purpose of benevolence and of charity, and to aid them in their endeavors to relieve the distresses of their fellow-creatures, the cry of *treason!* TREASON! is immediately raised.

Every one capable of reasoning, must know that an institution like ours, is constantly liable to be imposed upon. There are rascals enough in the world, ever ready to go about sponging from our Lodges when they think they can do it without the fear of detection. It is easy enough to conjure up some pitiful tale, and to apply to some Lodge where they are unknown for assistance. But when called upon to give the sign and pass-word, we have a certain way by which to ascertain

whether they are Odd Fellows in good standing, or whether they are impostors. If they prove to be impostors, we have the gratification of preserving our funds for charitable purposes which otherwise might be wasted in debauchery and drunkenness,—and they the mortification of having their plans thwarted, and their wickedness exposed. No wonder that such men should cry out "*treason! dangerous institution!*" &c. It is *dangerous* to rogues, we confess, but not to honest men.

No honest man will pretend to be an Odd Fellow when he is not, for the sake of obtaining money that does not belong to him. If he *is* an Odd Fellow, he can always find relief when in distress, whether at home or in a land of strangers, providing he can find Odd Fellows. We are willing to help all worthy persons who are not members of our Order, when in our power to do so, without leaving our own members to suffer; but we are not willing to give our funds to dishonest men who come to us with the hypocritical pretence of being Odd Fellows, when they are not. And it is for the purpose of detecting and exposing their dishonesty, and to keep our funds from being squandered, that we have adopted the use of secret signs and pass-words. 'Is this right, or is it wrong? "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say."

A. F.

Ware Village, July, 1843.

FRIENDSHIP'S TEST.

'T is not while the fairy-breeze fans the green sea,
That the strength of the bark may be known;
And 't is not in prosperity's hour that the truth
Or the fervor of friends may be shown.
No! the bark must be proved when the tempest is high,
When dangers and mountain-waves press —
The friend when the storm of adversity's nigh,
The touchstone of friendship's distress.

Original.

ASSOCIATION.

INDIVIDUAL action has been lauded, and we may concede all that has been claimed for it; still the great truth remains, that nine tenths of mankind, whether from circumstances or constitution, are qualified to act only in masses. If they would aid in any great movement, they must *associate*.

The peculiar advantages of association are, wisdom in counsel, extensiveness and continuity in operation, boldness and independence in spirit, simplicity in object and measures, effect and means.

Individuals are apt to be circumscribed in views, biassed in feeling, hasty in temper and conduct. Association enlarges the mind, diminishes prejudice, allays wrath and prevents rashness.

Individuals operate in single, narrow spheres, and their influence is correspondently limited.

Association both multiplies and amplifies the spheres of influence, gathering in and directing efficiently the energies of persons, who had else been mere cyphers. Individual effort is subject to interruption. There are seasons when individual responsibility will so oppress the heart as almost to paralyse exertion. Association divides responsibility, exalting and sustaining the spirit of each individual, thereby obtaining the aid of persons, who, by themselves, would have been inactive, or entirely insignificant.

Untrained militia, accustomed to fight upon their own hook, are as likely, in the encounter, to run away as to stand. They feel individually insulated, and lack that unhesitating spirit which grows out of mutual confidence and reciprocal dependence. But collected around a pole, with a piece of crash, the more ragged the better, worth about a dollar,

fastened to the top, and acting in concert, they are almost invincible. There is an inspiration in numbers. Association gives strength to the weak, confirms the wavering, emboldens the bold.

Individual advocates of singular or important measures, are peculiarly liable to disagreement, and so long as they stand alone, forbearing to avail themselves of friendly conference upon the points in dispute, these points assume an aspect of more and more importance, while at length the grand object of them all is lost sight of in the strife. Association places individuals in such relations to each other, that they are more desirous to explain away, or keep out of sight, their mutual differences, than to exaggerate and blazon them. Division enfeebles their efforts and inspirits their adversaries. Union is necessary to success.

Individuals acting in different places, without any acquaintance with each other, and without fixing upon any particular plan of operations, attract little attention, and do no good. One hundred years ago persons wrote most eloquently against drunkenness and avarice, but this writing neither reformed a drunkard, nor prevented pauperism. Associations of some kind of totalitarians and "Odd Fellows" are the only means in which mind can be properly organized and most potently directed to the subversion of these evils.

The great moral movements of the day are sustained chiefly by books, papers lectures. But individual action is incapable of sustaining either of them in sufficient vigor and number. Books cannot be freely circulated, papers printed, nor lectures appointed without more money than mere individual effort can furnish.

Association lays the multitude under contribution for one common object. The majority may contribute but little talent, but the funds they supply are readily convertible into a mass of circulating mind, of far more power than silver or gold. Like creates like by sympathy. Love begets love, hate begets hate. Hope begets hope, fear begets fear. Joy begets joy, grief begets grief. Sympathy lies at the bottom of association. Home is the place where the sympathies are satisfied. A child feels at home with his father and mother, brothers and sisters, wherever the place may be, or whatever degree of comfort may be attainable in that place. The formation of that home is not in the external circumstances, but in the gathering around him of the beings in whom the social sympathies find a solace and resting place. That alone constitutes home. Let us hope that the day may yet arrive, in which the whole human race will constitute one great family and the world one vast home.

F. L.

Original.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

How little knows the morbid soul,
 Who sits all day and counts his store,
 Aught of the joys that sweetly roll
 Around th' Odd Fellow's humble door :
 How little boots he of that bliss
 Which springs from fond affection's shrine;
 The fervor of the grateful kiss —
 The look of love, the smile divine, —

Which true benevolence imparts,
 As round the blessing freely flows,
 Quick'ning the impulse of those hearts
 Where Friendship's hand the boon bestows.
 He never knows, he cannot taste,
 His narrow soul can ne'er descry
 One green oasis on the waste,
 Spread out before his selfish eye.

For him no widow's prayers arise,
 For him no orphan's grateful smile
 In rainbow hues adorn his skies,
 Or one of life's sad hours beguile.
 Not such the men whose hearts can feel,
 Whose souls can sympathise and save;
 O'er them Love's pure orisons steal,
 And light the darkness of the grave.

Their memories on Time's gilded page
 Shall shine like beacons truly bright;
 And childhood, youth, and hoary age,
 Shall revel in their blessed light.
 Forever honored be the band
 That binds in one our rising youth —
 In every clime, in every land,
 Their motto — Friendship, Love and Truth.

Sag Harbor, (N.Y.) July 20th, 1843.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE notice under the editorial head of the "Covenant," that at the next regular annual session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in September, that there are several important considerations to come before that body. We look upon the next session of the U. S. G. L., as the most important which has been held since its institution. It is well known, (or at least should be,) that in all matters concerning the work or language of the Order, this Grand Lodge has supreme powers, and its decisions have been, as they should be, final and decisive. In fact, the ground covered by the plenary and jurisdictional powers of this body, are such as when exercised, are of deep, vital interest to the whole Order throughout the United States.

Among other matters coming before the Grand Lodge, is that "long, drawn-out" subject of conflicting interests between the Order in Great Britain and America. This matter it is expected will be finally settled at this session. The abolition of the *proxy* system, and the suggestion of ways and means to secure immediate representation from each State, will be earnestly pressed. This, by the way, is of sufficient importance to induce every State Grand Lodge to appear in convention by their representative in person, and not by proxy. In order to secure this desirable end, let a sufficient number be elected for that purpose, so that at least one representative from each State may be present.

Several important qualifications for membership or admission to the G. L. of the United States, are to be again presented, the argument of which will be, Shall these certain qualifications be abolished?

The appointment of an inspector of the

work,* vested with powers to select deputies, or travel at his election, will be another topic for the consideration of the G. L. at the coming session.

We hope our brethren of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, will give this matter the consideration it merits, and also take the necessary steps to secure themselves a representative in the Grand Lodge of the United States at the coming session.

* Very much needed as all will no doubt acknowledge; and in no State more than our own.

"QUID NUNC."—We take particular pleasure in inserting this able article from the Independent Odd Fellow, and would bespeak it a candid and considerate perusal by every Odd Fellow. The question is answered—fully and freely discussed, and he that hath aught against it let him speak. There is one point, however, upon which we would say a word ourselves; and that is, of *tantalizing*, spoken of by the author of "Quid Nunc," and so common among Odd Fellows. Verily, out of our mouths are we judged, and there is no doubt but what much of the unfriendly feeling and opposition (charitably speaking) manifested towards us by the female sex, springs from an ignorance on the part of many of our brethren of the first principles of the Order, or a foolish display of vain boasting, which is itself a direct violation of what is entrusted to their keeping under the sanctions of secrecy and fidelity. It is time that such *tattlings* ceased. What is it to the public what our doings are, so long as the public is not injured by us? Brethren, one and all, let us strive to sustain the true dignity of our Order. And this cannot be done by allowing ourselves to indulge in foolish and undignified ex-

pressions relative to the Order. To the uninitiated—particularly the ladies,—remarks of a light and unmeaning nature, should always be avoided. There is beauty and excellence in Odd Fellowship; and to exhibit this beauty and excellence in all its purity and loveliness, should be the constant endeavor of every member of the Order.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—The mind of man, says a writer, in one respect may be compared to the universe in which it dwells, knowing no bounds; and the more its properties and capabilities are considered, just in proportion will the person reflecting be lost in a labyrinth of wonder and amazement. It bears the impress of Divinity, for its powers are past finding out; and pitiable indeed is that individual who can trace back the operations of the human mind through ages that are long since gone by, seeing the gradual rise of science and literature as its effect, and not be struck with admiration at its stupendous power; and acutely seeing, at the same time feeling, these constant workings of an invisible agent, the germs of which he himself partakes of, though perhaps through negligence and inattention those germs never fructuate. If powers like these now exist, (and who can doubt it?) how much more incomprehensible and wonderful must that agent be which this power was formed and put into operation: each mind of the many myriads upon earth all formed and governed by that one great Being, whose existence was from the beginning, and shall be to the end. No one will dare to question the fact, that every man will have to give an account of the talents entrusted to his care, whether he shall improve them or no; and surely, this being an universally acknowledged truth, it behoves every Odd Fellow, bound and connected as he is by the most solemn promises, to daily act under the influence of the solemn charges

delivered to him at his initiation, which enjoins that he shall improve every talent entrusted to his care. Happy is that man who daily, nay hourly, reflects upon the position he occupies in the world, and how he shall most improve that mind which ought to form his comfort here and solace in his dying hour. Ask the saint or the philosopher, and they will both agree that their purest and happiest moments upon earth are those when the passions shall be most subdued, and the mind calmly left to work out the end for which it was created. It has been beautifully expressed by one of our British poets, that

Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains of beauteous and
sublime;
Here hand in hand sit paramount the graces,—
Here enthroned celestial beams, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never fading joy!

Seeing, then, the importance of self-cultivation, not only for temporal comfort and prosperity, but likewise for eternal happiness, it is to be most fervently wished that all who partake of the fruits of Odd Fellowship will, upon every occasion, hold that rank in the world for which he was ordained;—he will then be acting in accordance with the intentions of that all-wise Being, “who made man a little lower than the angels who crowned him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of his hands.”

☞ To every person,—and especially every young person, we would say, *read*, but be choice in your reading, and use reflection. Avoid that error so common among our pert young ladies and gentlemen, who would rather run through thirty fictitious volumes, than read one of real worth. If our apprentices and clerks would employ a tithe of their leisure time in reading valuable books, they would employ their time to infinitely better advantage than the majority of them do at present, and in after life they would always reflect upon it with pleasure.

DIED in this city, on Sunday, the 16th inst., Bro. CHARLES C. HELLISON, aged 35 years, of Siloam Lodge, No. 2.

The funeral took place on the Tuesday following, at Rev. Bro. Skinner's Church in Warren street, of which Bro. H. was a member. About three hundred brothers of the Order were present on the occasion. The discourse was delivered by Bro. Skinner, Chaplain of the Siloam Lodge. After the services, the brethren formed in procession, and followed to the grave the remains of their respected brother. Grand Master HERSEY, together with most of the principal officers of the several city Lodges, were present on the occasion. At the grave the funeral services were read in a most solemn and impressive manner, by Rev. Bro. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain of Massachusetts Lodge. Of the reading the services by Bro. C., too much cannot be said in its praise. The deep, rich voice of the speaker, as he stood over the grave of the dead bidding in behalf of the brethren assembled a last farewell to the departed, could not but impress the mind with feelings the most solemn and religious. As the brethren retired, sprigs of evergreen, worn on the occasion, were dropped in the grave, as a last, sad tribute of affection to their departed brother.

The following are the remarks of Rev. Bro. Skinner, addressed to the members of the Order present on the occasion.

—
 "God, my brothers, in his wise providence, has caused the angel of death to walk in our midst. We mourn the loss of one who was gentle in spirit, and uniformly governed by *friendship, love, and truth*.

During his sickness you were kind and attentive, and did all that brothers could do in ministering his wants: you visited him by day; you watched with him by night; you were his companions, his counsellors, his ready and willing friends;

you carried out more fully than I had supposed was practicable, the principle of mutual aid, which is one of the foundation principles of your institution.

Works like these are the eulogium that can be pronounced upon your Order; for what can be more Christ-like, than to visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, and sympathise with the sorrowful?

How did your kind offices cheer the heart of our brother, and lighten the duties of his kind companion.

Brothers, your duties are not yet done. By the principles of your Institution, you are bound not only to aid the sick, whether rich or poor, but to be the friends and counsellors of a brother's widow and children. I feel assured that you will discharge fully and cheerfully your obligations, and that you will never neglect duties so intimately connected with the welfare of those who were dearest of all to our friend.

Brothers! this is an instructive occasion. It teaches you not only the value of a good name, and of a good hope, and of friendship in affliction; but the fearful uncertainty of life. Dust we are, and unto dust we must return. Soon the summons will be to us, and we must take our final adieu of earth. O, let us be prepared for that summons. But to be thus prepared, we must have faith and hope, and live the lives of true Christians. Let the sprig of cassia which you wear point to you a future life, and serve to increase your confidence in those sublime truths, which unfold the glories of Heaven."

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 In answer to our correspondent *Juvenus*," we would say, that a vote of relief is entirely unnecessary, the Constitution of the Lodge and all Lodges work under nearly the same form of constitution, being *definite*;—saying that he shall receive, *such an amount* per week according to the number of degrees re-

cieved;—for any number of degrees attained under the scarlet, three dollars per week; “and brothers having attained the scarlet degree, five dollars.” We think he must be a young man indeed, or at least young in the Order, not to know the above fact. Brother, examine your Constitution.

☞ Mrs. M. L. GARDINER will please accept our sincere thanks for her poetical contributions for the Symbol. For the very flattering terms in which she speaks of our publication, and the interest she manifests in its success, we are truly grateful. Praise from *such* a source, we feel indeed proud of.

☞ *We shall publish in the next number of the Symbol, an original story, by Prof. J. H. INGRAHAM. It is an Odd Fellow's story, and is throughout one of the most exciting and interesting tales ever written by the talented and accomplished author.*

We shall strike off an extra number of Magazines containing this story, which can be had on application at the Symbol office.

☞ We have a prime lot of communications on hand for publication in the Symbol, all of which will be attended to as we can find room. Our correspondents, one and all, will please accept our hearty thanks for their favors.

☞ Suffolk Lodge has appropriated fifty dollars from its funds, and Tremont Lodge twenty-five dollars, for the relief of the Fall River sufferers by the late fire.

ERRATA.—In Bro. McLEISH's Address, on page 267, first column, 24th line from top, for “skikina,” read “shikina.”

This Address will be published in full on Thursday next, in pamphlet form, and for sale at the Symbol office.

The Citizen Soldier.

This interesting paper still comes freighted with matter the most interesting to soldier and yeoman, the every-day reader, and the reader of military matters. This paper is destined to work an essential and beneficial change of views with regard to the military system and interests of community. Its aim being to elevate the citizen soldier to a standard which he ought always to have occupied in the mind of the public—that is emphatically as one of the Republican National Guard.

We take pleasure in noticing the literary and miscellanenous department of this paper. The number before us contains the conclusion of a highly interesting historical tale, called the “Battle Day of Brandywine,” written for the “Soldier,” by GEO. LIPPARD, Esq. It is one of the most thrilling and interesting tales we ever read.

Since the above notice was written, we have received the Citizen Soldier of July 27th. It contains the commencement of an original Tale, entitled “Adrian, the Neophyte,” written by the author of the “Battle Day of Brandywine.” We have read the first part, and can truly say it will compare in every respect with any story,—prize or otherwise,—that has been published for the last twelvemonth, in either of the popular magazines of the day. Published weekly, by Messrs. I. R. & A. H. DILLER, Philadelphia, at \$2 per annum.

Return of Departed Spirits.

Friend Colon, of Philadelphia, has sent us this book, and an amusing thing it is. It purports to give an account of the return to earth (in spirit) of several distinguished individuals long since dead, and holding communion with the living.—Those who wish to support *humbug*, can now have an opportunity of doing so.—We believe Redding has the work.

VARIETY.

EXAMINATION. Class in natural philosophy will come up and recite. What is your lesson to-day? Hyderstatics. Who invented hyderstatics? Hyder All. Very well: of what does hyderstatics treat? It treats with cold water, and father says it is improper to treat with any other liquor. What is the law which regulates this science? It is the money-sip all law. Right; describe the common pump. The common pump is a log of wood stuck up near a wharf, with a box outside of it, stuffed full of seaweed to keep it from freezing. It has a spout on one side and a handle on t'other, and the handle has a chain round it, secured with a padlock, to keep people from stealing water. How is the box fixed? Donno, sir. Next. With pump nails, I reckon. Go above him. What makes water rise in the pump? It is owing to the requiem in the bucket, and when you ply the handle the water rushes up to fill the requiem. How high will water rise in the pump? I've seen Jim McFarlane make the spatters fly as much as two feet over the top, which, added to the length of the handle, makes the diameter of the column. Very well you may take your seat and study the ingravins.

A son of Erin once accosted a disciple of Sweedenborg thus: 'Mr. ——— you say that we are to follow the same business in Heaven that we do in this world?'

'Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason, for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should his creatures be?'

'Well thin, yer honor, do pable die there?'

'Certainly not, they are as immortal as the Creator himself.'

'Thin I should like to know, yer honor, what they 'll find for me to do, for I 'm a grave digger'

'Boy why don't you go to school?' 'Bekase, sir, daddy is afeared if I larn every thing now, I shan't have nothing to larn when I go to the cad'my.'

Dr. Ebenezer Dean, of Plympton, was brought before Eli Cook, Esq, of Kingston, on Saturday last, charged with administering stamina vias (N. E. Rum) to his patients in less does than 28 gallons. He was fined \$20, and costs \$10.97.

An absent minded editor, having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said —

'Well, you want my daughter; what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?'

'Give her!' cried the other, looking up vacantly; 'oh! I'll give her a puff.'

An enthusiastic friend of ours, while coming in the cars from Boston to this town, the other day, was conversing with a beautiful lady, an old acquaintance, and expatiating in a sublime and sentimental manner on the beautiful scenery through which they were passing, the glory of the sunlight, the greenness of the foliage, ect. In the natural course of this elevated discussion, he touched upon New Bedford, and asked his fair companion if she did not consider its half rural, half city aspect most delightful. 'Ah! yes, it is,' said she, 'but ile's dreadful low!' Our friend had nothing more to offer, but concluding that there was more truth than poetry in the lady's composition, came down from the clouds instantly. — [*New-Bedford Bulletin*].

A dress maker in New Jersey has procured a patent for a *torchure* of her invention. It is made of bran, with yeast in it to make it rise. She makes a great *bustle* about the affair.

A child with two heads was recently born in Pennsylvania. It didn't live long enough, however, to prove the truth of the axiom that "two heads are better than one!"

"What is the chief end of man?" asked a schoolmaster, with catechism in hand.

"The end we get our lickings on," blubbered the urchin.

It is a somewhat singular as well as melancholy fact, that while the fiercest tiger of the forest can be *tamed*, the tongue of the slanderer is *untamable*.

A learned Doctor has given his opinion that *tight lacing* is a public benefit, as it kills off the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones for women.

The New Orleans Picayune gives the following dialogue illustrative of filial affection:—

"Jim, how's your ma?"

"She's fat and strong; how's yours?"

"Feeble enough. I've got so that I can lick her now, and have every thing my own way. — You don't see me goin' errands and doin' chores about home like you used to!"

A country boy being asked what is meant by "universal suffrage," instantly replied; "why, it means that every man should suffer alike!"

We notice in a Salem paper the marriage of a Mr. Edgar Banks to Miss Eliza Paper. Now for a *Bank paper* currency.

"Pa, has lightning got fists?" "No, my child." "I guess it has, Pa, for I read it in the paper that the lightning struck a man and knocked him down."

Odd Fellow's Offering for 1844.

The Odd-Fellow's Offering for the year 1844 is now in press, and will be issued as early as the middle of September next.

The work will contain 300 pages of ORIGINAL MATTER, from the pens of intelligent Odd Fellows, on subjects interesting and useful to the Fraternity: it will also be embellished with elegant Steel Engravings, among which an accurate likeness of a well-known and much-respected Brother will be presented. The book will be printed and bound in the style of the American Annuals, and sold at the low price of *one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy*.

Communications on business, and articles for the pages of the Offering, must be addressed to the subscriber, New-York city.

All articles intended for publication must be received prior to the 25th of August.

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

Rev. Bro. JOHN MCLEISH, of Malden, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Symbol and receipt for all monies paid for the same. We hope the brethren in such places as he may visit, will give him what aid they can for the circulation and support of our magazine.

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NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

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Thomas Barr, W. D. G. M. for Lowell District.
Thos' F. Norris, " " Cambridge do.
Eber Smith, " " Boston do.
Abel Fletcher, " " Ware do

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Suffolk, No. 8, over Amory Hall, cor. Wash'n & West, Tu.
Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Friday.
Mechanics', No. 11, " Saturday.
Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
 Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
 Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
 Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
 En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
 Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
 United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
 Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
 Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
 Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
 Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
 Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
 Dutchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
 Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
 Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
 Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
 Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10 do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 13, do do	Fri.
Perseverance, 17 do do	Thurs.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28 do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	
Grove, 58, do do	Thur.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64, do	Tues.
Croton, 78, do	
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do do	Mon.
Meridian, 42, do do	Wed.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.	
United Brothers, 52 do	Tues.
Howard, 60, do	Wed.
Commercial, 67, do	Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22, do	Thurs.
Mercantile, 47, do	Tues.
Olive Branch, 31, do	Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73, do	Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues.
Nassau, 39, do do	Thurs.
Atlantic, 50, do do	Mon.
Fulton, 66, do do	Wed.
Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do	Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg,	Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62, do	Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co.,	Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do do	
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co.,	Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co.	Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co.,	Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do	Mon.
Dutchess, 59, do do	Wed.
Fireman's, 19, Albany,	Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16, do	Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5, do	
Union, 8, do	
American, 32, do	Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy,	Mon.
Spartan, 62, do	Fri.
Phoenix, 41, Albany,	Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy,	Wednes.
Trojan, 27, do	Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh,	Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy,	Thurs.
Haleyon, 56, do	Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo,	Mon.
Buffalo, 37, do	Tues.
Tehoscoron, 48, do	Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester,	Fri.
Teoronto, 69, do	
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,	Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithica,	
Rockland County, 76,	Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,	Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.	
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.	
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.	

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequannock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatonic 6, Derby	do
Thames 9, New London	
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	

Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

THE SYMBOL.

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ADDRESS

Delivered before Nazarene Lodge, No. 13, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Ware Village, June 23d, 1843.

BY REV. BRO. JOHN M'LEISH, N. O. OF MIDDLESEX LODGE, NO. 17.

Concluded.

Personal advantages of Odd Fellowship at home.

The personal advantages of Odd Fellowship at home, are many and various. Advantages derived from no other source, and with which the community has never heretofore enjoyed, and cannot possess, but in Odd Fellowship.

The Lodges meet regularly once in each week for business. At these meetings the enquiry is made, "Does any brother present, know of a sick brother, or a brother in distress?" Should any be reported, as sick or in distress, the visiting committee wait on the individual at once, and pay over the weekly allowance, whether it be \$3, or \$5, or relieve the distressed, to the utmost of their ability. Nor is the question asked, "What are the circumstances of the sick brother?" he receives his just due, not as charity, but his right. — Relief is granted to brothers in distress; wants growing out of sickness, reverse of fortune, accidents and death, are the subjects of attention.

The sick of the Order are supplied with every provision, for their comfort — by day

or night, without distinction. The same kind offices are conferred on one in the same degree as on another.

Efforts are made to maintain such as are, by sudden and unavoidable misfortune, deprived of the means of support; for the burial of the dead ample provision is also made. An Odd Fellow is not forsaken in death, the brothers of the Order follow him to the grave, and perform the last sad rites over his remains—and then they cast around the lonely widow and her fatherless children their fostering care, and extend condolence to her afflicted heart. A sum of money, from 30 to \$70, is presented the widow, and means of employment provided, to gain an honest livelihood. The orphans are provided with suitable means of education, till they are 16 years of age, and then suitable places are obtained, to learn some profession or calling, and they are still kept under the guardian care of the Lodge.— Should the wife of a brother die, he is provided with a sum, sufficient to pay funeral expenses, and the Odd Fellow has one more advantage, he has brothers into whose bosoms he can pour his tale

of sorrow, and he finds sympathy in kindred spirits.

In a word, the good Odd Fellow has every advantage and blessing this life affords, for he acts on the great principle of Friendship, Love and Truth, and lives with the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. When he departs this life he carries with him that passport which gains his admittance into the celestial Lodge above, to receive from the Great Architect of the universe, the tokens and symbols of his glory. Are not the advantages of the Odd Fellow at home, many and great?

Are they not worth far more than the fleeting hopes of senseless passion? Does any institution among men, in any country, present any thing more beneficial—any privileges more advantageous, or offer hopes more blessed, or joys, more pure—or create a tone of more elevated feeling in the human soul—inspiring man with confidence, fortitude and unshrinking perseverance in doing good? Friendship, Love and Truth is his motto.

The advantages of Odd Fellowship abroad, and among strangers.

The system of Odd Fellowship is the same everywhere, in the transatlantic cities, as on our own continent. The enquiry goes round in the assembly, Does any brother know of a brother sick or in distress? If one is known, his name is mentioned; if he is a stranger, the brothers fly to his instant relief. If sick, they watch over him, and medical aid is called. Two brothers are called by the Secretary in alphabetical order, to watch with him, and on refusing so to do without a good and reasonable excuse, they are fined. The strange brother does not feel the weight of obligation, as if what he received was charity; he receives only his own; and the amount expended for his benefit will be refunded by the Lodge of which he is a member.

The Odd Fellow, if taken sick or is in

distress in any country where the language he does not understand, has a language which will be understood, and will call around him a band of brothers, who will further his lawful interests; and cheer him in his trouble, or send him to his desired haven, and abundantly supply all his needs.

Odd Fellowship is a mutual insurance society, the members of which receive aid and protection wherever the winds of heaven blow. Wherever one's lot may be cast, by speaking the language known only to brothers of the Order, he is soon surrounded by a band of friends who greet him as one of their number, cheer his down-cast soul and light up in his mind the almost extinguished flame. Words of cheer and acts of kindness bring back the color to his pale cheek, and give brightness again to the languid eye. The heart almost sunk, leaps again with joy. He finds a home and kindred spirits with whom he feels contented, and they, in turn, feel *proud* to reach out their hands in love to calm his troubled breast.

Does not this feeling savor something near what man might be said to do and enjoy in possession of the highest degree of the religion of Jesus Christ?

Will enlightened man oppose such an Institution as this? Will he try to extinguish the fire of affection thus kindled, and sever the cords of love thus firmly binding man to man? Will he crush the hope that cleaves the soul to God, and cast over the mind a mantle of darkness, and hide the rich gem, from shedding his lustre of Love? Oh no, it has too many advantages both at home and abroad to be cast away as worthless, or traduced as a secret conclave of dissipation, or den of traitors, designing to plot foul deeds of rebellion and blood. It has God for its author, purity for its motives, benevolence for its designs, truth

for its light and guide, and love is the rich diadem that encircles its head.

Objections urged against Odd Fellowship.

1. It is a secret society and should not be tolerated.

What are those secrets? They are certain rules laid down and taught to each member of the Order, by which he can be known as an Odd Fellow in any nation or among any people. By these, the Society will be perpetuated and saved from imposition.

We have no secrets but what we will, with pleasure, communicate to any and every man who sustains a good moral character and joins the Society, without reference to his creed in religion or politics, or whether his coffers be filled or empty—whether he be a philosopher or mechanic.

Is mercy a sin against God, or a violation of the laws of the land? If so, Jesus Christ and his followers are found in this sin. What company met whose doors were shut, as described in the life of Jesus, when he said "Peace be with you." The daily communion of the soul with God is a secret wish. If religion has its secrets, so has nature. Anatomy has its secrets as well as philosophy. Science has its secrets, and so has the social hearth. Will the family reveal all their secrets, or are they obliged to reveal all their transactions to their over-officious neighbours? Does the merchant's clerk reveal the affairs of the warehouse, or does he exhibit his transactions to the world? Does not the Legislature, at times, close the doors of the legislative halls? Nothing that is wrong can be transacted within the sacred walls of the Odd Fellow's Lodge. There are present, those who minister in holy things at God's altar, whose daily walk and work bespeak this Christian character, and those who set and receive instruction from their lips.

Ministers of different creeds and members of different churches are there. Men also who maintain different views of national polity, of course in politics at antipodes. Let what is wrong be done, and soon it would be heard abroad in all the land.

Odd Fellows ask for nothing more than their rights, as freemen, to transact their business in their own way, and in their own time. Neither do they wish to deprive others of the lawful enjoyment of the privileges or to prevent them from expressing their opinions in matters of religion or politics, in any way, out of the pale of Odd Fellowship.

Odd Fellows are convinced that they can carry out the principles of the Order to far better purpose by secret tokens than by any other means, and when they are assured their plans of benevolence will operate to better advantage without signs, and tokens, they will be dispensed with. But proof of this is yet to be given, and they must operate in a different manner, from those institutions which profess to be benevolent in their character, at the present day.

Does the physician reveal the secrets of the sick room,—or the clergyman what is said to him on the dying couch? Or does the lawyer reveal the secrets of his client? These men would be considered unworthy of trust should they reveal their various secrets. And should not an Odd Fellow be privileged with the same liberty?

2. Another objection is raised, viz., that the charities of the Order are exclusive, confined to its own members. This like all other objections brought against the Order is void of truth. Members of the Order of Odd Fellows deposit their money for a mutual fund, for the benefit and rise of the Order only as an association, but as individuals they are left to their own conscience to act as their ability may be. The same objections may

be brought against savings Banks and insurance companies.

It is well known, that no institution has done more to prevent pauperism and distress, than Odd Fellowship,—not excepting the Christian church.

As a minister of the Gospel, I speak the honest sentiments of my heart.—When I say, rather would I, if sick or in distress, seek the aid of Odd Fellowship, than trust to the charity of the professed church of Christ. Odd Fellowship is what the church ought to be, in charity and love. The Odd Fellow has nothing to fear in the time of distress, let fate do her worst, he cannot suffer. Misfortune is stripped of half its terror, and abject poverty becomes words without meaning.

During the recent distress in England not one Odd Fellow or any member of their families sought or received relief from the overseers of the poor, or from any other source except the Odd-Fellow's societies. And, besides maintaining their own poor, they gave to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum nearly five hundred pounds sterling, which caused one of the committee to exclaim, "If contributing to the charity the handsome sum of nearly £500 is a feature of Odd Fellowship, I can say, I wish there were more Odd Fellows in the world." And what will weigh more in favor of the Institution is, that out of 20,000 poor persons, who applied for relief in Leeds, not one was an Odd Fellow. The sum of one hundred and twenty two thousand four hundred pounds sterling was paid by the Order during the past year, for the sick and distressed.

From the report of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., the number of Lodges in the United States, at the present time, cannot be less than *three hundred*, while the members of the Order number 150,000.

During the year ending Sept. 1842, 8,368 members were added to the Order. During that year, 2,834 brothers were re-

lieved, at the expense of \$30,598 58. \$3,876 53 were expended for the relief of widowed families. \$831 59, for the education of orphans. \$4,463 13 for burying the dead. The whole expense of relief for the above and other purposes, was \$44,187 83.

The amount expended in Great Britain for the charitable purposes of the institution, was \$1,200,000. Look at the facts, and say, has not Odd Fellowship been useful?

What mind can conceive—what tongue can express, or what language can describe the amount of suffering relieved by these sums? How many aching hearts have rejoiced? How has the down-cast soul been raised, and the drooping spirit cheered. What bursts of gratitude from family circles aided in distress. What fervent prayers from widow's lips, for blessings on the heads of those whose hands and hearts were open to supply their needs. Blest sympathy—heaven's favorite child, where shall we seek thee? Where is thy abode fixed?—or where is thy seat? Is it found where kings live, or where dignity alone resides? Is it found among the brotherhood in mystic bond united? Is such benevolence to be found in the world? Does the fire of love burn in every bosom? Is the arm of protection thrown around the defenceless, and the tear seen on the manly cheek at scenes of human woe? Look when the firm phalanxes of the proud Macedonian had overturned the Grecian States, and Persia's voluptuous realm had poured her golden treasures in his bursting coffers; when Scythia's hardy sons had bent the knee in token of submission, and the subjugated world proclaimed the conqueror a *God*, we find this mighty man sitting down to weep. Did Alexander weep? Had he the feelings of an Odd Fellow? What wept he for? Did the ghostly shadows of the mighty dead—the skeleton warriors of his bloody

fields pass before his mind, and wake up his softened feelings? Did the deep wail of the widowed wife, and the bereaved mother and orphan children, made such by his murderous bands, come upon his ear in the still hour of reflection, and wring from his soul, evidence of sympathy and repentance, and from his eye call forth the tear of contrition? Oh, no, he wept because there were no other worlds to conquer.

Such the feelings of multitudes. Such is selfish happiness. Odd Fellowship has higher motives. It looks far above the dead, cold charities of this world. It sees far off, on the dim confines of this rolling orb, other and brighter regions; rejoices to aid its members through their pilgrimage, to the celestial Lodge above.

Oh! that I could portray the joys and hopes of Odd Fellowship, that every good man might realize its privileges and blessings, and unite in its works of love and mercy, that when the world looks coldly upon him, and the friendships in which he trusted are found false and fleeting, he can possess the consolation Odd Fellowship gives; that comes upon the soul, like the glimpse of heaven to the dying martyr—spreading a sweet and holy calm over the lacerated bosom; lifting the soul beyond the reach of the troubles and trials of this life; sweet and soothing to his mind will be the tones of Friendship, Love and Truth, and deeply shrined amidst the holiest feelings of his nature, will be the principles of Odd Fellowship.

Ladies, accept our thanks for your presence this evening; your smiles and looks bespeak your approval of our works of love. Although the rules of our Order exclude you from our Lodges, you have no less place in our hearts. We esteem you as angels of mercy, who require no obligations to impel you forward in works of benevolence and mercy. It has often been remarked with truth, that

in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand—no heart like woman's heart: and we know it to be so. Though driven by you from Paradise, we find in your smiles and in your tears, in your pity and devotion, Paradise regained. What luxury can man enjoy beneath the canopy of heaven that will compare with the eloquence of thy consoling voice—that tender sympathy—that feeling, delicate heart, like the first golden gush of sunshine, streaming out upon the lingering clouds, and touching with sudden glory the tall green hills spreading like the sweet smiles of Nature's God? Your forms are too ethereal to endure long the ills of life, the storms and passions of the rude world, that rise like the winds and waves of ocean to overwhelm man's joys. Woman's task is to console the manly bosom when stricken and bowed down by the sorrows and toils of life; to assuage the tempest of passion, and pour oil upon the troubled waters.

You now occupy that high and responsible station which God designed for you, while you preside over and direct the most interesting relations of life. I doubt not but we shall have you aid, your prayers and your powers of eloquence, to advocate our cause; that widows' tears may be dried up; the orphan guided into Virtue's path, and rescued from penury, ignorance and crime, may grow up under the influence of Friendship, Love and Truth; and that they may become in their turn advocates of suffering humanity, and be the instruments of diffusing the blessed influences of Odd Fellowship in the world. Women will not oppose us in works of love. No! Leave us unaided? No; for

“Woman all exceeds

In ardent sanctitude and pious deeds.
Ask the poor pilgrim on this convex east,
His shrivelled locks distorted in the blast;
Ask him what accents soothe, what hand bestows
The cordial beverage, garment and repose.
O! he will dart a spark of ancient flame,

And clasp his tremulous hands, and woman name.
Peruse the sacred volume; Him who died,
Her kiss betrayed not; nor her tongue denied;
While even the apostle left him to his doom,
She lingered round his cross and watched his
tomb."

Such is woman, and such she will be,
till the blessings of our loved fraternity
spread from the rivers to the ends of the
earth, and the islands become redolent
with the music of Friendship, Love and
Truth—eternal, glorious.

Brethren—members of the Nazarene
Lodge, permit me at the close of our ad-
dress, to congratulate you on the rise and
rapid progress of Odd Fellowship in
this village. Your zeal and persever-
ance, and the character of the members
of the Lodge, must gain for you honor,
and stop the mouths of gainsayers. Go
forward with courage; this cause is the
cause of God; its spirit is the spirit of
Jesus. It shows us how we may obtain
the highest degree of enjoyment. It
gladdens the mind with pleasure inex-
pressible. It fills the heart with love and
joy and ever flowing peace. Its pleas-
ures have no sting. Its enjoyments pro-
duce no sorrow; contentment and cheer-
fulness ever follow in its train. The
blessings it bestows, the delights to which
it gives rise, would be degraded by being
compared with the highest earthly pleas-
ures. It raises us above all worldly sor-
row and anxiety. It enlightens the dark-
ness of the mind. It soothes the hour of
sorrow. It calms the tumultuous pas-
sion, and says be still. It purifies and
heightens the enjoyments of life. It pil-
lows the soul in calm and elevates it into
a region of bliss, where the wicked cease
from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Go forward in your work of love; he
is the best Odd Fellow who is the most
active, and mingles most among men, in
the exercise of brotherly love, which is
one great branch of his duty, relieving
the poor and distressed, visiting the sick,

protecting the fatherless and oppressed,
promoting schemes of benevolence.

Here, then, are the pleasures and ad-
vantages of Odd Fellowship. Love to
God, love to man, faith in Christ, hopes
of heaven, expanding our piety, deep-
ening our affection, and enabling us to ex-
perience the true enjoyment of our high
and social nature—an enjoyment exquis-
ite, permanent and beneficial.

It introduces man, a mortal worm, into
communion with the Holy One. This
happiness is the only true happiness. It
is the only happiness of which our na-
ture is capable. It strews flowers in our
paths, and fills the air with fragrance;
leads to prospects of beauty, and bowers
of bliss, to fountains of pure water, clear
as crystal, to the hills of living green, to
the joys of lofty mountains, where like
the Patriarch of old, we behold an ex-
tended prospect, the promised land, the
regions of golden joys. Go, wipe the
tear of sorrow from the widow's eye;
speak words of comfort to orphan hearts,
bury the dead, perform every holy work,
and

"Live the life of prayer,
The life of faith in the meek love of God,
The life of tireless labor for his sake,
So may the angel of the covenant bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow for ever in thy Master's crown."

BENEFITS.—Do not confer benefits in
the expectation of meeting with gratitude,
and do not cease to confer them because
you find those whom you have served
ungrateful. Do what you think fit and
right to please yourself; the generosity
is not the less real, because it does not
meet with a corresponding return. A man
should study to get through the world as
he gets through a crowded street, with
as little annoyance and interruption as
possible.

Be sincere though your sincerity should
cost you your life.

TRUTH.—Civilized life has laid so many obligations upon us, by which the benefits of society are reciprocated, that we not unfrequently mistake the love and respect which we involuntarily pay to our friends, for that homage which we would be thought to offer to truth alone. Under such circumstances, who can fairly be considered the devoted advocates of truth? Not those, we should suppose, who lean to the side of credulity; for, no sooner is it known that an individual is possessed with an *amiable* degree of this quality, than he is subject to be abused by a thousand importunities. Locke has, perhaps, given us as safe rule as can be found, for trying how far we love truth for truth's sake. By this, we are never to receive any proposition or narration which may be circulated, for any thing more than the *proofs* on which they are founded will warrant, and never to secure even our most favorite opinions from the most severe test. It will naturally be concluded by such as have adopted these rules, that those who give more credit or place more reliance on propositions than is thus warranted, may do it for the sake of the interest which sways, the friend who persuades, the tyrant who dictates, or the custom which sanctions, but not for the sake truth.

THE WICKED.—Could we but have the heart of the wicked laid open before us—could we but see how it is torn and wrung by the evil passions that harbor within it—could we but mark how, even in the strongest and most determined breast, when bent upon evil purposes or engaged in wicked acts, fear and apprehension go hand in hand with every deed of evil, while repentance, remorse, and punishment follow more slowly, though not less surely, in the distance, what an instructive, what an awful lesson it would be, and how fearfully we should shrink back from the commission of the first crime, as

from the brink of precipice, which, once overleapt, dashes us down over a thousand pointed rocks, even into the gulf of hell itself!

A WOMAN IN TROUBLE.—The Editor of the Albany Microscope, who is always listening to things he “hadn’t *orter*,” heard the following confab the other day between a man and his wife:

“My dear, you’ve always mended up our old chainy ware when it got broke—now there’s that old teapot has got its dear nose knocked off again; do mend it on, love, wont ye?”

“No, Susan,” replied the good man, rolling up his eyes like a duck in a fit of the Spanish cholic; “no, it ain’t no use. We never use the teapot in the winter, you know.”

“That’s true, love, but we shall want it next summer—”

“Summer!” roared the husband, in a voice of thunder, intended as a grand imitation of the great trumpet; “*Summer!* who talks of summer, seed time and harvest? They are things of the past, and belong no more to the future. No, Susan! We shall never use the old teapot agin—the 23d of April winds up the affairs of the earth, and makes small beer of teapots with broken noses.”

“Oh dear, oh!” cried the poor woman; “what *shall* I do? There’s that are neu bonnet trimmed with red ribbings, and that are bran, fire, span neu silk gown not much more nor half wore out! and that new tin sass pan—and the baby’s ‘rocco shoes! and the painted cradle! all agoin’ tew smash before they’re half wore out, in the universal flummix of this airth!”

THERE is this difference between those two temporal blessings—*health* and *money*; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied.

Original.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

What is there here to tempt the spirit's stay,
When stern affliction clouds our brightest day?

OH, how can we wish this world were our home,
This world filled with sorrow and gloom?
Where all the delights of earth as they come,
Gleam, but to expire in the tomb?

Look we for enjoyment in even a flower,
'T is certain to wither away;
The sweetest, the dearest of scenes in an hour,
Are subject to blight and decay.

If our bosoms beat high, our footsteps more light,
Each pulse of the soul throbbing free;
If all for a moment looks joyous and bright,
Like mists of the morning they flee!—

Like a frost-work of beauty, when sunlight
appears,
They scatter and vanish in air;
The smiles of delight are banished by tears,
And pleasure's succeded by care.

How then can we wish this world were our home,
When by its rude billows we're toss'd;
'Till often amidst their cold dashing foam,
We feel e'en hope's anchor is lost?

From its light, and its shade my soul looks away,
Where all is unchanging above;
Where the smile of the Lord thro' Eternity's day,
Illumines the mansions of love.

Sag Harbor, (N.Y.) July 20th, 1843.

Original.

THE ODD PAPERS,
OR KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER X.

JUSTICE—EQUITY—RIGHT.

A leaf from the record book of your friend, the
Antiquary.

In olden times it was thus written in
the quaint chronicles of England,—Justice
is distinguished under two heads, or
divided into two kinds by the honest
Civilians; the first called communicative,
which was remarkable as the basis of fair
dealing in mutual commerce between man
and man, the practical definition of which

was sincerity in discourse—integrity in
dealing. Another kind is distributive
justice, by which the differences of man-
kind are decided according to certain
known and exponent rules, decided upon
according to equity. The first is the
justice of private individuals; the latter,
of princes and magistrates.

Of the results of a just comprehension
of the important bearing of Justice, Equity
and Right, and their important claims
upon the heart and conscience of all, we
may be able to judge from the example of
several illustrious individuals, a recital of
whose acts will form the material for this
paper.

One morning as Chancellor Edgerton
was coming down stairs, to go to West-
minster Hall, he observed these words
written upon the wall before him,—

"Tanquam non reversurus,"

as if never to return, intimating to him
with much plainness of speech how im-
partial he ought to be—supposed to have
been written there by some person who
had that day an important cause to be
tried, and feared oppression. The truth
and beauty of this expression struck the
mind of the Chancellor with so much
force, that he ever after adopted it as his
motto, and made it the ever-ruling star of
his successful career of life.

Sir Thomas Moore, when Lord Chan-
cellor of England, was not less remarka-
ble for his justice than attention to the
duties of his station. It is said that the
meanest claimant found ready access to
him; his ear was ever open to the cry of
the distressed; no private affection could
ever bias his judgment or influence his
decrees; no opportunity was given for in-
trigue or interested solicitation. Such
was his systematic and close attention to
business, that one day calling for the next
cause, he was told there was not another
then pending, a circumstance which he
immediately ordered to be set down on
record; and we doubt not this unique and

curious record still remains without its parallel in the history of legal jurisprudence.

A person who had a suit in chancery, once sent him two silver flagons, not doubting that his present would be thankfully received. On receiving them he called one of his servants and ordered him to fill the two vessels with the best wine in his cellar, and turning round to the servant who had presented them, — "Tell your master," said the inflexible magistrate, "that if he approve my wine, I beg he will not spare it," and returned the cups.

Lord Chief Justice Holt was for a long period of time a brilliant star of the English Court — one of the ablest and most upright judges who ever presided in a Court of Justice. Fairness and integrity with him was an all-controlling principle of mind; and he never was known during the period of his whole administration, to swerve in the least from what he esteemed law and justice. He lost his place as Recorder, of London, for refusing to expound the law suitably to the King's designs. "Shall I lie," said he, "and dishonor not only the King and Justice, but the King of Kings, who is Justice himself?"

Of Sir Mathew Hale it is said, that whenever he was convinced of the injustice of any cause, he would engage no farther in it than to explain to his client the grounds of that conviction. What a commentary upon the practice of law as exhibited in our American courts! Instead of mis-reciting evidences; of quoting precedents or books unfairly, so as to deceive ignorant juries or inattentive judges, he adhered to the same scrupulous sincerity in his pleading, as in the other transactions of life.

You doubtless recollect the saying of Epaminodas, who when great presents were sent to him, would observe, "If the thing you desire, be good, I will do it

without any bribe, even because it is good; if it be not honest, I will not do it for all the goods in the world."

In the days of Cromwell, as Sir Mathew was once going his circuit, he understood that the Protector had ordered a jury to be returned for a certain trial in which he was more than ordinarily interested. Upon this information he examined the acting sheriff, who knew nothing of it, for he said he referred all such things to the under sheriff; and having next asked the under sheriff concerning it, he found the jury had been returned by order from Cromwell; upon which he showed the statute, that all juries ought to be returned by the sheriff or his lawful officer; and this not being done according to law, he dismissed the jury, and would not try the cause. Upon which the Protector was highly displeased with him, and at his return from the circuit, he told him in anger, he "was not fit for a Judge," to which all the answer he made was, that "it is very true."

In illustrating these "chronicles" of right and equity, it may perhaps be well to notice from time to time a reminiscence or two of a modern school.

Col. Tatham, who practised law while in the Tennessee government, published among others the following rules:

"FIAT JUSTITIA!"

Having adopted the above motto as early as I had the honor of admission to the bar, I have covenanted with myself that I will never knowingly depart from it; and on this foundation I have built a few maxims which afford my reflections an unspeakable satisfaction.

1. I will practice law, because it affords me opportunities of being a more useful member of society.

2. I will not turn a deaf ear to any man because his purse is empty.

3. I will advise no man beyond my comprehension, of his cause.

4. I will bring none into law who my conscience tells me should keep out of it.

5. I will never be unmerciful of the cause of humanity; and this comprehends the fatherless, widows and bondages.

6. I will be faithful to my client, but never so unfaithful to myself as to become a party in his crime.

7. I will never acknowledge the omnipotence of legislation, or consider any acts to be law beyond the spirit of the constitution.

8. No man's greatness shall elevate him above justice due to my client.

9. I will not consent to a compromise where I conceive a verdict essential to my client's future reputation or protection; for of this he cannot be a complete judge.

10. I will advise the turbulent with candor, and if they will go to law against my advice, they must pardon me for volunteering against them.

11. I will acknowledge every man's right to manage his own cause if he pleases.

Signed,

WILLIAM TATHAM.

Knoxville, March 21, 1793.

Original.

DIALOGUE.

Mr. Gab. Good morning, neighbor Goodheart; I understand you have joined the Odd Fellows: well, I should n't have thought it! I am really astonished that a man of your good sense should have any thing to do with a secret society.

Mr. Goodheart. Pray, what do you know about secret societies, Mr. Gab, that should cause you to be so much astonished at my joining the Odd Fellows?

Gab. Know! why—humph! did n't the Masons kill Morgan? and did n't they try to get the power into their own hands and overthrow the government?

Goodheart. I know that such things were alleged against them by their ene-

mies, but never having seen the proof, I have no means of ascertaining the truth of the statements. But suppose that the Masonic fraternity did so far forget the allegiance they owed to the laws of God and man, as to be guilty of such acts, what would you prove by it?

Gab. Prove by it?—why, that secret societies are dangerous to the lives and liberties of the people, to be sure.

Goodheart. Are no other societies dangerous to the lives and liberties of the people? Have no others been guilty of taking life, or sought to obtain power and subvert government? Has not Christianity, or that which bears its name, tyrannized over the world for ages? Has it not dethroned monarchs—prostrated kingdoms, and convulsed empires? Has it not kindled the faggot, and fanned the flames around the body of the burning martyr? Has it not drawn the sword, and drenched the world with blood? If so, does it not follow that Christian institutions are dangerous to the lives and liberties of the people? Can you name a secret society that has shed half the blood, or caused half the mischief to the world, as many of those that make no pretensions to secrecy have done?

Gab. Ah! but Christianity has been perverted and corrupted, and that's the reason why it has done so much mischief. If it had been kept pure and uncorrupted, it would have done no harm.

Goodheart. And are you sure that the Masonic institution was not corrupted and perverted from its proper sphere at the time it committed those crimes which you have alleged against it? and how do you know but that it was originally, and is naturally a harmless institution, to say the least, when kept within its proper bounds?

Gab. Well, I've no doubt that its object was good when it was first started, but then it has got corrupted and ought to be put down.

Goodheart. So Christianity has been corrupted according to your own confession; ought it therefore to be put down?

Gab. No. But then Masonry is a secret institution.

Goodheart. Suppose it is a secret institution, if its object is a good one, as you admit it is, and if it is kept pure and within proper bounds, what harm can it do? If Christianity is corrupt, we ought to purify it, and not destroy it. Why not deal the same by Masonry and all other institutions whose object is good? But I am no Mason, and consequently know but little concerning that institution. But have you ever known the Odd Fellow's fraternity to be guilty of the crimes you allege against the Masonic?

Gab. No, not yet; but then it is a secret society, and equally as dangerous; and as soon as they get strong enough, they will try the same trick.

Goodheart. You will admit, I suppose, that the *object* of our institution is equally as good as that of the Masonic, will you not?

Gab. O, yes; your object is good enough, if you will only live up to it; but just as soon as your numbers are sufficiently large, you will get corrupt.

Goodheart. But if our members are all good men, they will not corrupt the institution, will they?

Gab. No; *If*—If they are all good men, they will not corrupt it.

Goodheart. Well, if the majority of them are good men, they will not allow it to be corrupted, will they?

Gab. But I'm afraid there are not good men enough that belong to it to keep it pure.

Goodheart. Well, I suppose you consider yourself to be an honest man, do you not?

Gab. Yes, I consider myself an honorable man. I despise a mean act in any one.

Goodheart. Why, then, do you not

join the Odd Fellows yourself, and persuade all other good men to do the same, and thus-increase the number of its good members, and exert your influence to keep the institution pure, and from being corrupted? If, as you admit, the object of our Order is good, but is in danger of being perverted, it forms the very strongest argument why you and all other good men should join immediately, and do your utmost to preserve the institution from corruption. You certainly cannot be guiltless to look on and see a good institution perverted to unholy and wicked purposes without trying to do something to prevent it. Shall I not, therefore, propose you for membership, at our next meeting? If, as you say, you are an honorable man, and despise a mean act, we should be happy to receive you into our Lodge. It is just such men that we want.

Gab. No! you do n't catch me jinein' any sich jacobin clubs; I feel myself above it; so good bye.

Goodheart. Good bye, Mr. Gab, and I hope you will always continue to be "an honorable man, and despise a mean act," whether you join our "jacobin club" or not.

[*Exit Gab, talking low to himself.*]—"Darn 'em! if I was n't afraid they'd black ball me, I believe I *should* like to take a peep into their secrets. But ever since I robbed that hen-roost, there's been a mighty hinting and squinting about, as if something was n't right. I guess as how I'd better be clearing out of these diggins."
F.

PRIDE.—It has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a *proud man*. But the pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities—it is like boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

Original.

THE LAW OFFICE, OR SKETCHES OF GREAT MEN.

BY AN INDOLENT MAN.

Scene 1st.—The front apartment, or receiving room of Francis Pettifogger, Esq., the first lawyer of the Rue de Tribunal. The room elegantly furnished in the most genteel style.—Among the adornments of the apartments were a well-filled library, and the portraits of several distinguished gentlemen of the legal profession.

ONE morning in my "*capacity*" paying a *professional* visit as an indolent man, I dropped unconsciously into the well stuffed chair of Francis Pettifogger, Esq. Scarcely had I seated myself, when the "man of the law" entered.—

Reader, would you like a description of the man "what sits in that 'ere nicely stuffed chair?" (as Sam Weller says.) Listen then, and I will tell you, or if you had rather wait and read the same in the Symbol and Odd Fellow's Magazine, you can have the pleasure of doing so, by handing in your two dollars to the publisher thereof—perhaps this will be the best way as it is warm weather—and perhaps one story or scene, may be but the connecting link of others more interesting and curious. To be honest, an old Law Office, is about the queerest "Old Curiosity Shop" I ever was in, and I should not wonder if other things besides old briefs and defunct champaign bottles were found within "these premises." Be that as it may, if I make any discoveries worthy of note, you (Readers of the Symbol *par excellence*.) shall have the earliest information. And as I fortunately caught a glance as I was rising to extend the hand of friendship (for it is best to keep the right side of these fellows) to the Esq., of the door of a back closet, I was also pleased to read inscribed thereon, in the Roman letters of this veritable year of 1843, in characters of every day familiarity "OMNIUM GATHERUM." Literally a receptacle for old matters—a col-

lector an a gatherer of all things, some of which I may yet be so fortunate as to take a peep at.

The lawyer, was a tall spare man, with a well breasted coat and respectable small clothes, wore a light vest with a rolling collar, while he sported a large turn-over shirt collar tied with a black cravat, the right and left corners of which were gracefully turned down—giving him at the first glance, the "a la Byron" bunglingly done up—his small restless eyes kept an incessant snapping, causing him to brush from his partially concealed face the superabundance of "foxy colored" hair that covered his beautiful forehead, (for you know all lawyers have beautiful foreheads,) at the same time giving me the tips of his long bony fingers to shake with the most aristocratic ease and effeminacy.

After bidding me be seated, he inquired of me if "I had any business with him in particular." I handed him my card. With a profound bow he returned me his own in exchange, asking at the same time the "previous question"—saying if he could render the "Indolent Man" any assistance or law questions he should be exceedingly happy to do so.

Myself.

To the question now, and I'll relieve you soon
Of my fair presence. O, thou first of men,
Answer me truly then, *What is the law?*

Lawyer.

Law is a trade, by which some men
Arrive at honors, wealth and state;
Others there are less fortunate,
Who drive a harmless goose's quill
From morn to night with no small skill,
And yet can ne'er their bellies fill;
But they are simpletons, and whoso
Knows their fate will never do so.

Myself.

Pray, how is this so? make it plain;
Leave out digression—law explain.

Lawyer.

My trade, or rather the "profession,"
Requires, you see, a man of parts,
One skilled in lore of ancient arts
And modern arts, more useful still,

If he his coffers full would fill,
With any thing like compensation,
For all his learning and vexation.
(Looking at watch.)

Myself.

The useful arts ?

Lawyer.

The time of day ?

Myself.

'T is half-past ten. Pray, what are they ?

Lawyer.

For little work to get great pay ;
But if he see no glimpse of booty,
Of course he should perform no duty.
Thus if he can his interest serve,
And get rewarded, he may swerve
From any needy half-starved client :
In short to interest be compliant
Eternally ; no earthly reason
Should put self-int'rest out of season ;
With lawyers 't is a standing dish —
Their meat and drink.

Myself.

Your answers are so very pleasant,
I fain would much prolong the present ;
But I should disappoint a friend
Who waits my coming near the " Exchange ;"
For this time cut the matter short,
Or stay, I have it, the resort.

Lawyer.

Say Beacon street for a street call ;
I'll name the place — be it the Mall.

Thus we separated, Francis Pettifogger, Esq., bowing to your friend and humble servant, the Indolent Man, and the Indolent Man bowing to Francis Pettifogger, Esq. As I was passing down the stairs, leading from the office to the street, (dirty stairs by the way,) Oh, dreadful dirty, the higher we go up, — (boy ! bring a broom,) I found concealed, all but the corner beneath, in a pile of dirt and rubbish, a folded paper. Upon opening the same, I found written in a worse than Arabic scrawl, the following words, viz : —

For Action, read con.

" Brief, " "

" Securities, " "

" Deeds, " "

" Settlements, " "

" Suit, " "

And I went musing, paper in hand, towards the Exchange, upon the meaning of this mysterious black letter, determined to ask Francis Pettifogger, Esquire, at our next interview, of the import, definition, and legal construction of the aforesaid mysterious writings.

[*End of Scene 1st.*]

Original.

ODDITIES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

No man or body of men can be an honor or profit to themselves, advantage or benefit to society, or the world who is not an Odd Fellow in the most exalted sense of the term. To gain any honorable eminence in the world, a man must have some distinguishing traits of character; some leading principle of action; he must not follow in the beaten paths of other men, but by unmerited labor and industry, be the architect of his own fortune, the builder of his own highway to distinction, and usefulness. The same may with equal truth be said of associations, under whatever name, unless they level their aim at some paramount object; and have some peculiar incentive to vigorous action, and move on in their own peculiar sphere, and make themselves conspicuous in that; they can be of little use to themselves or the world. It is well known by all who know any thing of the Order of Independent Odd Fellows, that they claim to be a charitable Institution; but they have a peculiar mode of dispensing their *benefits* to a brother in distress, which if understood, must be admired by all good men. We claim to be benevolent and charitable, but not an alms-giving association. By our By-Laws and Constitution, every brother in case of being rendered incapable, by sickness or accident, of following his usual occupation, is entitled to receive from the funds of the Lodge, a specified sum, and is visited daily by a committee appointed for

that purpose; providing his sickness or inability is not caused by intemperance or immoral conduct.

His pecuniary situation forms no part of our enquiries. The report of a worthy brother in sickness is equivalent to a draft upon the funds of our Lodge for the weekly stipend due him, and the particular attention of the visiting committee during his sickness. This is one of the oddities and beauties of Odd Fellowship. We do not wound the feelings of an unfortunate but sensitive Br. by conferring upon him as a special charity, a sum sufficient to make him comfortable and happy: we only render to every brother his due.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.—It is acknowledged by all parties that Daniel foretold the destruction of this world when 6932 years had elapsed from the creation; but the difficulty which has agitated the public for some time past, arises from the want of well known facts to establish the correct age of the world. I'll prove beyond contradiction, by the age of Adam and his descendants in succession, that this year closes the age of the world foretold by Daniel.

Mr. Adam married Miss Eve without the "wedding cake," at the age of 40 yrs.

Cain, the man who killed Abel for courting Ruth Adam, in the land of Nod, died at the age of 131 "

Mr. and Mrs. Adam died, after living together without quarrelling but twice in, 417 "

Mrs. Methuselah, the woman that knit four million pair of stockings, died at the age of 875 "

Noah filled the "big ship" with all animals, including two hundred old maids to milk cows, some of whom are alive at the present, at the age of 236 "

Lot's wife, the woman that was turned

into a pillar of salt for wearing a "bustle" at the age of 109 yrs.

Abraham died after bestowing upon Isaac the Masonic Jewels, "Urim and Thummim;" his age was 162 "

Jacob the honest man, for he sheared sheep seven years for his wife Rachael; he died at the age of 303 "

Pharaoh, the first Shaker, for he destroyed all the "little innocents," and was upset in the Red Sea at the age of only 381 "

Moses, the "Subterranean," for he made a valley through the Red Sea, to prevent the girls of Israel from swimming over; he died after he had attained the age of 211 "

Samson, the giant, got mad and killed himself, because Mrs. Samson cut off his "soap locks;" his age was 352 "

Solomon, known as the wise man, and Joe Smith, jr., on account of his having seven hundred wives; verily his wisdom was great. He died at the age of 477 "

Nebuchadnezzar, who, for his pride was told to "go to grass" for seven years, died at the age of 328 "

Job, the patient man, for he remained in a room where a thousand women were talking without grumbling, died when his age was 207 "

Daniel the prophet, by overloading his "stomach" with pork and beans, had a vision, by which he foretold the upsetting of this wicked world; died at the age of 96 "

Mr. Jonah, the man that was killed by a whale for inventing lard oil; his age was 65 "

Manassas, the founder of the "Whistle Dippers," for he advocated unlawful marriages, died at the age of 331 "

This brings the age of the world
to the Christian era, and there
is no dispute respecting the
number of years from that
date, which consists of 1843 yrs.

Proving conclusively that the
age of the world is 6932 "

I have ascertained the facts of the foregoing records by a laborious research into Greek work on ancient history, that was written backwards in consequence of the author being lefthanded. Sinners take heed!

JOSEPHUS, JR.

ACQUAINTANCESHIP.—There are some men with whom, on the instant, we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage-coach, a steam packet, or an hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than may months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret; and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendships can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humor and frank benevolence.

☞ Vehement love of solitude is but a glorious title to idleness. In action, a man does not only benefit himself, but he benefits others. God would not have delivered the soul into a body which had arms and legs, the instruments of doing, but that it were intended the mind should employ them; and that the mind should best know its own good or evil by practice; which knowledge is the only way to increase the one, and correct the other.

Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel thou canst get a sight of heaven.

Original.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

BY D. RUSSELL.

How fair amid this world of wo
The varied lights of Friendship glow,
To soothe the throbbing heart —
To cheer a brother's sorrowing mind,
In accents gentle, true and kind,
Love's healing balm impart;
The sufferer's couch to watch beside,
And see his every want supplied.

The bonds of brotherhood unite
With fervor warm, with sweet delight
Those whom the mystic tie
Of Friendship, Love and Truth embrace —
Where every virtue, every grace
Which lift the soul on high,
Here in blest union nobly blend,
And their united influence lend.

'T was from this constellation bright,
Odd Fellowship first come to light
In ages long gone by;
Those sacred principles still hold
Its members, and like chains of gold,
Faith, Hope and Charity,
Bestow their influence to bind
The grateful heart, the willing mind.

Upon this consecrated ground
The badge of brotherhood is found;
Here are the kindred ties
Which cheer our weary pilgrimage;
In manhood's prime, in hoary age,
O, let us learn to prize
The blessings which are ever found,
Where Friendship, Love and Truth abound.

Boston, July. 1843.

Original.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

There is a love surpassing dear,
Which naught can e'er beguile;
It ne'er is tortured with a tear,
Nor lightened with a smile.

There is a love o'er which decay
His wing hath never spread, —
The love which will not, cannot stray,
Is that borne for the dead.

H. S.

Original.

P E A C E .

A SKETCH. — BY D. RUSSELL.

IN the first place we would be understood respecting our belief concerning the subject of Peace. We regard it distinctively as the first, the last great blessing, — the benediction which our blessed Savior himself bestowed upon his faithful disciples, before he left them to inherit his father's kingdom. "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

When we look around upon the world, and notice how much of strife and disunion are prevalent, we cannot but be deeply impressed with the truth of the assertion that peace is one of the greatest blessings ever vouchsafed to mortals; since the absence of its pervading influences is productive of so much misery and unhappiness. What is the object of virtue, of wisdom and knowledge — the only desire that experience leaves — the hope beyond our life? — Peace.

It is the object of virtue. The great object of virtue is to subdue and eradicate the evil and corrupt principles of our nature; and to implant the true principles of peace, benevolence, and good will into our hearts. The spirit of animosity and contention, is directly opposite to the principles inculcated by Christ and his apostles. Let us listen to his words. — "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and thy neighbor as thyself." If we would but learn faithfully to keep his commands, to love our neighbor as ourselves, the great object of peace and good will would be attained. We should then live in union and harmony; free from those selfish and conflicting passions, which are the occasion of so much trouble to individuals, and society at large. In proportion as the unholy and turbulent passions are subdued, so will the peace and happiness of society

throughout the world, be promoted and advanced.

Peace is the object of wisdom. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The design of true wisdom is to discover and exemplify whatever may tend to increase the happiness of the great human family. For this purpose the unwearied efforts of great and good men through past ages have been directed. But their efforts have, as yet, been only partially successful in producing the effect so much desired. Those engaged in the work at the present time, are but auxiliaries in the great cause, awaiting the glorious consummation promised by the Prince of Peace. "The way of peace," so clearly revealed in the holy scriptures, is the only pathway which leads to the land of promised bliss. When these great truths are thoroughly known and fully realized, then "shall all know the Lord, from the least even unto the greatest;" and the glorious principles of universal peace shall be established in every heart. Then the grand objects of wisdom and knowledge, will be fully attained.

The hope beyond our life. The hope of a glorious immortality of peace and blessedness, where the faithful shall enjoy that rest which remaineth for the people of God, is a sovereign antidote to soothe us amid the trials and afflictions, which in this life are the lot of all. When we mourn the loss of dearest relatives and friends, this hope hath power in those trying moments, to cheer and console us, by the assurance that soon we shall meet those whom we have loved below; and that there shall be no more parting among "the spirits of the just, made perfect."

There peace, eternal peace forever reigns,
There the pure waters of eternal joy
Flow on in beauty through those verdant plains;
No fear of change shall their bright bliss destroy,
All sorrow, pain, and death shall ever cease,
And all shall praise thy name, great Prince of peace.

We will conclude, by introducing the

remarks of a writer upon the subject of peace, taken in a national view.

"We do not pretend, as we before stated, that the people are fully enlightened on this subject. There are yet many in utter darkness, many whose prejudices against some one foreign nation have been kept industriously alive. There are others, too, the alarmists by trade, disturbers of the public peace for bread, so reckless of consequences to others, that they are ever ready to hail with joy any commotion which shall break up the relative positions of men. Still the people have their eyes partially opened; they see present evils, though their vision extend not far away to see the curative means. For instance, in the case of a war for the disputed territory, they cannot comprehend how the waste of money, life, human happiness, on both sides, can settle existing difficulties. Neither nation can conquer the other, and when at last the attempt at pacification is made, the exasperated feelings created by the war, so far from diminishing, increase the difficulties of an adjustment. They begin to feel, too, the utter folly of the terms "national honor," "national glory," "national chivalry," &c. These terms are the watchwords of England,—a country in which twenty thousand people at least die annually of actual starvation,—where notwithstanding this, the poor sailor or soldier, whose back bears the mark of the lash, and whose mother and sister are "on the parish," shouts huzza for his king and country *Glorious England!* They have some idea, too, that the spread of knowledge, the thorough diffusion of the comforts of life,—in other words, the *happiness* of the people, is their true glory. They know that this glory is not promoted by war. Experience tells them that the sword has ever been the instrument of the tyrant and oppressor."

Take and give with equity.

3

ADAM AND THE CHERUB OF PARADISE.

Translated from the German of Krimmacher.

As Abel lay in his blood, and Adam near the slaughtered one stood and wept, there came the Cherub of Paradise to the father of the human race, and stood silently by his side, and his countenance was mournful and sad. But Adam raised his head and said,—

"Is this a type of the race that shall spring from me? and shall ever the blood of brethren shed by the hand of brethren, stain the earth?"

The cherub then answered "Thou sayest!"

"Ah! by what name shall men call this terrible deed?" said Adam.

With a tear in his eye the heavenly visitant answered, "WAR!" Then shuddered the father of mankind, as he sighed and said, "ah! why must, then, the noble hearted and the good fall by the hand of the unjust?"

The Cherub was silent.

But Adam still more sorrowfully, moaned, and said, "what consolation now remains for me, in my lamentation for the blood-stained earth!"

The Cherub answered and said, "Turn thy glance toward Heaven!"—He vanished.

Adam stood until the sunset; and as the stars shot up into the sky, he stretched his arm upwards towards Orion, and the Waim, and exclaimed,—*"O ye glistening watchers at the portals of heaven! why walk ye so silently? If it be permitted for mortals to hear the sound of your voice, oh tell of the silent land above, and of Abel my loved one!"*

Yet it was more silent than ever around him; and Adam cast himself upon his face and adored, and then rushed in his soul a gentle whisper,—*"So Abel thy son loveth!"*

Then went he forth in trustful hope, and his soul was calm, and full of mournful joy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE INFLUENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP ON THE PUBLIC MIND.—In the gradual transition of the major part of Christendom from the intolerable serfage and gloomy asceticism of the Feudal ages, to the more general equality and milder manners of the present time, there is great cause for joy and gratulation. Strong baronial castles and towering monastic institutions have lost all their influence and potency over the people's thoughts. The steel helmet of the baron and the cowl of the monk, are both forgotten. Men despise alike the secular assumption of the one, and the ecclesiastical interdict of the other. They are among the things that were. We speak not of principles, Catholic or Protestant—but of the lamentable abuses which kings, priests, and the interested laity of various countries, have contrived to integrate with the holy and benevolent principles of our common Christianity. This secular despotism and spiritual pride, has repressed the generous impulses of humanity, crushed its finest sensibilities and affections, and paralyzed at their first inception, those spontaneous efforts it is ever essaying to bring into action for the relief and happiness of the race.

But those days have passed, never to return. The philosophical ethics, as applied to systems of government, promulgated during the last century by the Encyclopedists of France, and the growing spirit of commerce which has extended its broad arms to the utmost verges of the earth, knitting nations together in still closer amity from year to year; leading to mutual comparisons of what is best in morals, arts, and philosophy in their respective countries, and their ultimate adoption,—all these have given a new impulse to

human affairs, opened new resources for contemplation and inquiry, and new channels for enterprising philanthropy and active benevolence. There has consequently grown out of this modern state of things, a greater field for individual enterprise, every man feeling within himself a conscious spirit of independence—in a greater or less degree, as the government under which he lives has been modified by the causes to which we have alluded,—and in a marked manner under our own happy institutions. It was this feeling of personal independence which gave many of the great commercial cities of Europe whatever little democratic character they possessed—Venice among the number,—but which was soon absorbed in the aristocratic tendencies which immense wealth invariably produces. But their example was not without its ultimate benefits,—as it prompted millions of others to break through the inertness of baronial thralldom, and pursue the way to honorable independence, both individual and national. Or as thus expressed by the poet,—

“Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose sloth, their time to pass away,
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day.”

But has it not happened,—let us now speak particularly of the United States and England, by way of illustration,—that in the individual efforts of the citizens to gain a competency or wealth, there have been innumerable instances of a flagrant disregard of the principles of rigid morality and justice; and where it did not reach that point, of a heartless disregard for the feelings and welfare of other wayfarers on the high-ways and by-ways of life?—in the marts of commerce—the workshops of artisans—and the walks of the

learned professions? Have not tens of thousands of hapless individuals, especially the inhabitants of large cities, meritorious in every respect, felt the keen anguish of disappointed hopes, frustrated efforts, and chilling neglect? And have constitutional rights and political equality, been to such any thing more than an idle name? We are not utopian enough to aver that laws can be made to meet the accidents and alleviate the individual misfortunes of life. To recognize and protect the rights of every citizen, is their only legitimate and practical function. — But is there not a social cause to which all this suffering is to be attributed? *Is there not a cause?* There is a cause — and it is this: that men in the race of life, in their haste to snatch at riches, personal honors and distinctions, and in treading down their less fortunate brothers in their path — lose sight of the sacred guide-posts, placed by their Creator on the roadside, which point to *Friendship, Love, and Truth.*

To modify this state of things, — so far as a voluntary and limited association can modify it, is the object of Odd Fellowship; — to illustrate its sacred maxims in the personal conduct of each of its members, is likewise the object of Odd Fellowship; — that these practical examples impressing themselves on the public mind “may grow an hundred-fold,” and reach a glorious fruition in the popular heart. It is a practical institution — pre-eminently practical, — not manifested in a high-sounding philanthropy whose words are lost in its own echo, but in *deeds* which reach the heart.

The formation of associations for laudable and philanthropic purposes is one great feature in the character of the age in which we live. It has been found out by experience, that men may be attracted to the consideration and practice of many of the precepts inculcated by the pure spirit of Christianity by having them pre-

sented under new phases, and in a manner distinct from that in which they have been usually accustomed to receive them. So apparent must this fact be to every one, that the most superficial cannot but have observed it. The great temperance reformation is a case in point. Odd Fellowship in its peculiar idiosyncrasy is another example of this great idea of our time. It endeavors to impress upon the mind, under new forms and similitudes, the importance of those social virtues which it has ever been the province of Christianity to inculcate. And as the willing neophyte is led within the portals of Odd Fellowship, he might appropriately be thus admonished by the Genius of the Order: —

“My son, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then
The image of his Maker, hope to win by ‘t?
Love thyself last; cherish those that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not,
Let all the ends thou aim’st at, be thy Country’s,
Thy God’s, and truth’s.”

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS. — The annual session of the G. L. of this State was held in Boston on the 3d inst. The meeting was very fully attended, and the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed during the session. The names of the officers for the ensuing year, will be found on the 23d page.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5. — This Encampment was installed on Wednesday evening last, at the Odd Fellow’s Hall in Charlestown, by D. D. Grand Sire HERSEY. In no place are the brethren more engaged in the good of the Order, than our Charlestown friends; and we feel assured the institution of this Encampment will be productive of much good. Their time and place of meeting, together with the list of officers, will be found under the appropriate head.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF ODD FELLOWS. — We do not mean to say, nor to be understood as saying, that Odd Fellows have not as good a right to be as extravagant in every thing as any body else, *individually*. We grant they have; but we do condemn and protest against the right of *Lodges* going to such unnecessary expense as some of them do. If the good of the Order required it, we would as willingly as any one, have the funds of the Lodge appropriated to the purchasing of regalia, decorating the halls, &c., &c. But we do not think the funds of the Lodge should be used for such purposes any farther than comfort and decency is necessary. We would have our Lodge rooms properly, but plainly furnished, — the regalia appropriate, divested of every thing of a superfluous nature. It seems to us to be wholly and radically wrong that Odd Fellows, as a Lodge, should go to such an unnecessary expense, — extravagance it must be called, — in purchasing a regalia, which, although beautiful and splendid *to look at*, is no better in reality, and answers no better purpose, than one that costs but one-quarter the sum. Besides, it has a bad effect. There are many worthy and good men, whose connection with any institution would be an honor to it, but who would be prevented from becoming members of some of our Lodges solely because he could not afford to procure a regalia such as is worn by the Lodge. This we think every one will admit. Then, we would ask, Is it proper, is it expedient, is it *right*, that this extravagance should be practised, when, by so doing, others, perhaps as worthy as ourselves, are prevented from becoming active and honorable members of our institution?

We speak thus plainly and seriously, because we believe there is a spirit beginning to manifest itself, of show and display in the Order, which if not soon checked, will prove to be any thing but a

benefit. We hope the brethren will think of this matter, seriously, and we doubt not they will agree with us, that much of the expense that Odd Fellows are at, had better be done away with.

A CARPETTED PRINTING OFFICE. — As much as we like neatness in a printing office, we do not like to see a *parlor* made out of it. If there is any thing that looks beautiful, it is to see a printing office kept in "good shape." We care not what others may say or think, but as for us, we think it decidedly *unprinter-like* to have a printing office carpetted, stands and galleys painted and varnished, the ley-brush put in a closet, and a wash-stand and apparatus as is used in a gentlemen's dressing room. It destroys altogether the beauty of the place. Away with your carpets, we say, from the compositor's room; let us see the floor in its "naked beauty," the stands and galleys free from all paints and varnish, the ley-kettle and brush in a proper place, but where they may be *seen*; and above all, let us have the "old trough" at the corner of the room, made beautifully black by the washing of *forms* and *faces*. Oh, that "old trough! what pleasant, and yet painful associations are connected with it; — pleasant, to recall to mind the names of our old, yet young, brother "typos," and their cheerful and happy faces, as they stood round the "old trough," each waiting his turn when he could take sole possession; — painful, with the thought that we have parted with them forever. Why, there is more *real* enjoyment to be taken in five minutes time at the "old trough" in a printing office, than in an age at a gentleman's wash-stand.

The above remarks have been made, from paying a visit to the "Olive Branch" printing office. It is "fixed up" in any manner but a becoming one; and though we presume it was intended to be supe-

rior in point of *looks* to any other printing office, according to our notions of such matters, there is but very little beauty in it,—the least than any office we know of.

☞ Our readers will be disappointed in not having the story by Prof. INGRAM, which we promised for our present number. But they are not more disappointed than we are. We promised it on the strength of having it promised us, which we supposed was “all correct.”

☞ BRS. RANSOM & STEVENS, No. 325 Washington street, have some of the best syrups that can be found in “seven counties.” Their soda is drawn through stone fountains, and is indeed delicious. Those of our friends and brethren who are not aware of the above fact, will please to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

☞ We learn with pleasure that an Odd Fellow's Lodge is about to be started in Portland, (Me.) At present, there is no Lodge in that State. We hope that the seed sown by our Portland brethren, will take root and increase an hundred fold.

☞ “The History of a Five Franc Piece,” chapter 5th, was not received in season for our present number.

☞ At the late Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of this State, D. D. Grand Sire DANIEL HERSEY, and P. G. Sec'y ALBERT GUILD, were elected representatives to the G. L. of the U. S. which meets at Baltimore in September.

☞ All letters and communications intended for the *SYMBOL*, must be addressed to the publisher, *POST PAID*. Letters containing money for subscriptions, may be sent free of postage if sealed in presence of the Postmaster. Agents and others will oblige us by complying with this rule.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

The Independent Odd Fellow.

The number for August has been received, and as usual, the contents are of the most interesting character. “The Seven Fiery Trials, or Odd Fellowship put to the Ordeal,” by B. HALLOCK, is a most interesting tale, and should be read by every one, whether Odd Fellows or not. Having misplaced the July No., will Bro. Ford send us another copy? — We are pleased to learn the Odd Fellow is well supported, as it is certainly deserving of it.

One word in relation to the remarks of of our brother of the Odd Fellow. We cannot think the article he alludes to, in the least “disfigured the pages of the Symbol,” nor do we think it “inconsistent” to adopt “notions” different from those of the Editor of the Independent Odd Fellow.

Graham's Magazine.

The August No. has been received, and its contents, as usual, are of the most rich and interesting character. This magazine has become such a favorite with the reading public, that no one pretends to be without it. It is decidedly the best literary periodical published in this country. Redding & Co. are the only agents for Boston.

The Olive Branch.

This very excellent paper, edited by Rev. BRS. NORRIS and LOVELL, has been much enlarged, and otherwise improved, —not in the way of editing, —but in the typography and mechanical department. Its circulation is now greater than any other weekly paper in New England, which we think shows pretty conclusively in what estimation it is held by the reading public. It is decidedly the best religious and family paper published. — By the way, Bro. Lovell, we do n't exactly like what you said of us in connection

with Bro. McLeish; but we suppose we shall have to "grin and bear it." We will endeavor to do better in future.

The Old Bachelor.

This is the title of a paper recently commenced in this city. It is devoted exclusively to the "glorious cause" of bachelorism, and if the number before us be a specimen of "what is to come," the fraternity will be well cared for. Published by John Smith & Co.

VARIETY.

LIGHT MATTER.—the congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis have recently erected, and now worship in, a most splendid building. The house is lighted throughout by spirit lamps. A wag who attended one of the evening meetings, was asked how he liked the church. "Ah," said he, "I fear it won't amount to much, as all the members use spirits, and what is more, *they make light of it!*"

How do you do, Mrs. Tome? Have you heard that story, Mrs. Lurdy?

"Why no, really Mrs. Gab, what is it—do tell?" "O, I promised not to tell for the world. No I must never tell on't. I'm afraid it will get out." "O, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world; what is it, come, tell." "Now you won't say any thing about it—will you?"

"No, I will never open my head about it, sacredly. Hope to die this minute."

"Well if you believe me, Mrs. Funday told me last night, Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by one who saw it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichins that she heard that a milliner told her that **BUSTLES** were going out of fashion."

When Dr. Johnson had delivered the last of his folio Dictionary, Mr. Millar, his bookseller, in return, sent him the following note: "A. Millar's compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, and thanks God to find that he is quite done with him." To this the Doctor immediately returned: "S. Johnson's compliments to Mr. A. Millar, and is very glad to find he has the grace to thank God for any thing."

A Quaker was called into court to give in his testimony in case at law. On being requested to hold up his hand to be sworn, he replied that his

Bible taught him to "swear not at all." "Well," said the limb of the law, "do you expect to arrive at heaven any sooner, by being so scrupulously exact?" "I cannot tell thee," said the Quaker, "but if I should not, I wish to do what seemeth to me right." "But did you ever hear of a Quaker going to heaven?" inquired the lawyer, quizzingly. "Yes." "Well, how in the world did he get there? Did he have no difficulty?" said the lawyer, heaping question upon question. "Why, yes," said the Quaker, "if thee wishes to know, I will tell thee. He arrived at the gate, and there was some dispute about admitting him, but they *looked all around for a lawyer, and could find none*, to decide upon the case, and he was forthwith admitted.

A sailor got thrown from a railroad car recently, on one of the Eastern roads. When they called to see what he would demand for damages, he said he thought that it might be worth a *dollar a foot, more or less!* and he thought the distance he was pitched was about *fifteen feet*. He was accordingly willing to take *fifteen dollars*, or he would wait until the distance was measured, and abide the result. They paid, him.

A lady requested a friend of ours to tell her to what order of natural history man was usually assigned. He of course answered her philosophically, and desired her to give him woman's location. "Oh," said she with a smile, "*man embraces woman.*"

"Pat, what kind of a battle would you prefer to fight, if you knew you were going to get whipped?" "The battle of *Brandy-wine*, to be sure!"

Bro. McLEISH's Address delivered before Nazarene Lodge, at Ware Village, has been published in pamphlet form, and for sale at the Symbol office.

DIED,

In Charlestown, 2d inst. Bro. Benjamin D. Sherburne, of Bunker Hill Lodge.

In this city, on Friday last, Mrs. Hannah Dickson, wife of Bro. Shadrach Dickson, aged 46 yrs.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE

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AT 32 CONGRESS STREET.

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JOB PRINTING,
Of every description, neatly and promptly executed.

Odd Fellow's Offering for 1844.

The Odd-Fellow's Offering for the year 1844 is now in press, and will be issued as early as the middle of September next.

The work will contain 300 pages of ORIGINAL MATTER, from the pens of intelligent Odd Fellows, on subjects interesting and useful to the Fraternity: it will also be embellished with elegant Steel Engravings, among which an accurate likeness of a well-known and much-respected Brother will be presented. The book will be printed and bound in the style of the American Annuals, and sold at the low price of *one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy*.

Communications on business, and articles for the pages of the Offering, must be addressed to the subscriber, New-York city.

All articles intended for publication must be received prior to the 25th of August.

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

Rev. Bro. JOHN MCLEISH, of Malden, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Symbol and receipt for all monies paid for the same. We hope the brethren in such places as he may visit, will give him what aid they can for the circulation and support of our magazine.

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MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—Thomas C. Gilmore, P. G. A. Rolfe, NG. J. H. Cole, VG. A. R. Brown, Rec. Sec'y. H. S. Orange, Per. Sec'y. T. D. Emerson, Treas. S. A. Minot, Chaplain.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Chas. A. Stevens, PG: Ly-sander Barnes, NG: Geo. H. Hudson, VG: E. L. Brainard, Rec. Sec'y: S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y; Henry Lyon, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339

Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall,

weekly—Saturday.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.,

at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly,

2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell,

semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Consti-

tutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.

Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

Silham, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Suffolk, No. 8, over Amory Hall, cor. Wash'n & West, Tu.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor.

Cheelsea and Hendley st., Monday.

Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics, No. 11, " Friday

Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

I.O.O.F. Directory, for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
 Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
 Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
 Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
 En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
 Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
 United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
 Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
 Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
 Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
 Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
 Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
 Dutchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
 Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
 Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
 Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
 Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10 do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 13, do do	Fri.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28 do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	
Grove, 58, do do	Thur.
Germur Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64, do	Tues.
Croton, 78, do	
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do do	Mon.
Meridian, 42, do do	Wed.
Chelsea 84, do do	Fri.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.	
United Brothers, 52 do Tues.	
Howard, 60, do Wed.	
Marion 34, do Thurs.	
Fidelity 87, do Fri.	
Commercial, 67, do Fri.	
Knickerbocker, 22, do Thurs.	
Mercantile, 47, do Tues.	
Olive Branch, 31, do Wednes.	
Mount Vernon, 73, do Fri.	

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues.
Nassau, 39, do do	Thurs.
Atlantic, 50, do do	Mon.
Fulton, 66, do do	Wed.
Long Island, 63, Wallabout,	Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg,	Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62, do	Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co.,	Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do do	
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co.,	Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co.	Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co.,	Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do	Mon.
Dutchess, 59, do do	Wed.
Fireman's, 19, Albany,	Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16, do.	Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5, do.	
Union, 8, do	
American, 32, do	Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy,	Mon.
Spartan, 61, do	Fri.
Phoenix, 42, Albany,	Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy,	Wednes.
Trojan, 27, do	Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh,	Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy,	Thurs.
Halcyon, 56, do	Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo,	Mon.
Buffalo, 37, do	Tues.
Tehoseroron, 48, do	Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester,	Fri.
Teoronto, 69, do	
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,	Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithaca,	
Rockland County, 76,	Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,	Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.	
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.	
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.	

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequannock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatonic 6, Derby	do
Thames 9, New London	
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	

Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	—
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

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Original.

FITZ AUBORNE:

A SCOTTISH TALE.

BY JOHN CURRY.

It was a calm and beautiful evening in the month of October, 1282, as the Knight of Allanbank imprinted a burning kiss upon the pale cheek of his amiable and beloved spouse, and bounding nimbly upon his steed soon joined the warlike cavalcade which had, a little before, issued from the gate of the castle. The last beams of the setting sun glanced gaily from plumed helmets, and plated mail, and blazed in a flood of light around this band of few but determined patriots in their country's cause. A tear rolled over the cheek of the Lady Margaret as she watched the steps of their departure from the jutting battlements, and the faint sound of the horses' feet as they receded from her view and plunged amid the dark groves of the Liddel seemed a death knell upon her ear, for a dire forboding rankled in her mind that her arms should never more encircle the brave and faithful bosom of the Lord of Allanbank, and she sought relief in a flood of tears. Night spread her gray mantle over the face of nature, and Lady Margaret retired to her chamber, but her mind was strongly agitated by conflicting passions for the safety of her Lord; and the idea of her beloved

Ellen struggling in the loathsome grasp of a ravisher presented itself before her eyes in its most horrible images. Scotland was at that time in a state of thralldom: the victorious and overwhelming power of Edward had spread itself over the kingdom like the blast of destruction, and the proud banners of the Red Rose floated their silken folds over her castellated turrets stained with the blood of her bravest and her noblest sons; whilst the wretched natives, with their spirits bended, and broken beneath accumulated insult and oppression, had sought a retreat in mountain caves, except the few, who, traitorously true to the mean spirited Baliol, ingloriously bent their necks to the iron yoke, and cringed beneath the shackles of an ambitious invader. It was not so with Fitzauborne: he loved his country with a pure, a patriots love, and had long looked with the dark scowl of indignation upon the encroachments of the Southern foe. His fortress was situated in a deep ravine upon the romantic banks of the Liddel, and, from its situation upon the borders of Cumberland, he was often subjected to the inroads of the English, who, in strong parties, carried off their prey in defiance of the helpless inhabitants of the Scottish borders. A lovely daughter had blessed the love of Fitzauborne and Dame Margaret, and now in her seventeenth year, bloomed sweet a-

itself in disagreeable lines upon a face otherwise remarkably well-looking. A party to fish below the islands had been projected that day by some in the office in which he worked; and as it could not be kept from him, he was reluctantly invited to accompany them; but, (as illustrative of his unpopularity,) it was no sooner known that he had consented, than three of the original party withdrew and positively declined going. Such, then, was the character of Edward Tileston.

The party had come on board, and Tileston being a young man of superior strength and something of a bully withal, he had possessed himself of the helm in the outset, fairly taking it out of the hands of a youth who was himself an excellent sailor. But, as he knew nothing about the management of a boat, they made little progress and were soon drifting with the bowsprit sticking in the wind's eye and the sail set aft like a board.

"Give Tooker the helm, Tileston," said a young man in a red shirt, and with a frank and manly countenance, "we can never make any head in this way, and we shall be a foul of some vessel!"

"I know what I am about, Frank Lee," answered Tileston "and don't want any of your dictation. The boat 'll sail well enough soon as the wind breezes up!"

"There is a five knot breeze now, Ned," said Lee, "and if you will let Tooker take the helm, we shall run down finely."

"And do you think I don't know how to steer a boat?" retorted Tileston sneeringly.

"I think you know how to make yourself very disagreeable," said another of the young men.

"If you don't like my company I'll put you ashore and let you hunt better," answered Tileston with provoking coolness.

"You will upset us, and then you will regret this folly," said another.

"Not I! I never did a thing I was sorry for yet; and if you, or any of you say much more, I will upset her and let us see then who can manage his fins best."

"Brute!" muttered the young man to whom the helm had been assigned as being the most experienced; but who was too slight in person to enforce his priority by physical arguments.

"What 's that?" demanded Tileston, fiercely.

As he spoke, a flaw or wind came rush-past between two vessels at anchor; and as the boat lay at the moment square to it, she careened over so far under the sudden power of the blast, that the sail nearly touched the water while the pennan dipped and swept it. There was a cry and a general rushing to windward. Tooker sprung and quickly cast off the sheet and the boat again righted, but half filled with water; and Tileston who had been thrown into the waves, was left struggling two yards from the boat, not knowing how to swim.

Francis Lee caught up and threw him a rope and, assisted by the others drew him safely on board. He betrayed no evidence of shame at his conduct which had produced the occurrence, and destroyed the pleasure of the party that day; for they were under the necessity of returning to the dock to free their boat from water. The spirits of each one were damped by the event and the obstinate behaviour of Tileston, to which they owed their misfortune. Notwithstanding his disappointment, and while the rest were loud in their censures, Lee was seen to be singularly kind and forbearing, and taking from the locker his own pea-jacket as they put back towards the wharf, he insisted that Tileston should wear it lest he might take cold. But Tileston, so far from feeling grateful, with a recklessness which formed a char-

acteristic part of his nature, dipped Lee's coat over the stern, saying,

"It is fair, Frank we should share and share alike; so I'll baptize your jacket." He then drew up the dripping garment and threw it at the generous young man with a loud laugh. Lee quietly took it up, and pressing out as much of the water as he could, laid it across the seat; and while all voices were indignant, he alone remained composed and silent. — They were all surprised and could not but respect his forbearance, and Tileston himself, was evidently struck with his patience; but he, as well as all the rest, knew that it did not proceed from a few to resent the insult, for Francis Lee's courage had been more than once tested. Such as we have illustrated by this scene was the character of Edward Tileston. He had no friends, nor knew he the name of Friendship."

II.

HE WHO HAD NO LOVE.

That evening in the neatly furnished, comfortable parlor of a plain, but respectable abode in Hanover street, sat a young man at the tea-table. His mother who was a widow, and his sister, a fair girl of eighteen, and two children of a deceased sister of the young man, of the ages of four and six, were also around the board. He was just about rising from the table.

"I fear you will take cold, Edward, if you go out to night, after your wetting to-day," said his mother in a gentle tone, speaking like one who feared that offence might be taken.

"Always croaking, mother! I shall go out and stay out as long as I please, and you shall leave the door open for me!" answered the young man, authoritatively.

"I shall fear to leave the door unfastened, my son, since Mrs. Barber's house was entered by a robber, last week; and you know it gives me the head-ache to

set up for you so late as I have had to do."

"Then go to bed," he answered rudely; "but if you fasten the door, I'll break it open."

"Why, Edward, you seem to have lost all respect and love for ma!" exclaimed his sister with firm but mild reproof. "See, you have hurt her feelings already."

"Women can always shed tears when they choose. I never 'd act differently from my own mind for any woman's tears. But I wish you would hold *your* tongue, Louise. I do n't mean to be dictated to!"

"I do n't wish to dictate, dear brother. You know it is unsafe (if you *will* be so imprudent as to go out to night) to leave the door open; and you stay out so late!"

"Then set up for me."

"I will, Edward," she answered calmly. "Dear mother shall sleep. I can read and sew, which she can't, for her eyes. Oh, I wish you would stay in with us this evening and read to both of us! You do n't seem to love home and your sister like other brothers, Edward!"

"Other brothers may put on gowns and wear their hair in papers and turn sisters if they choose; I do n't. Now, recollect," he said taking off his hat, "that if I find the door fast, I kick a pannel through. What have you put into my hat, here, you young brats!" he suddenly cried taking a piece of bread and a half eaten apple out of it. And he threw the bread at one child and the apple at the other, hitting them both, exclaiming in great rage,

"Mother and you Louise, if you do n't teach those children of Sally's better manners, I'll take them into my own hands and then you see if I do n't show them hell. Now remember *that*, and the door too!"

With these words, amidst the crying of the two sweet children, he left the house

with a banging, fiery slamb of the door. Louise tried to soothe the children, one of which was a beautiful, curly locked fellow of four years, whom none but a brute could injure; the other a lovely, interesting girl of six, whom none but a brute could help loving. Louise pacified them, and then meeting her mother's look, she burst into tears, and threw herself upon her bosom.

"Nay, mother, forgive him and heed him not! I will be both son and daughter to you. We can only meet his unkindness with patience and the deeper love."

"If he but loved any thing, I should feel less miserable, Louise, child; but he loves no one! He has no friends! He seems neither to know friendship nor love!"

"We must bear with him, mother; and we both must earnestly pray for him!"

When Edward Tileston left the house, he proceeded up Hanover street at a rapid pace and stopped at the door of an old fashioned house in Sudbury street, where lived a respectable mechanic. He struck the heavy brass knocker *once*, and then after a pause again *once*, and a young female opened the door, saying, "I knew it was you, Edward!"

"Get your bonnet, Emma," he said briefly.

She took her bonnet and shawl from the entry and went out with him. They walked in the direction of the Common, and but with little conversation, until they entered the mall. Here he felt her arm tremble, and a deep sigh escape her heart.

"Emma, I came to walk with you to night," he said coldly, "to tell you that I have made up my mind never to marry any one."

"You will not be so cruel — so unjust to me, dear Edward," she said quickly, and in a voice of deep distress. "I have

been foolish — I have been guilty, I have been very, very imprudent, indeed; but it was because I trusted you. I believed you true and good. I believed you loved me and that — but I can only blame myself."

"And that is the right one to blame," he answered indifferently. "If a girl chooses to throw herself away —"

"Do n't speak thus coldly to me — you will break my heart, Edward. I loved you and love you still."

"Then the sooner you find some one else to love, the better!"

"Oh God! that I were as pure as I was three weeks ago — ere that fatal, fatal hour of trust and confidence and love! You have deceived me, oh, most cruelly deceived me!"

"If you were silly enough to believe all my oaths and vows of marriage, I can't help it, Emma."

"Oh, can you have been so base and designing, so false, and —"

"I am in no humor, girl, to hear myself called names! It is time we returned home."

She said no more. In silence and in tears the too weak and trusting girl walked along by the side of her betrayer; and he was equally silent. At the door he bade her a hasty "good night," and hurried away. She stood a moment looking after him, and then came dark and fearful feelings of despair upon her, and the thought of self-destruction rushed upon her mind with a strength and power of temptation, to resist which she was compelled to fly to her chamber and cast herself upon her bed; where hour after hour she lay almost insensible with the weight and pressure of her heart's deep woe.

III.

WITHOUT TRUTH.

Four or five young men were standing, or rather, idly lounging about the corner

Devonshire street, on Sunday morning, smoking and talking, and waiting for the church bells to ring.

"There comes Ned Tileston," said one, "let us ask him."

"I'll not wait to hear, for he'll be sure to quarrel with some of us, and I do n't want to have a row with him on Sunday," answered one quietly walking away.

"I Say, Tileston," cried the other, a stout rosy-faced, merry-eyed young man, "they have it you are going to marry the pretty Emma Tylton, the Bos-printers daughter."

"Its a d---d lie. I never saw the girl," answered Tileston, with a heightened color.

"I saw you walking with her last night in Tremont street, for the light flashed on you as you were going by Lecompte's confectionary."

"Its a lie! It was not me, or else I was with some other girl. I do n't know the girl."

"Then it is a mistake, but I could have sworn to her, Ned."

"You had better look to your own matters, Howes, and not be meddling with mine," said Tileston, in a surly tone, and walking on.

"So you upset a boat full of fellows with your awkward steering, Ned," said another acquaintance, also a printer, who met him in Milk Street.

"Whoever told you so, told an infernal lie, Gray," answered Tileston; "they upset it with their own hands, and I was the only one that got overboard. I wish every soul of 'em had been drowned!"

"Tooker said it was you."

"Tooker is a liar, and I would like to meet him."

"Here he comes down the street, ready for church," said the other smiling.

"I repeat it, Edward Tileston," said Tooker firmly; "you upset the boat; and if I were not taught by better principles than you possess to return good for evil,

I would punish you, stout as you are, for your words."

Tileston turned pale, and said nothing, and soon went on his way to pass the day, riding out of town.

"I hope you went to church to day, Edward," said Mrs. Tileston when he came home late to the long-waiting tea.

"Yes, of course I did," coloring at the falsehood to his mother.

"I am glad you did, my son. It would have been such a pleasure to Louise to have had you gone with her."

"Louise is old enough to take care of herself," he answered sullenly. "Why aint she here now to wait on me? These biscuit are like lead, and this tea is just so much dish-water."

His mother sighed as he shoved both away from him, upsetting the cup. He rose from the table and went out, swearing he would pay his board somewhere else.

"Do n't be angry, Edward; and if you leave me, what can I do? You know your board is almost my only dependence for rent. Louise shall stay at home another time. She has gone to meeting, this evening, having been kept home all day with the dear children. Besides, she had no decent bonnet for the day-time, and you promised her one for making up your six shirts and vests."

"Do n't remind me of my promises; I keep them or not as I choose; and I do n't care a fig for a promise to a sister. It was no more than her duty to make them. Let her work and get a hat."

"How inconsiderate you are, Edward! She was working for the hat in making your shirts. Her time is so much taken up with helping me and taking care of the children, and sewing for them, she can't do much. Indeed, you are too unreflecting!"

"Do n't lecture me, mother; I am not a boy;" and with these angry words he left the house. At the door a poor wo-

man with a child accosted him for charity. "Go to the almshouse — I have nothing for beggars," he answered unfeelingly, and hurried on, nearly knocking the babe out of her arms.

The next day the proprietor at Fresh Pond called upon her asking for her son, saying that he had been there all the day before, upset a boat, lost the oars and torn the sail, and that he wanted to be paid for the damage.

"Oh, that my son, with all his errors, but loved truth," said his grieved mother. "He told me he had been to church, and instead, he was breaking the Sabbath out of town!" Edward at that moment came in.

"It is a lie, mother," he answered when she had told him the business of the man; "I did go to church and have n't seen Fresh Pond for a month. He must mean some one else." At that moment the man returned, and Tileston met him at the door with a wink, and said,

"Hush! call at the printing office at two, sir, and I will settle with you; my mother is here — you know — just keep quiet!"

At two, the man called, and after waiting an hour went back to the house where he learned that he had left the door at two in a Charlestown omnibus.

"So I am cheated by a lie," said the man angrily; and told his mother of the deception; adding, "I will be paid if I send an officer after him."

Tileston having no money, for he was extravagant and always spent the whole of his month's wages in a fortnight, resolved to avoid the person he had promised not only to meet but to pay, and went over to Charlestown to roll nine-pins, and to get out of his way.

Such was the character of Edward Tileston. Knowing neither the pleasures of Friendship, the happiness of Love, nor the excellency of Truth. But we have a

second part to our tale. In this we have but laid the shadows of the picture; in that we shall, a task more pleasing far, bestow upon it the touches of light.

END OF PART FIRST.

Original.

THE MISANTHROPE.

There came to the Lodge a poor heart-broken stranger,

Who trusted the rays of its light might dispel
The gloom of his path — fraught with sorrow and danger,

'Till faith had departed, and hope sighed farewell.

As he gazed on the past and he thought of its vision,

So fair to the eye and so false to the heart,
He turned to the future with scorn and derision,
Its sable-hued veil could no comfort impart.

"O, *Friendship*," he cried "was thy soul left in Eden,

When man by Jehovah was doomed to depart?
Was *Love* left behind him, and *Truth* e'en forbidden

To make her abode in his desolate heart?
Far better that man had been slain in God's anger,

Than forced to exist in a hell upon earth,
Composed of base passions, whose discord and clangor,

Would crush every grace that in Eden had birth!"

Down! Down with the thought! God's love is unbounded!

Or Jesus, His son, had ne'er suffered and died;
Truth still dwells with man, (though with error surrounded,)

And Friendship and Love may be found at her side.

Encouraged by those who had "asked and received,"

The stranger soon found the true Odd Fellows' door —

He "knocked, and 'twas opened," he entered, believed,

And misanthropy reigned in his bosom no more!

For *Faith*, with her torch, on the threshold, received him;

Hope pointed him onward, to new joys above;

While *Charity*, greater than either, relieved him,
And cast o'er his follies, her mantle of love.
And *FRIENDSHIP* her mystic-bound train gathered round him, —

Love cast o'er the future her halo so bright,
While *TRUTH* burst the chains with which error
had bound him,

'Till enraptured, the stranger exclaimed with
delight,

Oh! would that my voice could encompass the
chorus,

That warbled, angelic, o'er Bethlehem's plain,
The strain should re-echo to Him who reigns o'er
us,

For His love, truth and mercy, and good will
to men.

For still through the past has its visions of sadness,

I see round the future no sorrow or gloom, —
The present is crowded with mirth, joy and gladness,

And friendship strews flowers o'er the path to
to the tomb!

Boston, Sept. 1843.

W. E. P. H.

A CAPITAL STORY.

WE have not met with a story for some time, as well told as one in the new volume of *Angelo's Reminiscences*, of Boswell and Johnson. Angelo, it seems, gets it from the landlord of the Inn, where the lexicographer put up. Boswell had ordered a leg of mutton and a pudding, and our author proceeds:

Johnson gets off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson, feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire: he sat on a hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat, and Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle, from one hand, the other was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time, he saw

something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton that day. The dinner was announced! Boswell exclaimed, "My dear doctor, here comes the mutton, — what a picture! done to a tune, and looks so beautifully brown?" The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said, —

"I suppose I am to carve as usual; what part shall I help you to?"

"I did not like to tell you before," replied the doctor, "but I have determined to abstain from meat to-day."

"O dear! this is quite a disappointment," said Boswell.

"Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding."

Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown, too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this fine prime piece of mutton."

The meat removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to; a few minutes nearly finished the pudding! The table was cleared, and Boswell said, —

"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?"

The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned pale as a parsnip, and sick of himself and company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The boy cried; the doctor laughed.

"You little filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you have on this morning?"

"I couldn't, sir," said the boy.

"No! why couldn't you?" said Boswell.

"'Cause mammy took it to boil the pudding in!"

The doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touching the ceiling with his wig, he stared, or squinted — indeed, looking any but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open, (none of the smallest,) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovering his breath, and looking at Boswell, cried with the lungs of a stentor: —

"Mr. Boswell, sir; leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe."

"And so, sir," said my host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."

BENEVOLENCE. — Benevolence is the science of doing good. Unlike other sciences, this is at once sublime and simple; easy to be attained, yet inexhaustible in its resources. It blesses alike the giver and the receiver, and in its glorious results is boundless as Eternity. We speak not of benevolence in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but as connected with Odd-Fellowship: thus we give it an extended meaning and more elevated character. Some sciences require superior intellect and severe study, yet to their adepts bring little, save pride and ostentation. With us, the humblest or the weakest in the circle may become proficient, and derive therefrom enjoyment of the highest nature.

Benevolence is not merely giving alms. It contemplates forbearance toward the failings of another, and a general cultivation of the social virtues. It does or should call into exercise all generous motives, and teach a constant readiness to forward general happiness, and to assist in the advancement of all great and good designs. The march of mind is onward, still on. The improvement of the mental

faculties has, in a measure, superseded that insatiable thirst for *amusement*, which already has debased and would have ruined, if persisted in, the world. Benefitting the needy, as far as one's means will allow, sustaining by good counsel the stranger and the distressed, are found to be the true, the divine sources wherefrom to derive self-satisfaction. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. When maligned, how silly is it to vituperate, resent, or hotly argue. On the contrary, how Godlike to forbear, place to the account of ignorance or put the kindest possible construction upon all such inuendos and attacks.

RELIGION in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures esteem, and adds a dignity and worth indispensible to all her deeds. How pleasant, when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place! When about to leave her a widow, how consoling, if her character is such, that she can lean on the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of Him, who is the father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope that he shall meet them all in heaven.

THE following anecdote is related of Burns the poet. He was passing along the quay of Glasgow, when one of the richest of the merchants fell overboard, and was about to sink for the last time, when he rescued by a daring young sailor. He was rewarded with a shilling, and the indignation was very general in consequence. "I hope," said the poet, "you will allow the gentleman to be the best judge of the value of his own life."

FLATTERY, applied judiciously, has the power of disclosing secrets which every other means would fail to unfold.

ORIGINAL.



THE MERIDIAN SUN.

BY KENNETH.

A bearer of hope unto land and sea :
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?
One thing like thee to mortals given —
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.
Mrs. Hemans.

As an emblem of brightness, the Meridian Sun was given to the "Fellow Citizens" of the Camp, by Titus Cæsar, in the earliest times of our Order. It was called by the Egyptians not inappropriately, the presiding Symbol. It was much used by them in illustrative language, and from this emblem they drew the important conclusion, that all who had looked upon the emblematic Sun, in the sacred or elusian mysteries, should let their life shine with an unspotted lustre — with a radiance like the Sun in its meridian brightness. Many important considerations, and highly instructive moral stories and incidents are found connected with this ancient Symbol, but all were in strict accordance with the teachings of the age, and shadowed forth a reflective morality. We behold the Egyptian Neophyte, bending before the old and crumbling altars of a heathen philosophy; we look upon the sage of the Asiatic regions, the Suevii and Goth, blending together in one vast multitude of studious disciples,

from the Barbarian of the time of Alarick down to the Suevii barbarian of late ages, all uniting together as one band in the study of the communicative elements,* with one purpose of heart with one end, and aim. The moving principle, the generating impulse, that brought together, the distant and far sundered, — the dark skinned Ethiopian, the Moor, and the Egyptian, was KNOWLEDGE—a desire to understand and appreciate the sublime mysteries taught in the old Egyptian schools.

Having thus spoken of the hieroglyphic meaning of the sun as regarded by the seers of old, (though but a small portion of the ancient and interesting Symbolic meaning can be given in this paper) I proceed to glance at this emblem as it stands in connection with the other Symbols of our Order. By the unclouded radiance of the meridian sun, we as Odd Fellows, are taught the important and ever enduring principle of integrity and uprightness of character which in the words of holy writ speaks to us in a voice of wisdom and power. "Let your light

* The study of Astronomy, Pharmacy, Chemistry, Physiology, and particularly Alchemy, were called by the Egyptians and ancient Grecians, the "communicative elements."

shine before men" with an unclouded lustre, to keep our characters unspotted before the world, and as far as in us lies, to live peaceably with all men.

As the sun is diffusive and far-spreading, so should the light of charity and love be found in the heart, and exemplified in the life of every true Odd Fellow. We are not to sit in contented idleness, and let our brethren do the work of charity and benevolence unaided and alone; but we are taught to improve by its light, and to practice upon its ever-living principle. Let us, my brethren, make the trial, and if your heart is not warmed—if your conscience does not receive inward and glowing satisfaction—if the emotions of your soul are not elevated by the practice of this noble benevolence, I know not from whence cometh the approval of a "conscience void of offence."

The Psalmist of old, most eloquently expresses the moral and illustrative teachings of this symbol of greatness:—"The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly." And to improve this aright, and to practise upon its living principles, should be the delightful labor of our whole lives. Failing in this duty, my brethren, we accomplish not our mission as Odd Fellows. Our errand is peace, love and mercy. This is the department, this is the business of every true Odd Fellow; and true indeed is the written saying, "We are Odd Fellows, — Odd Fellows only when we speak and act like honest men"—when our lives correspond with our emblematic chart and pure benevolence. Alas, that it is not so.

The poet may dwell with admiration upon the principles of Fellowship and Love; the scholar may paint with rainbow hues the story of a bleeding humanity: genius may bind its evergreen chaplet around the urn of our heart's affection, yet cold and dead are its ashes, un-

less a breath from the Eternal God shall quicken and animate them. So with the principles of our "mystic brotherhood." The All-Seeing Eye may beam upon us as in days of yore; the meridian sun may shine as brightly upon us as it shone upon the glistening spears and snowy tents of the Encampment of Horeb, yet all availeth naught if our hearts still remain untouched by the unfolding brilliancy of the "impressive and sublime." Our labor is a labor of love, and great as the theme is, it is still not exhausted—it is expansive as the universe, and

"Wide as the flying beams of Orient sun."

Isaiah, the prophet of God, has immortalized it in the rolling numbers of his golden harp. What *thought* more appropriate, more beautiful and sublime, can there be, than the conceptions of this holy man?—

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it the excellency of Carmel and Sharon." "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."

Such, my brethren, are the conceptions of the honored of God, and such is the description of our diffusive benevolence; such is its wide and ever-expanding progress—a more appropriate or expressive emblem than the Sun, could not be found. Let us look upon it and receive instruction; let us contemplate and be wise.—Finally, let us cherish the principles of our Order—Friendship, Love and Truth; and whenever and wherever we behold the widow's tear, or the voice of distress fall upon our ear, let it not be unheeded. Live in peace, amity and friendship with each other, and although in our journey through life, storms may gather around us, the tempest may beat in vain, for we

shall be safe ; and having in safety passed the " narrow bridge," we shall still journey on in hope, for the talisman we bear about us, is more potent than the wand of Ariel. Oriental climes yield it not,—it is the Pass-word to eternal rest.

Original.

—
F A C T S .

MR. EDITOR, — I have long been convinced that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory ; that a few facts, (and thousands might be collected,) are better than all the essays on the beauties and benefits of our beloved Order, that ever have, or ever can be written. In the health and happy clime of New England, we have not so many opportunities of witnessing the blessed effects of Odd Fellowship, as those who reside in unhealthy climes, amid the direful miasma and desolating fever, and a thousand other causes of human suffering. It is there the beauties of our beloved Order are drawn in living characters. A circumstance was related by P. G. Young, of Lodge No. 2, Mobile, to the writer of this, that made my eyes to swim with tears, and my heart to swell with gratitude to the giver of all good, that such an institution as Odd Fellowship existed, — and that I had the honor and happiness of being one of their number. He observed that a brother from the city of New York emigrated to Mobile, with his family, a short time ago ; he had been but a few days there, when he was taken sick — an entire stranger to all but the members of the order, to whom no Odd Fellow is considered a stranger. He was, of course, visited by the visiting committee, who paid him his weekly benefit. Like angels of mercy, they stood over his sick bed night after night, moistened his fevered lips, administered cordials to his sinking spirits, smoothed his dying pillow, point-

ed his eyes to that happy world, where pain and sorrow can never come. And when he came to the very verge of the stream of time, they whispered, leave your wife and children to us, we will see them provided for. With these assurances, coming from a source in which he could place implicit confidence, the good brother launched away into eternity, with a calm and happy confidence that his brethren, under God, would still be a husband to the widow, and a father to his fatherless children. After his decease, the brethren made all necessary arrangements for the funeral ; followed his remains to the house appointed for all the living, and deposited it in a cemetery — the exclusive property of the Order. After the beautiful and impressive ceremony for the dead was performed, and the brethren had deposited their memento of evergreen on the coffin, they returned in solemn march to the residence of the lonely widow. The last duty being performed for the brother, their next was to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction — not with a cold be ye warmed and be ye filled — not with that kind of sympathy, too often manifested by the professed disciples of him who went about doing good — which is frequently but, " we are sorry for your deep affliction — we sympathize with you — we hope the *Lord* will bless you." They carried her a more tangible sympathy in the shape of sixty dollars, as a funeral benefit from the Lodge, and one hundred and fifty dollars the brethren had contributed of their own private funds. Nor did they stop here ; at her request, they procured a passage for her to her own native State, in the ship Atlantic, Captain Hart, of New York, who, by the by, is one of those captains who " like angels' visits " are " few and far between ; " a man of deep piety, a true philanthropist, whose ship is a floating Bethel, whose aim is to make his crew

happy. Previous to the ship's sailing, these brethren of mercy had written to the Lodge in New York, of which the deceased brother had formerly been a member, apprizing them of the circumstance, and of the widow being on board of the ship *Atlantic*, bound to that port. They watched anxiously for her arrival, and ere she touched the wharf, there was a brother in attendance, with a carriage, to convey the widow and her children to a place of refuge. This was more than she could bear; so many acts of kindness overpowered her. She had no anticipation of any more attention from the Order, as the brothers at Mobile had done so much for her,—she did not anticipate that they would precede her to New York. Capt. Hart inquired of the widow who that gentleman was, as he had heard her say that she was now friendless. She informed him that he was one of the Odd Fellows, who had come to protect and provide for her and her children. Capt. H. having witnessed much that had taken place at Mobile, and heard much more from the widow's own lips, of the many acts of kindness she had received, was completely astonished, and exclaimed in an extacy—"if this be Odd Fellowship, I will be an Odd Fellow!" He was proposed—received—and is now a worthy brother of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

This circumstance occurred but a short time ago—it is no fiction,—I presume the parties are still living.

Another case occurred last winter, I believe. A ship arrived at Mobile with the yellow fever on board. A young man, one of the crew, died within a short time after her arrival. His body was taken charge of by the authorities for interment; a few rough boards were obtained as a coffin; but in looking over the effects of the young man, there was found in his pocket a certificate of his membership as an Odd Fellow. The

fact was made known to the fraternity, who immediately claimed his body, procured a decent coffin, followed his remains to the grave, buried him in their own cemetery, defrayed the expenses of his funeral, and remitted his effects to his friends.

These facts, and no doubt they are of frequent occurrence in different parts of the world, speak more in favor of the Order, than thousands of folio volumes, written merely in theory. I am at a loss to know how a society whose only object is charity, whose only aim is benevolence, is to become baneful to society, or injurious to the institutions of our country. Is it baneful to society for men to unite together and deposit a portion of their hard earned means to supply their needs in the hour of distress? Is it injurious to society, that men meet together, and agree to watch over each other's conduct and insist on the members practising virtue, or be deprived of the benefits of the Order? Is it detrimental to society that men meet together and agree to support their own sick—bury their own dead—cherish and support the widow and fatherless of their Order? And the case is not on record where the *worthy* Odd Fellow ever became an object of public charity. Away with such croaking about *secret* societies; would to heaven they were multiplied a thousand fold, until all men would learn the happy *secret* of Friendship, Love and Truth.

WM. TOZER.

North Malden, Mass.

Original.

THE OLD MANUSCRIPTS.—No. 2.

BY ALONZO.

CURIOSITIES OF ENGRAVING.

ONE cannot but smile at the odd and curious coriceits of the "olden time," as

exhibited in certain plates and represented "objects," in some of the old books of devotion, morality and history. Ancient Theology, quaintly illustrated by more ancient and grotesque figures;—the painting of angels, fallen spirits, devils, &c., must excite the risibles of any modern reader, (especially if he believe not in certain notorious doctrinal (?) humbugs extant at the present day,) and none but injudicious engravers, limners or sculptors could engage in or lend their aid in diffusing such literary monstrosities. It seems to an enlightened mind the height of absurdity (even in these modern times,) to endeavor to give a pictorial delineation of Jehovah; it borders even on the ridiculous to attempt any figurative representation of deity. Its moral tendency must be obviously bad,—instead of enlarging, it must contract our ideas of *Him* who is without body, parts, or passion,—who is all, and in all, godliness and perfection, beyond the power of human thought or conception of greatness. The pen of an archangel could not paint the glories of the living God. We have frequently observed, and if I mistake not, can be seen almost any day at the counters of our modern booksellers, attempts to represent the *Trinity* by the use of triangles and a dove in the centre,—a piece (pardon the expression) of shocking bad taste, which should be abandoned at once and forever.

Who is there at all conversant with the holy scriptures, that cannot easily understand and readily admire as a strong poetical figure the "touching of Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire;" 'tis an expression of beauty, it breathes the purest of poetic thought. But who can admire the perfection of the literal representation, as given in some old English bibles, of an angel from heaven with a blacksmith's tongs, burning the poor prophet's lips with a live coal. Is not the idea of itself sufficiently ludicrous?

Reader, have you not seen and laughed over the representations of Satan, in many serious and moral books? Why, the idea is so ridiculous that one would almost imagine the artist intended to laugh himself at the idea of a devil. We have seen some old prints, yea, prints in books esteemed of much value, and some too of exceeding high cost, of the most (to speak plainly) disgusting character,—we refer to some prints of demoniacs, when the possessed are exhibited vomiting up little black devils, with cloven feet and long tails. If the artists thought such figures likely to excite or preserve devotion, they must most assuredly have been as weak as their admirers.

There is a work of great and deserved popularity, by Bishop Taylor, some of whose works, by the way, are finely illustrated by Faithorne, but sadly disgraced by others of a most exceptional character. The frontispiece, for instance, to the "*Rules of Holy Dying*," would excite the laughter of the most sedate minds among us: on one side is the statue of a clergyman, dressed in the canonicals, with the inscription on the base, *Mercurious Christianus*. Opposite him, sitting in the midst of clouds, is an old man, with a flag in one hand, and a crown in the other, intended to represent Jesus Christ. One moment's contemplation of this picture will show the absurdity of introducing the figure of Mercurious in the same picture with our Saviour. On the other side, we have a fantastic representation of Hell and the Devil. This plate is badly designed, and still more badly executed, and would convey terror only to children, and those who labor under the weakest superstition.

There is a commentary or revelation in which there is a frontispiece, containing an enormous, gigantic figure of Jesus Christ; the artist has literally copied Rev. 1, 14, &c.:—his head and his hairs are like a fleece of wool: for eyes he has

flames of fire: his legs and feet are like pillars of brass; and that there should be no lack of strength in the figure, he has in his right hand *seven stars*, and out of his mouth proceeds many *waters* and a sharp *two-edged sword*.

Among the other papers in the parcel tied with "red tape," are several more relating to this same curious subject, which, should the above prove acceptable to the readers of the Symbol, shall be laid before them for their amusement, from time to time.

Original.

—
THE BIBLE.

A HOLY influence from each page

Doth ever rise,

To bless bright youth and care-worn age,
Unlearned and wise.

Like sweetest music o'er the soul

It softly steals,

Stills the wild passion's boisterous roll,
And peace reveals.

The human mind is like, on earth,

A living star,

From its bright, beauteous place of birth,
Conveyed afar,

To dwell alone in some dark cave

Whose fairy scene,

The sun's bright sun doth never lave
With waves of sheen;

And *this* the only sunny beam

To guide it back;

Which tinges with its rainbow gleam,
Its pilot track.

It is, of *truth*, the crystal stream

Which waters mind;

And, where its sparkling ripples gleam,
Joy's flower we find.

Upon its leaves fair pictures glow

Of *friendship's* power; [low,

Which cheered when sorrow's clouds hung
And dark the hour.

It tells of *love*, of holy *love*, —

The love of God;

Which, from the joyous world above,
Shone where man trod.

Through its pure pages, we now know

From Him who dwells above,

That we can make a heaven below,

With "*Friendship, Truth and Love*."

SARAH.

Charlestown, September, 1843.

Original.

—
TO MY DAUGHTER,

AT THE AGE OF TWELVE YEARS.

BY D. RUSSELL.

May heaven's best blessings on thy life attend!

Thy kind Creator's care preserve thee still,

Through every hour may peace and gladness blend

Along thy pathway; from deluding ill

May He preserve thee, and His gentle hand

Guide thee in safety through thy pilgrimage,

To the fair borders of the promised land,

There be thy chosen lot, thy lasting hermitage.

Learn to be good, obliging, true and kind,

To all thy friends — to all whom thou may'st
meet,

Love wisdom's ways, and let thy youthful mind

Delight in knowledge, — be thy temper sweet,

Thy conduct ever gentle, free from guile.

Be modest, unassuming, always glad

To serve thy friends and cheer them with a smile;

While blest with innocence thy heart cannot be
sad.

Ever revere thy heavenly father's name,

And love the Saviour who hath died for thee;

His glorious promises are still the same.

O, may you taste of his salvation free!

Yield sweet obedience to his holy will;

Study his sacred word from day to day,

And pray for grace his statutes to fulfil,

That you may find a peaceful rest when called
from earth away.

GOLDEN SHOWERS.

The miner delves beneath the soil,

To bring the precious metals forth,

While *farmer* finds in *crystal showers*

More wealth than all the mines are worth.

The fruitful rain, that o'er the land,

Spreads wealth and life where'er 'tis driven,

Tells man to never doubt a God,

Who sends his *showers of gold from Heaven!*

THE WASTE OF INTELLECT.—How melancholy is the prospect presented to the mind from the abodes of superstition and heathenism! There, scarcely a ray of light beams upon the chaos of intellect, and man gropes on alone and unaided in his darkling course, under the dim, uncertain guidance of nature. But for the illustration of this truth, we need not wander to the far off shores of the idolater. On every inhabited spot of our own country may be found the willing slaves of ignorance. Though born where the beams of learning and science are widely diffused, and where the highest incentives are placed before the mind, yet thousands are still content to live and die without even thirsting to taste of the waters which flow from the bright fountains of knowledge.

But the most melancholy picture of wasted intellect is that which is presented to the mind in *its perversion*. There seems to be a strange fatality too often attendant on great, original genius, inclining it to wander from the beaten track of ordinary minds, as if delighted with the display of its own ample powers. Bursting every shackle which plodding mediocrity would throw around it, gazing with new delight upon the limitless fields which are spread beneath the intellectual horizon, it enters new paths, and aims, perhaps, at the noblest ends. Conscious of its powers, it either expatiates in the loftiest regions of fancy, or investigates new truths in the wide domains of philosophy. But pervert those powers, give loose reins to their caprice, let them wander undisciplined, unrestrained, and they become the fruitful sources of human misery. It is fitting to bow at the shrine of well-directed genius; but to see it diffusing a pernicious instead of a beneficial influence, shining but to mislead, attracting but to betray, calls forth sentiments of the deepest regret.

Much more to be lamented is the influence of those who have endeavored to

destroy the high relation between man and his Creator; who would blot out from existence the great Source of all mind, and bring man down from his station "little lower than the angels," almost to a level with the brute creation. Influenced in their researches by prejudice, unbelief, or excited passion, framing their theories from a partial study of nature's laws, without deigning to learn the true wisdom of its almighty Founder, they have denied the beautiful order and perfect harmony of his universal system, because something to their perverted vision is deemed contrary to what should have been the great purpose of an omnipotent Author. The influence of such minds has ever been most baneful to the peace of society; and like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, so their insidious tenets, like the subtle poison of the Upas tree, throws its death-like odor upon the atmosphere round. When men are prepared to adopt the motto, "There is no God, and death an eternal sleep," then human laws become a mockery, and all government is at the mercy of a lawless populace. The history of the French revolution bears ample testimony to the truth of this assertion. The moral of that most bloody tragedy is written in characters too deep to be soon effaced or forgotten.

Considering man as sustaining relations of high responsibility to the world and his Creator, how strong are the obligations which demand the wisest use of his noblest powers! The voice of the past, joined with the interminable future, calls him to the highest mental exertion.—Those who have drawn inspiration from the wells of truth, or breathed harmonious numbers from the lyre, shall live in fresh remembrance; and he who seeks to elevate his race to the highest and holiest station, shall receive the benisons of coming ages. "And they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament;

and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Around their names shall posterity weave an unfading chaplet; but the tears of *men* and ANGELS shall fall over the memory of those who have wasted the rich boon of intellect.

THE DIFFERENCE. — Let a man of standing and influence commit a fault and how soon it is over-looked. If he is wealthy, the improprieties of his conduct are considered no reproach, and he is as much honored and caressed as ever. Let a poor man be half as guilty and he is condemned and despised, and it is next to an impossibility to retrieve his character. Such is the course of the world. — Honors, property, and high standing, make all the difference. We are for calling villany by its right name wherever discovered, whether beneath a costly and fashionable exterior, or in halls of Congress, or in the shanty. The pretended righteous judgment of the world is wrong. Worth, and worth alone, should be caressed and honored — respected and imitated, while vice should be detested and abhorred in whomsoever discovered. If this should be our criterion of judgment, in selecting men for our various offices, thousands of the humble and the unobtrusive would be elevated to posts where their virtues would shine and their examples be salutary upon the whole nation, while those who now disgrace their station would sink in the mire where they have delighted to wallow, and cease to exert their pernicious and blasting influence. In our choice of men to fill our seats of honor and trust, let us have an eye to the virtues of the heart, and if strict integrity be lacking, we should never lift a finger to put such men into office.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS. — In the state of the world at which we are now arrived, with the mighty printing press in perpe-

tual operation every where, like another power of nature, it is not to be apprehended that any important movement in human affairs can happen, at least in the civilized parts of the earth, without an account of it being immediately drawn up, and so multiplied and dispersed that it cannot fail to go down to posterity. — Without any regular machinery established and kept at work for that purpose, the transmission of a knowledge of every thing worth nothing that takes place, to all future generations, is now secured much more effectually than it ever was in those times when public functionaries used to be employed, in many countries, to chronicle occurrences as they rose, expressly for the information of after ages. Such were the pontifical annalists of ancient Rome, and the keepers of the monastic registers in the middle ages among the English, and in the other countries of Christendom. How meagre and valueless are the best of records that have come down to us, compiled by authority, compared with our newspapers, which do not even contemplate as at all coming within their design, the preservation and handing down to other times of the intelligence collected in them, but limit themselves to the single object of its mere promulgation and immediate diffusion.

ODD FELLOWSHIP. — An English paper says, the Order was first established by the Roman soldiers in the Camp during the reign of Nero, in the year 55. At that time they were called Fellow Citizens. The name was given by Titus Cæsar, in the year 79, from their singular notions, and from their knowing each other by night or day; and for their fidelity to him and their country, he not only gave them the name of Odd Fellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems, such as the

sun, moon, stars, the lamb, the lion, the dove, and the emblems of mortality. The first account of the Order being spread in other countries, is in the fifth century, when it was established in the Spanish dominions, and in the sixth century by King Henry in Portugal, and in the twelfth century, it was established in France; and afterwards, by DE NEVILLA, in England, attended by five knights from France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor in London, which Order remained until the eighteenth century, (in the reign of George the Third,) when a part of them began to form themselves into a union, and a portion of them remains up to this day. The Lodges which now remain are very numerous throughout the world, and call themselves the Loyal Ancient Odd Fellows, being a portion of the original body.

THE SPECTATOR.

Original.

MR. EDITOR, SIR:—I believe it may truly be said that this is the age for *odd* things. At any rate I think there are a vast many Odd Fellows who do not belong to any Lodge, or Order; but who have managed in some way or other to become “initiated” into the good graces of sundry young ladies. In what manner this has been effected, it is not for me to elucidate. Many a damsel not older than myself, I doubt not, has been led to exclaim, after reflecting upon the scenes of the past, with the immortal bard,

“I cannot but remember such things were;”

and I fear, in many cases, her heart may prompt her to add the line which finishes the sentence, from which I have just quoted.

Now as you have the *credit*, generally, of belonging to a *secret society*, I suppose

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that I may safely entrust you with some of my thoughts; that is—if they should happen to come under the denomination of *odd* ones. If you think them worthy of notice, you can favor me with your advice by some “symbol,”—but I charge you to “keep dark” with regard to the particulars which I shall here communicate; as I do not wish to figure before the public as an illustration of oddity.

In the first place, (whether it may be considered a privilege, or vice versa, time only may determine,) I would hint to you that there is “a certain young gentleman,” who calls at “our house” occasionally, and who has shown me from time to time numerous specimens of what I should consider rather *odd* conduct;—but, who, whenever an explanation is desired, excuses himself very significantly, by pleading the privilege of the Order, i. e., Odd Fellows.

Now, Mr. Editor, I very much dislike your precise and fastidious young ladies; but still there are some things wherein one may be allowed the privilege of being particular, without meriting the appellation of being called *odd*, in the common acceptance of the term.

But certainly I should think that when a young gentleman visits you, (it might sound rather *odd* if I should tell how often,) and you have every reason to believe that his intentions are “first rate,” and especially when those visits have been continued for a long period—it may, perhaps, be proper to inquire whether there is not something *odd* in the existing state of things. If he had any very serious intentions, would it be *odd* if he were to hint something of the kind to a body?

I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I am placed in a very *odd* predicament. All my good friends and acquaintances are continually joking me upon a subject, which, to speak the plain truth, I understand not the merits of at all. Sure-

ly it cannot be —'s excessive modesty which prevents an avowal of his feelings, for he is as lively and loquacious — *except when alone in my company* — as any one you will find.

Nor can he expect *me* to propose such an *odd* subject, as it is not Leap Year. Assuredly, if he cares "a sixpence" about me, it is "very *odd*" that he has not the courage to confide this secret with me. Ah! methinks he *is* an *odd fellow* indeed!

Perhaps the laws of the Order are

such, that he is not allowed to divulge any secret of the kind, to which I have called your attention. If so, you are a precious set of *odd fellows*!

There are many other things to which I might allude, but at present I will defer them. As your Order professes so much generosity, benevolence and good feeling, I doubt not you will be able to throw some light on a subject which has sorely puzzled my thoughts for a long time. Perhaps you are *odd* enough to tell the reason. Yours, C.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOTICE.—In consequence of numerous calls and engagements, unavoidable, Mr. CHAPIN requests us to state that he shall not be able to commence the editorship of the Symbol until the next number. It will be seen that Bro. Chapin's name appears on the cover as editor, which arises from the fact that the covers were nearly all printed before we were informed by Bro. C. of his inability to commence with the present number, as was expected and stated in our last.

Editors with whom we exchange will please notice the above.

EMBLEMS OF OUR ORDER.—One great objection, says an old and much esteemed brother, against our Order, in connection with its alledged secrecy, is its symbols, or emblems;—these are denounced as unmeaning pomp, and a gaudy display of ribaldry to catch the idle and the curious. These symbols and emblems are neither secret nor unmeaning, but when correctly understood, furnish admirable lessons and instructive morals, not only of our Order, but of the whole economy of nature. To illustrate this, let us ex-

plain some of the principal emblems which decorate our Lodge rooms, then let the reflecting man draw his own deductions, as to their own insignificance. The most common symbols that attract our attention in a Lodge room, are the eye, the globes, the hand and heart, the dove, the hour glass, mortality, the moon and stars, the owl, the lamb bearing a cross, and the bee-hive. The eye is emblematic of the Great Jehovah, it exhibits to man the instructive lesson, that the eye of his Maker his ever upon him, observing his actions, and penetrating the innermost recesses of the human heart, by which he is admonished to regulate his conduct by the divine standard, and to remember his utter dependence upon his Creator, from whose presence he is never absent. The natural eye is also the medium of man's greatest pleasure, and it is the exercise of that faculty by which he beholds the creation around him, and is enabled to form just and proper conceptions of his being. It is frequently represented as surrounded by rays of light, in order that we may learn the all-pervading omniscience of Providence which ferrets out every thing, however attempted to be concealed by man. The

hand is a sacred emblem of friendship, the heart of honor and love. The heart and hand are usually united to denote their fellowship in action—the heart is the seat of affection and the finer feelings of our nature, while it prompts to love and friendship; the extended right hand of fellowship is the agent which exhibits the impulse of the heart. The hour glass holds up to view the fleeting nature of time and the mortality of man. The terrestrial globe shews the extent of our fellowship, circumscribed only by the whole human race, whilst the celestial globe reminds man of his utter insignificance, when contrasted with the noble work of God. The lamb and the cross is beautifully illustrative of the redeemer, whose sacrifice, for man was made in meekness and humility to the will of his father. The dove is the messenger of peace—the bee-hive inculcates industry—the moon and the stars are the exhibitions of the stupendous handicraft of Providence.

Is there any thing dark or hidden in these simple, yet instructive emblems of our Order, or which can be tortured into an objection to Odd Fellowship? We adopt emblems because they are calculated to impress their moral upon our hearts, by their constant exhibition to view, and can in no wise be productive of any improper influence.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN SACO, ME.—In our last number, we published a communication, giving an account of the establishment of a Lodge in Portland, and of the flattering prospects attending it. We now have the pleasure of mentioning the institution of another Lodge in Saco, Me. This Lodge was installed on the 31st ult., by D. G. M. GEO. C. CHURCHILL, under the most favorable auspices, and will, we doubt not, be the means of doing much good for the prosperity of the Order.

In company with some half dozen brothers, we visited Saco, at the institution of this Lodge, and was indeed gratified to witness the earnestness and interest manifested by those who had thus resolved on establishing a Lodge in that place. Bro. Churchill, particularly, is entitled to the thanks of the brotherhood, for his exertions in this matter. Being the only Odd Fellow in the place, he labored under great disadvantage in carrying the work into effect. But by his great zeal in the cause, and his remarkable developed organ of go-a-head-itness, he at last succeeded to a charm in the forming of a Lodge, which bids fair to become one of the most prosperous and beneficial in New England. It is true, that its members at present are but few; but these few are a host of themselves. It is not which Lodge shall constitute the *greatest number* of members, that Odd Fellows should consider the most important; but which shall have the *best* members;—and those who form the Saco Lodge, are in every way worthy of becoming good and honorable members of the Order,—in such hands, we may rest assured that nothing will be advanced by them relative to the institution, which is not in perfect consonance with its principles and practices.

The installation passed off most pleasantly, and the ceremonies were interesting and instructive. Bro. Churchill addressed the brothers in a very happy manner, and being an old member of the Order, his remarks were listened to with the utmost attention. He spoke of his being connected with the institution, and its rapid increase since his membership. Many incidents and facts were related by him, relative to Odd Fellowship, which were of the most interesting character, and went to show the necessity of an institution like ours, and the importance of having them properly and ably managed.

Bro. Churchill was followed by Bro. Burgess, P. G. of Tremont Lodge, of this city. Bro. B.'s remarks were addressed more particularly to the Saco brethren. He explained to them in a clear and happy manner, the principles of the Order, and urged upon them the necessity of union of action and feeling, in order to carry on the work they had so well and so favorably commenced. He went very minutely into the various degrees, and explained very clearly the great importance of having them well studied, and committed to memory. He also urged upon them to be faithful and loving one to another, — to banish at once from the heart any feeling which might in the least tend to bring discord and disunion among them, — he entreated them not to be ambitious for office, but to study carefully and faithfully the principles of the Order. Each and every one, whether officer or not, should have equally at heart the welfare of the institution, and the only rivalry that should exist between them, should be the rivalry of excelling each other in promoting its prosperity and welfare. Bro. B.'s remarks were listened to with the utmost attention, and they could not fail to engrave upon the mind, impressions the most favorable and important. Remarks were also made by Bros. Huntress and Coleman of Tremont Lodge, and Bro. Harrington of Massachusetts Lodge, appropriate to the occasion, and which were received with much attention and interest.

Having conferred the several degrees on the new initiates, and being installed into office by D. G. M. Churchill, we left our Saco brethren, with the happy assurance, that the good seed thus planted in that place, would spring up and increase a thousand fold.

In behalf of the several brethren, we tender our heartfelt thanks to Bro. Churchill, and our newly initiated

brethren of Saco, for their uniform kindness and attention paid us while with them; and that their labors in Odd Fellowship may be crowned with "heaven's best blessings," is our sincere wish.

☞ We send to the address of many of the Lodges, several copies of the present number of the Symbol, for gratuitous distribution among the members. We do this, presuming that many of the brethren are ignorant that a magazine devoted to their interests, is published in New England. We earnestly ask their aid in the work. Rev. Bro. E. H. CHAPIN, it will be perceived, is to take the editorial charge of the magazine, which is sufficient guarantee that the work will be conducted in a manner every way worthy that the subject demands. At most of the Lodges we have agents, who will be happy to receive the names of such of the brethren who feel disposed to favor us with their patronage. The terms of the Symbol are the most favorable,—only two dollars a year. Back numbers can be furnished to such as wish for them.

The N. G.'s of the several Lodges will confer a favor on us by noticing the above in open Lodge.

ERRATA.—In the poetry, entitled "The Misanthrope," last verse, 5th line, for "through," read "though;" 7th line, for "crowded," read "crowned," and in the last line it will be seen there is a doublet. We believe this is all in *that* verse. If mistakes did n't happen with the *best* of folks, we should almost despair of being forgiven by the author.

☞ We have received from our much esteemed and highly valued correspondent, Mrs. M. L. GARDINER, another poetical communication, which will be published in our next number. A thousand thanks to her.

"'FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.'— Br. Prince, will you send us the Symbol in exchange? Read the motto of the brethren, and deny if you dare."— *Portland American*.

Bro. Kingsbury has probably forgotten that we sent him a number of our magazines with a request to exchange. Not receiving the American in return, we concluded the exchange would not be agreeable. We are pleased now to add the American,—which, by the way, is one of the very best of papers,—to our exchange list, and hope the exchange may *always* continue. By the way, friend K., have you tried the "gridiron" yet?

We have received a communication from "C —," confiding something to us respecting "a certain young gentleman," professedly of our Order. As we are not Free Masons, we shall take the liberty of publishing her epistle for the benefit of *all concerned*. If this "certain gentleman" (perhaps the same garment may fit a number,) does not muster courage "forthwith," to declare his intentions *fully*, we shall report him to the N. G. without further ceremony.

By the way, we think of reserving a page of each number of our Magazine, for communications of a similar import, which, if free from personalities, and written in a pleasant style, may find admission in our columns.

☞ The annual session of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., as our readers are aware, will be held at Baltimore on the 19th inst. The new and splendid Hall built by the Odd Fellows of that city, is to be dedicated on that day, on which occasion Rev. Bro. E. H. CHAPIN will deliver an address. We shall endeavor to publish in our next number such portion of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge as may be thought most interesting and important.

☞ We present our readers to-day with the first part of a Tale, written expressly for the Symbol by Prof. INGRAM. In the second part, which will be published in our next number, the "legitimate fruits of Odd Fellowship" are fully and clearly explained, and will be read with increased interest. We shall from time to time enrich our pages with the Professor's contributions.

☞ We kindly thank our fair correspondent "SARAH," for her communication. We hope to hear from her often.

PREMIUMS OFFERED. — The editor of the Independent Odd Fellow, published at Richmond, Va., in order to give a still more interesting and valuable variety to that popular magazine, offers the following premiums for well written tales, upon the subject of Odd Fellowship: — for the best written article, \$20; for the second best, \$10; for the third, \$5. All articles sent, to be without the author's name appended to the same, but enclosed in a sealed envelope; which will remain unopened until after a decision of *merit* is made by a committee chosen for that purpose.

The articles which do not receive either of the above named prizes, will, if retained for publication, secure to the author, one year's subscription to the Independent Odd Fellow.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE — for September has been received from Messrs. Redding & Co., and as usual, its contents are of a superior character. "My First Love," a likeness of Fitz Greene Halleck, and the "May Flowers," are the Engravings for the present number. The "May Flowers," though it appears to us to be a little out of season, is a most beautiful thing, and is well worth a year's subscription to the work.

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday morning last, of typhus fever, Bro. BENJAMIN F. FOLLENSBEE, of Massachusetts Lodge, aged 31 years.

Bro. FOLLENSBEE's funeral was attended on Sunday last by about three hundred of the brethren, and one hundred of the Lancers, of which company he was a member. The funeral prayer was made by Rev. Dr. Sharp, of whose church Bro. F. was an attendant. From his residence in Charles street, the brothers followed the remains of their departed brother to the Park street burying-ground, where they were entombed. At the grave the funeral ceremonies were read by Bro. A. P. CLEVERLY, Chaplain of Massachusetts Lodge, in a manner the most solemn and impressive. A large number of spectators were present, many of whom we noticed were deeply affected by the solemnity of the occasion. The brothers, on retiring, dropped into the tomb of their departed brother the sprig of cassia, an emblem of immortality.

Bro. FOLLENSBEE, though he had been but a short time, one of our number, yet by his many excellent virtues his name had become endeared to every heart that knew him. He has left a widow and three children to mourn his death.

☞ We would recommend to persons who travel East per railroad, to take the Boston and Maine, or *upper* road. The scenery by the way is much pleasanter, and what is better, there are some "brother conductors" who are ever looking to the comfort of passengers, and who always make it a point to make every one in their presence contented and happy.—With such attentions, the distance "down east," seems but trifling, and the weariness and fatigue usually attendant in travelling, is in this case, at least, but little if at all known.

LADIES' COMPANION. — We have received of Jordan & Co., 121 Washington street, the Sept. No. of this work. It contains "Donald Fagan," an interesting tale by the author of "Lafitte," "the Quadroon," &c., which in point of interest, is equal to any of the published tales by the same author. If the contents are a true index to the chapters, which (so far our opinion goes,) we believe they are, its numerous readers will not be dissatisfied with their *hour's* companion for September. Three fine embellishments adorn the work, alone worth more than the price of the number.

☞ An account of the Installation of Granite Lodge, No. 1, at Nashua, N. H., prepared by a brother present, was received too late for insertion in our present number. It will appear in our next. A list of the Officers elect, will be found under the appropriate head.

☞ Where is the Philadelphia Saturday Museum? We have not received it for four weeks.

☞ Rev. Bro. JOHN MCLEISH, of Malden, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Symbol and receipt for all monies paid for the same. We hope the brethren in such places as he may visit, will give him what aid they can for the circulation and support of our magazine.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmonds, "
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John Schouler, "
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.
E. H. Smith, Woburn.
Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.
Charles Ball, New Haven, (Ct.)
Jos. L. Smith, Portland, (Me.)
David Robinson, Jr., (do.) 75 Middle st.
Jeremiah Mason, Saco, Me.
D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

VARIETY.

The ice company at Fresh Pond, are erecting a new brick building, 200 feet by 177, with walls 40 feet high, and a corresponding roof. It is estimated to cost \$30,000.

The matter required for the publication of the London Times requires the labor of sixty-two compositors (or type setters) daily. Forty hands are employed on advertisements alone.

The Steamer John W. Richmond, while lying at the wharf in Hallowell, took fire on Sunday night last, and was burned to the water's edge.

A country lad went a courting, but his father found it out, and forbid the matter, as the girl was not good enough for him. 'Well father, I tho't she'd do to try on.'

At the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, on the 23d., 8 yellow fever patients were admitted, 5 discharged and 7 died. Remaining, 49 yellow fever patients.

A FAIR TOAST.—We select the following amongst many clever toasts given at the celebration dinner, 4th of July, at Moorefield, Hardy county, Virginia:

By Charles C. Lee, Esq., (Guest.)—The coy Sex: They *won't*, to show easily they *will*—they *don't*, to prove how well they *do*—they *shan't*, to show how sweetly they *shall*—and they *can't*, to prove how delightfully they *can*. So between will, won't—do, don't—shall, shan't; can, can't; it is no wonder they keep us in a whirl, which makes us fall into even so great a blunder, as being an old bachelor.

The following advertisement under the head of *Wife Wanted*, is in the Batesville (Ark.) News:

"Any gal what's got a bed, calico dress, coffee-pot and skillet, knows how to make a hunting shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services till death parts both on us."

ODD.

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written right;
But when we see it written right,
We know 't is not then written right,
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right, nor wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite;
But *write*, for so 't is written right.

The township of New Haven, containing about 16,000 inhabitants, has *twenty three* churches, and another is about to be built there. Truly, a church going community.

We have seen all sorts of newspaper apologies in our days—but the following, by Mr. Howes, editor of the Doylestown (Pa) Democrat, leaves the others half a century in the rear:—*Boston Mail*.

"*Apologetical*.—We have been particularly engaged during the most part of this week, in the baby line—cutting up domestic into slips of suitable size and shape—preparing lard and beeswax, pap, &c.—washing dishes—keeping a small army of young Howes from raising the devil—and otherwise domestically amusing ourself—in consequence of which interesting philosophical philanthropical and physiological divertisement, we are unable to issue but half a sheet to day. Fine boy fat and saucy—very image of his Pappy—weight twelve pounds—astonishing babe—eat a quart bowl of mush first day, and squalled for more—lively as a colt—grows a pound a minute—doing tolerably well and so's his mammy—had a fine time on't. Hope our subscribers will excuse us. Do n't happen but once a year.

SMART.—A typo in the office of the New York Cynosure set 10,000 *ems* in five hours and a half on Tuesday last. The statement having been doubted, he offers to do it again for a bet of \$100—the matter to be set from printed copy, and leaded. He's a "swifter,"—*Exchange Paper*.

"Vell, vot of it?" We have a "typo" in our office who will bet \$100 that he can set double the amount in one-half the time,—“the matter to be set from printed copy *and* leaded.”—*Symbol*.

CURIOUS FACTS.—It is a remarkable fact that a body feels better sometimes than he does others. This can be accounted for in no other way than because he can't help it.

We have always observed that it is broad daylight immediately or soon after sunrise—only when we happen to be a bed and sleep. Then we don't observe the phenomenon.

A girl was tried for stealing a *pair* of black stockings; but it being proved upon evidence that they were *odd ones*, she was acquitted.

The learned are the true nobles and the true lords of creation.

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 13th ult., by Rev. Bro. Gray, Bro. C. P. Farnsworth to Miss Almira D. Betton.

Odd Fellow's Offering for 1844.

The Odd-Fellow's Offering for the year 1844 is now in press, and will be issued as early as the middle of September next.

The work will contain 300 pages of ORIGINAL MATTER, from the pens of intelligent Odd Fellows, on subjects interesting and useful to the Fraternity: it will also be embellished with elegant Steel Engravings, among which an accurate likeness of a well-known and much-respected Brother will be presented. The book will be printed and bound in the style of the American Annuals, and sold at the low price of *one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy*.

Communications on business, and articles for the pages of the Offering, must be addressed to the subscriber, New-York city.

All articles intended for publication must be received prior to the 25th of August.

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Hez'h Prince, C. P. Robert L. Robbins, H. P. Wm. H. Jones, S. W. Cha's A. Smith, J. W. John Mears, Jr, Scribe. Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Edward Tyler, C. P. Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—D. Dodge, CP: J. C. Waldo, HP: John S. Souler, SW: J. Vaughton, JW: J. P. Pattee, Scribe: J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP: James M. Stone, HP: Harzraves Lord, SW: Job H. Cole, JW: Alex'r Greene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Sam'l R. Slack, C. P: John S. Ladd, HP: Asa D. Pattee, SW: Lester Leland, JW: Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe: Isaac Kendall, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE.—Edwin Adams, P. G. Edw'd Tyler, DM: E. F. Fullenbee, DDM: Geo. L. Montague, ADDM: —Gardner, VG: —Skinner, Sec'y: J. Daniell, Treasurer.

GRAND LODGE.—E. H. Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F. Norris, RWGDM: J. Henry Browne, RWGM: William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Shadrach Dickson, P. G. Jos. L. Draw, N. G. Geo. T. Carruth, V. G. Peter S. Wheelock, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y. Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

SUFFOLK LODGE, No. 8.—J. P. Putnam, PG. Edw'd D. Clarke, NG. Newell A. Thompson, VG. Wm. Mickell, Rec. Sec'y. Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y. H. D. Storer, Treas'r. F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

SILVAN LODGE, No. 2.—Jeremiah Richards, P. G. J. R. Mullin, N. G. Raymond Cole, V. G. H. Earl, Jr, Rec. Sec'y. John McClellan, Permanent Sec'y. A. Stuart, Treas. O. A. Skinner, Chaplain.

ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Edw'd Tyler, P. G. Josiah Daniell, N. G. Goodhue Ambrose, V. G. C. C. Hayden, Rec. Sec'y. F. H. Bowers, Permanent Sec'y. James Durant, Treas'r. Jas. I. T. Coolidge, Chaplain. J. T. Sargeant, assistant Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4.—Nathaniel P. Brooks, P. G. Wm. E. Parmenter, N. G. Geo. L. Mitchell, V. G. Gardner R. Welch, Sec'y. Wm. A. Hall, Treas'r. Elbridge G. Brooks, Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—Michael Kenny, P. G. J. C. Waldo, N. G. Ichabod Fessenden, V. G. Paul F. Dodge, Sec'y. John Jarvis, Treasurer.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—Dexter Buckman, P. G. W. G. Alley, N. G. Willard Adams, V. G. C. C. Atwell, Sec'y. Sumner Young, Treas'r. Webster B. Randolph, Chaplain.

BUNKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—Jacob K. Dunham, P. G. Isaac Kendall, N. G. Jacob Hoyt, V. G. H. F. Edmonds, Rec. Sec'y. Jos. Burrill, Permanent Sec'y. E. W. Lothrop, Treasurer. E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.

TREMONT LODGE, No. 15.—Charles S. Burgess, P. G. —S. M. Allen, N. G. E. S. Williams, V. G. C. A. Browne, Rec. Sec'y. C. B. Sawyer, Permanent Sec'y. Wm. F. Lethbridge, Treasurer. F. T. Gray, Chaplain.

COVENANT LODGE, No. 16.—Edwin Adams, P. G. Francis Blake, N. G. Henry A. Hall, V. G. R. W. Lord, Rec. Sec'y. T. D. Chapman, Per. Sec'y. F. O. Prince, Treas. Chandler Robbins, Chaplain.

MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.—John McLeish, P. G. Wm. Tozer, N. G. B. W. Dolge, V. G. Augustus L. Barrett, Sec'y. J. C. Richardson, Treas. John G. Adams, Chaplain.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, P. G. John Wright, NG: John Taft, VG: Dan'l McLennan, Secretary; A. Greene, Treas'r.

MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—Thomas C. Gilmore, P. G. A. Rolfe, NG. J. H. Cole, VG. A. R. Brown, Rec. Sec'y. H. S. Orange, Per. Sec'y. T. D. Emerson, Treas. S. A. Milnot, Chaplain.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Chas. A. Stevens, PG: Ly-sander Barnes, NG: Geo. H. Hudson, VG: E. L. Brainard, Rec. Sec'y: S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y; Henry Lyon, Treasurer.

MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—David Robinson, NG: J. N. Winslow, VG: Edw'd Wheeler, Jr, Sec'y: Alvin P. Pratt, Treas.

SACO LODGE, No. 2.—George C. Churchill PG: Geo A. Warren, NG: James Smith, VG: Stephen Webster, Sec'y: Jeremiah Mason, Treasurer.

GRANITE LODGE, No. 1.—Nashua, N. H.—David Philbrick, NG: Charles T. Gill, VG: Edwin P. Hill, Sec'y: John L. Pollard, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Suffolk, No. 8, over Amory Hall, cor. Wash'n & West, Tu.
Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
Mechanics', No. 11, " Friday.
Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
Maine Lodge, No. 1, Portland, Union st., over the Canal Bank.
Saco Lodge, No. 2, Main street, Central Hall.
Granite Lodge, No. 1, Nashua, N. H., meets at Harmony Hall, Tuesday.

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EDWARD TILESTON:

OR

THE LEGITIMATE FRUITS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

A TALE. IN TWO PARTS.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM,

Author of the "Quadroon," "The Dancing
Feather," "The Odd Fellow," &c.

FRIENDSHIP is the graceful stem of Life's fair tree,
LOVE is the green leaf, TRUTH the immortal flower.

PART SECOND.

A FEW days after the events related in the former part of our story, Francis Lee was walking about nine o'clock in the evening through Hanover street, when his attention was drawn to the door of a house which he was passing, by sounds of altercation. The door was open, but the entry was only lighted by a glimmer from a back room, against which light he saw the dark figures of two men.

"It is quite out of the line of my duty, to show favor, young man," said one sternly to the other. "You must come with me, and you might as well take my arm as for me to take you by the shoulder. 'Bail, or jail,' that's *my* motto."

"But I will try to pay you tomorrow," answered a voice young Lee recognized

to be that of Edward Tileston. "It is but twenty dollars, and I can get it some way tomorrow and pay you. For God's sake don't take me to jail!" The imploring voice of the young man had no effect upon the officer, who simply said, "You must come with me; here's your hat."

Lee was deeply interested, for he heard also the sobbing voices of females within, and once caught a glimpse of a young girl's figure with clasped hands as she spoke some earnest appealing words to the constable. But the officer was alike inexorable to promises or prayers. Francis Lee was not a young man to suffer himself to pass by a scene of distress; for he was not only, by nature, of a kind and benevolent temper, but he was also an "Odd Fellow," a fraternity involving within its principles the noblest attributes of our human nature—whose watchword is the *triunity* "Friendship, Love and Truth,"—a brotherhood which inculcates not only morality and order, but cultivates within the hearts of its members the purest and holiest benevolence. To do good, to speak good, to work good, is its spirit.

The young man paused to see if there was any good to be done by the alleviation of suffering. He fled not lest his benevolence should be called upon. Such are not the principles of Odd Fellowship,

though they are too often the dictates of selfishness in the really good-hearted.

The officer proceeded to lead Edward Tileston out of the hall. His mother and sister again came after him, the beautiful Louise imploring him to spare her brother until the morning, the mother praying him not to drag to prison her only son; while both promised to use every means early on the morrow to pay the debt and reward the indulgence of the officer. But they did not know the stern rigor of the law, and that constables have no discretion, though this does not infer no feeling, as it would too often seem to do. But they felt he had no feeling. The prisoner was silent and gloomy: he was exceedingly sensitive in some points, and felt that to be lodged in jail once, would forever not only degrade him in his own eyes, but in the world's; and that from that hour he should be a reckless man.

"I can't help it, ma'am and Miss," said the constable, "if he gets into frolics and injures boats, he must pay for the fun, and so he has nobody to blame but himself. Come, sir! Good night, ma'am! Sorry, but can't be helped!"

"I would say a word to you, officer," said Francis Lee, as he came out of the door.

"Yes, and while I am talking with you, let my prisoner cut and run! No, thank ye; I have n't eat any green corn for my dinner. You can't come it!"

"I am not his comrade to attempt to get him off, as you suspect. Tileston, how do you do? I am sorry to see you in this case."

"Is it you, Frank?" said Tileston, trying to laugh, but almost suffocating with shame.

"Yes, and I would willingly help you out out of your difficulty."

"Oh, sir," God will bless you," said the mother.

"What is the debt?"

"I have a warrant from the man at Fresh Pond to arrest him for a debt of twenty dollars," said the constable.

"Be so kind as to let me see the writ." Lee took it and examined it by the light of the lamp. "Yes, I see; the costs are all included. I have not so much with me, but if you will wait here a quarter of an hour, officer, I will bring it and lend it to Mr. Tileston to pay you."

"How generous and good!" exclaimed Louise; "Edward will not then be dragged to prison." Francis Lee looked up with interest to examine the countenance of the speaker, for there was a depth and richness of tone in her words that touched him.

"Can't wait; have dally-dillied here long enough, and how do I know whether you can get it?"

"You are bound to wait every reasonable time and for every reasonable means, sir," said Lee, sternly; "your time shall be paid for; there's a dollar."

"That's another consideration," answered the man less impertinently, pocketing the money. He then re-entered the house with his prisoner. There was a gloomy silence in the room during the time Francis Lee was absent, which was but ten minutes; as he hastened to his boarding house without delay and took the money from his trunk.

"There, sir, is twenty dollars," he said returning and placing the sum in the officer's hand.

"Thank you, sir. Good night, Mr. Tileston!" he said with a civility singularly contrasting his former manner when the young man was in his power; "good night, ma'am and Miss; good night young gentleman!—what! he's off!" he cried, looking round.

"Lee!" called Tileston, going into the hall. But the benevolent young man had fled from gratitude. The officer then left, with many obsequious apologies for disturbing the house at that hour; while

Mrs. Tileston and Louise threw themselves upon Edward's neck. He internally resolved from that night to be more worthy of their love.

Edward's first act the next day was one of gratitude. He sought out Francis Lee and told him how deeply he felt his noble kindness.

"I did but my duty," answered Lee, who was setting types for the evening paper as Edward came in.

"But I have never made it your duty, by doing any thing for you," answered Tileston. "I have done many unkind acts to you, I well know."

"Therefore, it was my duty to do kindly to you," answered Francis, smiling. "It is a principle of my Order, were it not a dictate of my heart."

"Your Order! are you a Mason?"

"No, an Odd Fellow."

"And it inculcates friendship, benevolence, good deeds and universal charity, does it not?"

"Yes."

"I know some young men who are Odd Fellows, and now I can account for their conduct. Tooker is an Odd Fellow?"

"Yes."

"And I have called his forbearance, cowardice. I should like to become a brother of your Order, Lee; but I fear I should hardly be admitted."

"I am glad you have expressed this wish, Edward," it will be of benefit to you. I will propose you for membership if you desire it."

"Do so; I feel it would give me a dignity and stability of character, I find I much want. Associating, too, with young men cherishing such noble principles, will elevate me. Your conduct towards me has made me heartily ashamed of myself. It shall be henceforth my ambition to imitate you."

The name of Edward Tileston was submitted for enrolment by Francis Lee,

and he was admitted with but one negative black ball, thrown by some one who feared he might do no credit to the Order. But the Order is to elevate and reform; to create character where it does not exist; to bring it out where it lies passive.

I.

THE YOUNG MAN WITH MANY FRIENDS.

A few mornings after the occurrences just related, Edward Tileston was in the office at work near a young man whom he had often bullied and always treated with rudeness. Being a good and fast workman, Edward had completed his own task, and was about to leave the case to put on his coat, when he heard this young man sigh, and saw him place his hand to his forehead. He looked at him and saw that he appeared ill.

"Are you unwell, West?" he asked kindly.

The young man turned round with surprise at the sympathy manifested in the cold-hearted and reckless Tileston, and then answered with a grateful smile,

"Yes, Tileston; I was up all night last night with my little brother who is sick, and my head aches so that I can hardly see the types. The case swims!"

"How much have you got to set up?"

"A column or more; I fear I shall have to give up, much as I need every cent I am able to earn."

"I have got through with my work, West; let me finish yours for you, and you go home and sleep; you will feel better after a nap."

"Are you in earnest?" asked West, astonished at this offer.

"Yes, and shall be happy to be of this little service to you."

The young printer thanked him gratefully, and left the office, while Edward went to work and completed his task for him.

The next day West was at work at his case again quite well; but he had not failed to speak of Edward's kind act to all in the office.

The afternoon following, Edward had just completed a form ready for blocking, when a journeyman who was passing by with a case of type, carelessly struck the edge of the case against his work and knocked it into a confused heap, technically called "pi." On seeing what mischief he had done, and well aware of the irritability and notorious pugilistic character of Tileston, the offender instantly fled from his wrath. Instead, however, of the storm and outbreak of passion, all were surprised to hear him calmly say, "Never mind, Curtis, it was only an accident; I shall soon be able to set all right, tho' it will prevent me from keeping an engagement I had with my sister this evening."

He then quietly went to work to repair the mischief. Curtis seeing there was nothing to fear, came up and assisted him and made many apologies. Thus had Tileston made two friends.

"What can have happened to change the character of Tileston so?" was a remark made from one to the other throughout the office.

The next day the military company to which Tileston belonged, was to perform its usual exercises, and he entered the office in the morning wearing his uniform white drilling pantaloons, to save the trouble of going home again. It had been rumored by several of the less reflecting in the office, that Tileston had become an "Odd Fellow," and that he *dared* not resent an injury as he had done. This impression emboldened many whom he had bullied, who feared him; and when they saw him come in, they resolved to visit upon him their revenges for what they had suffered from his overbearing nature. They, therefore, set up the ink-boy to rub one of the balls against his

pantaloons as he was going out as if by accident. Tileston, unsuspecting, passed out of the office when the urchin, who also had his personal grudge to satisfy, not only brushed against him with the ball, making a huge spot but, pretending to save himself from falling, he caught hold of him by the shirt bosom and white vest with his other hand which he had blackened for the purpose.

Tileston stood a moment looking as if he would have annihilated the boy, who instantly fled. The next moment he said calmly, and with a smile,

"You have spoilt me for any other regiment than a black-a-moor's, for the day, Billy; but I suppose you did not intend it!"

"Yes, I did," answered the boy saucily, "and I know'd you darn't touch me!"

"Why?" asked Tileston with surprise.

"Coz, 'aint you a Hodd Felly, and they is sworn on the Bible and burnin' brimstone not to touch nobody as touches them!"

"Tileston," said a young man approaching him and speaking in a frank tone, while his face glowed with ingenuous shame, "your conduct under this outrage which you must have seen was intentional, has won for you my regard and the esteem of all who set the boy to this act. I was one of them who finding you no longer resisted injury, resolved to avenge myself for your forbearance. I conspired with others against you; I have seen my error—forgive me! I know the lofty principles of your Order, and feel that it is to them that you owe the change in your character we have all witnessed. Shall we be friends?"

"Yes, Freeman, most certainly," answered Tileston, grasping the hand that was proffered him.

The others then came forward, acknowledged their participation in the conspiracy, and solicited his forgiveness.

"And will you forgive me?" asked Billy, timidly, who now felt heartily ashamed of his conduct.

"Yes, Billy, and trust that when you next black your balls, you will take less ink on them, especially if they are to be laid on white trousers instead of types."

"I never 'll do such a trick again, sir," answered Billy with a tear in his eye.

From that day Tileston had firm friends of every one in the office. Others soon saw the change in him, and he soon had numerous friends; and from being the most unpopular, he became the most popular young man in town. To all he was kind, obliging and good-doing, and won golden opinions from all with whom he associated. His name became an honor to Odd Fellowship.

II.

THE FALSE LOVER FAITHFUL.

A month had elapsed since Edward Tileston had become an Odd Fellow.—The change in his character as a friend and associate as illustrated by the foregoing scenes in the printing-office, manifested itself also in domestic ties and in love as well as in social friendship.

"Edward, do you go out this evening," asked his sister at tea.

"I had a half-engagement at the armory on drill-service, but if you wish me to remain at home I will cheerfully do so."

"You are so kind of late, dear brother, that I feel it is putting too much upon you to ask of you a favor, you are so ready to oblige at any sacrifice;" and she took his hand and smiled in his face affectionately, while his mother looked tearfully happy.

"What was your wish, sister?"

"I half-promised, as you say, Anna Lee to go and pass the evening with her, and I *half*-promised to bring you with me."

"Is she Frank's sister?"

"Yes; and I know you will like her. You must know her. Who knows but—"

"Do n't anticipate, dear sister; I am already engaged!"

"Engaged, Edward! To whom?—What a secret!"

"I ca n't tell you now! I mean to be married too, before long."

"Oh, how mysterious! Do tell me?"

"No. But I will go to Lee's with you, you know we are great friends."

"His sister says he is so good and noble."

"You speak warmly. I rather think I must anticipate, Louise. Do you not think so, dear mother?" he said smiling.

"She has seen him but twice, you know, my dear son, and this is too short an acquaintance for Louise to know a young man."

"I will speak for him. He is worthy of her if she should like him."

"Thank you," said Louise pressing his hand, "for I do like him."

"Love him?"

"I did not say *that*," she cried, rising from the tea-table to put on her bonnet.

That evening Frank Lee waited on Louise home and left his heart with her.

"I shall never be happy till that lovely girl is my wife," he said as he left the door to return homeward alone.

Edward had waited upon his sister there early in the evening and purposely departed, knowing his friend Frank would like to see his sister home himself. Before going to the armory, he stopped at a house in Sudbury street, and knocked. The door was opened by Emma. She started back with an exclamation of surprise and doubt on seeing who it was.

"Mr. Tileston!"

"Emma!" he replied, tenderly, to her formal repetition of his name, "I wish to see you a few moments alone."

Those few moments restored the joy to the heart, and the rose to the cheek of the

erring and loving girl! They parted with a tender embrace; and from that time four weeks, Emma Tylton became the wife of Edward Tileston.

THD LOVER OF TRUTH.

To the possession and active exercise of the attributes of Friendship and Love, the preservation of Truth became a natural and consequent addition. He who was a true friend, a good son, an affectionate brother and faithful lover, could not be false in any one moral attribute. The trunk and the leaves were vigorous and the fruit was sure to be produced. In all his intercourse with others he disdained falsehood and prevarication, and in every situation was a defender of truth. He has become, in his daily life, a noble illustration and exemplar of the pure principles of the Order of Fellowship to which he belongs, and in himself, as all Odd Fellows should be, is, to all men's eyes a pattern of Friendship, Love and Truth. Such are the principles, and such ever should be the results of legitimate Odd Fellowship on the life and character of every brother of the Order.

THE END.

BIRTHDAY LINES,

Addressed to C. E. T., after the decease of her father.

BY D. RUSSELL.

With joy we hail the welcome hour which brings
Thy natal day; — the Poet's wreath is here,
Though culled in haste, and though the lay he
sings

Sounds unharmonious to the polished ear —
Yet, shall I pause when Beauty's winning voice
Blends in soft notes with Fancy's varied lyre?
While Hope delighted, tells of future joys
Which wake the ardent dreams of Youth, and
loftiest themes inspire?

For thee a Mother's fondest prayers arise,
To that blest Power who first thy being gave;
And from his home above the azure skies
Thy Father whispers peace; no troubled wave

Of sorrow beats upon that heavenly shore:

There with the host of brightest seraphim
He tunes his golden harp, and hears no more
Affliction's tempest roll, nor Wrath's dread
lightnings gleam.

The world to thee looks beautiful and bright —
Each object charms which Hope's fair sunshine
gilds —

Each following day brings scenes of new delight,
While Fancy's glowing wand, in prospect builds
A fairy temple in each verdant lawn;
And Music's sweetest notes regale the ear,
And one glad song is heard from early dawn
To the soft eve — the song to Youth and Love
most dear.

For thee the Muse entwines her votive wreath,
With gems from Earth's and Ocean's treasures
gained;

The skies above, the vast profound beneath
Are in her mystic circle still retained; —
This wish she now bequeaths to thee and thine,
Be it esteemed but worthy beauty's bower,
Though there no dazzling rays of Genius shine,
Yet I shall gain thereby one bright and happy
hour.

THE WISH.

"Fair child of promise! may no cloud
Of sorrow ever gloom before thee;
And may'st thou walk amid earth's crowd
With Purity's white mantle o'er thee;
From spot from blemish ever free,
May Virtue's guardian arm protect thee,
And Vice itself, admiring thee,
Blush for her frailties, and respect thee.

Before thee may its opening flowers
Spring proffer in profusive measure,
Bright be thy lot, may all life's hours
Be calmed to peace, or charmed to pleasure.
Late be the day that calls thee hence,
Brilliant thine years as eastern story,
And may thy soul's blest recompense
Be change of earth for endless glory!"

Boston, Dec. 8, 1842.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. — A mother's love!
How thrilling the sound. The angel
spirit that watched, over our infant years,
and cheered us with her smiles! Oh
how faithfully does memory cling to the
past mementos of home, to remind us of
the sweet counsels of a mother's tongue.
And oh! how instinctively do we hang

over the early scenes of boyhood, brightened by the recollections of that waking eye that never closed while a single wave of misfortune or danger sighed around her child. Like the lone star of the heavens, in the deep solitude of nature's night—she sits the presiding divinity of the family mansion!—its charm, its stay and its hope, when all around her is overshadowed with the gloom of despondency and despair.

"The cherished object of her affection has risen to manhood's years, and exchanged the sportive morn of being for the busy and stirring adventures of the world; and yet, wherever he may wander, to whatever clime or country inclination or duty invite his wayward steps—whether facing the wintry storm or buffeting the mountain snow—the undying prayer of a mother's love lingers on his path, and sheds its holiest incense on all around."

COST OF A WATCH.—During the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watch-maker's in the city of New York, and handed out a small French watch to an ingenious artist, demanding how much the repair would come to. The watch-maker looking at it, said it would cost him more in the repairs than the original purchase.—"Oh!" if that's all, I don't mind that," replied the sailor, 'I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch.' 'What might you have given for it,' inquired the watch-maker. 'Why,' said Jack, twitching his trousers, 'I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it; and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two.'

THE COST OF WAR.—The following statement is taken from the "Philosophy of Missions," by J. Cambell, D. D.:—At the revolution in 1688, the national debt was little more than half a million, and the interest not forty thousand pounds.

Then began our madness and our misery. The war of William that followed the revolution cost £31,000,000. The war of the Spanish succession cost £44,000,000. The Spanish war and Austrian succession cost £47,000,000. The seven year's war about Nova Scotia, £107,000,000.—The war with our American colonies, £151,000,000. The war against Bonaparte cost £586,000,000. To these must be added the still more terrible fact, that such wars cost England, in one way or another, from four to five millions of men. What suicidal wickedness! This enormous misgovernment has entailed a curse upon the British empire which will cleave to her throughout all generations. In a country like England (observes the Edinburgh Review) there could be no debt, and no burthen of taxes, if there was no war.

Original.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER VI.

"— This outward-sainted deputy, —
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl, — is yet a devil."—

My possessor was a man about thirty-five years of age, tall and rather well-looking, with a profusion of dark hair, high cheek bones and rather pale complexion;—upon this countenance sat a kind of melancholy, occasioned no doubt by constant schooling, and intended probably to give him an interesting look and thereby further the ends he had in view, — to wit: the filling of his own pockets, to the emptying of others more worthy. Monsieur Black-coat, after receiving the curse and the francs of M. Savoy, took his way to one of the second-rate hotels

of Paris, and retired to his rooms, donning his thread-bare black coat and much worn unmentionables, he resumed a suit comporting better with his real feelings and true character, than the sombre casements he had just hurled into the corner.

After completely equipping himself in a suit, composed of a dark-green frock coat, white vest, close-fitting drab pants, — a gold watch, finger rings, &c. &c., he drew over his long delicate fingers a new pair of scented "Parisians," of the latest style, and sauntered forth into the streets of Paris, with the greatest nonchalence.

So great was the change wrought by a few moments in his appearance, that notary Savoy, himself, I am sure would not have known him, had I not been an eye witness to this hasty transformation, I could not have recognised in the person of the Parisian Roue, the late itinerant alms-seeker, as one and the same person. Proceeding to one of the gin-shops of the Boulevards, he called for a decanter and glass, and seating himself at his ease, commenced the gratifying operation of quaffing the elixer vitæ, in small though oft repeated quantities.

After this operation had been repeated to the satisfaction of *Count Marango*, as he was pleased to style himself to his numerous friends and slight acquaintances, and his casual and way-side introductions, he took up his line of promenade, (as the fashion have it,) towards the Olympic Theatre. Nothing of importance "turned up," or "turned down" to arrest his attention on the way, so he found himself at an early hour in contemplation before a huge play-bill, which duly specified the "doings of the evening within," and the curious fixins made ready for his own, and the especial amusement of the patrons of the Olympic. Entering the ticket-office with an easy self-possession, he purchased a box ticket which secured to himself a front seat, both desirable so far as seeing and being seen were desirable.

The curtain rose, and the play began; it was "Adrian the Apostate," and the interest of the scene seemed to rivet him (the ex Rev. rascal,) to his seat, and to engage his whole faculties for a little time, but the familiar and oft repeated cries from the Parquette, of "throw 'em over," &c., had greater attractions for Count Marango than the legitimate drama, or the sweet sounds of a brilliant operata, and with eager haste he sought the place from whence those sounds attractive issued. Here his natal star passed behind the darker lines of his horoscope, and he was permitted to catch but a passing glance at "things as they were," ere he was recognized as a noted gambler and pickpocket, by one of the Argus-eyed Vidoques of the French police. A pair of hand-cuffs were quickly fitted to his wrists, and the Count Marango, alas! that I should have to record it, committed to the silent recesses of a Parisian Bellivieu. Here, thought I as at first, we are all pilgrims and seekers after rest, but there is no rest given unto us, weary wandering ministers of woe or bliss, short of the depths of oblivion. I almost wished myself a companion of Sadiz at the dark fountain of annihilation, — such a fate seemed almost desirable, and my bright and glittering face was daily becoming suffused with the dim blushes of conscious shame, and the close companionship of bad company; but recollecting that all animate and inanimate bodies were alike subject to an unalterable fatality, I was even glad to make a virtue of the necessity of my own case, and in silence submit to its decrees. Passing beneath the dark and massy arches of an European prison for the first time, as the wholesome light of the sun was shut out from me, I could not help thinking, that such indeed, was in a greater or less degree, the lot, not only of coin, the baser glittering dust of a lifeless medium, but such also was the lot of the gifted, the fair, the

bright in beauty, and the peerless in the mightiness of intellect, virtue and knowledge. And from the many illustrious examples of imprisonment without cause, from Silvio Pellico, down to my humble Franc-ship, I entered within my straw-covered cell a wiser if not a more *active* coin. But as I have mused full long upon the waywardness of destiny, I reserve for Chapter VII. the numberless curiosities — not of De Isrealli's Literature, but of Marango's Prison-house.

Original.

—
THE ODD PAPERS,
 OR KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

—
 NUMBER XI.

—
CADYZ, THE ADVENTURER.

A SERO-COMIC EPISODE.

Is he a traitor? have his evil ends,
 His private plots, than *honor* proved more dear,
 And has he volunteered against his friends
 Whispering their secrets in a thousand ears?
Serves he the Town? — and in successful hour
 Has he forgot the *friends* who raised him into
 power?

NEAR the bright waters of the Mystic, dwelt Cadyz, the adventurer, one, of whose former dwelling places or whereabouts, the inquisitive inhabitants of original Menotomy could never with any degree of certainty determine. His advent among them was sudden; no one of the inhabitants knew of his intention to dwell among them, until his presence revealed his fair proportions to their visual optics, and gave a new spur to their ever active imagination. One bright morning in the latter part of November, in the year 184—, a short, portly individual, was seen advancing towards the village of Menotomy, and as this personage may, in more instances than one, be connected with this sketch, a description of his person may not be out of place. He was, as I have

before observed, rather short than tall, say (for I like to be particular sometimes) of the middling stature, and dressed somewhat after the fashion of a sea captain retired from the more active services of his profession, but one who still loved to dwell with pleasure upon the recollections of the past. In short, his apparel was well calculated to recall to mind those olden memories which men of particular professions and temperaments most delight in.

Over a pair of mixed corduroy pantaloons, (for breeches are out of fashion,) he wore a velvet double-breasted vest, from which protruded in well rumpled *negligee*, a wide ruffle of the cut and style of the olden time, and fastened with a large brooch of silver; over the vest most conspicuous, as giving a "tout ensemble" to the whole, was the sea roundabout, or (as the inhabitants of the village afterwards called it,) the "Lion-skin pea jacket." A red bandanna bound around his neck, protected his health, which was somewhat delicate, and getting worse of late (as was doubtless recollected) from the sudden effect of "atmospheric moisture." This latter appendage and a hat well shorn of its funeral glossiness, made up the outward appearance of our hero Cadyz.

His face was one to be seen, and when seen to be remembered; his countenance indicated to the outward observer that he at least knew well the blessings of a well filled table, and was unquestionably a connoisseur on beef-steaks; a round, ruddy countenance, a small restless grey eye, but such an eye as forbade the beholder a glimpse beyond the outward "glassy grey" itself; in other words, he had a forbidding or repulsive look, which was interpreted with much truth by his acquaintance to carry out the unspoken yet expressed idea, "you dont know me" — as clearly as oral communication could have made it known. Cadyz, when first

observed by the villagers, was accompanied by two small dogs; one a very small intelligent looking cur with a short "pug nose" and "curly tail," was as chary in making acquaintances with the dogs of the village, as was his master at first with the inhabitants; the other on the contrary was rather more sociable, and on short acquaintance, became quite troublesome to his master, who on this memorable advent, was continually annoyed by his sportive gambols and frolicksome liveliness, so much so, that he more than once used *that cane*, (which so many well remember) to keep him in mind of the respect due the august owner and holder of the cane.

A stranger has arrived in town, Mr. R., said one of the news-loving gossips of the village (of which every village has its share,) have you seen him?

No, D., I have not, was the quiet answer of Mr. R. (who by the way is a very quiet man,) who is he, and what is his business? not that it is any of mine, particularly, otherwise than Yankees have the right to guess a little sometimes.

D. Oh, I don't know his business myself, he's rich "they say," and I suppose it is so, he looks as though he might be, he don't do anything and keeps three horses and has a large flock of fowls of all kinds besides peacocks.

Mr. R. Well it may be so, perhaps it is, yet we should be cautious in making up our minds with regard to individuals, merely upon the strength of appearances, or the more general "they say so,"—opinions hastily adopted are sometimes repented of at leisure.* I hope this will not be the case with respect to the new comer. Good morning, Mr. D.

D. Good morning, Mr. R.

The increasing good opinion of the villagers was somewhat lessened by a cir-

cumstance which occurred some few weeks after the above named morning advent of Capt. Cadyz, as he was familiarly called, during his stay with the good people of Menotomy. A certain well known agriculturist in the vicinity having lost sundry implements belonging to his craft, was induced by certain suspicious circumstances, strengthened by the strong arm of the law, to make a legal examination, and search for the "missing" within the "premises" or castle of Cadyz. Whether he found the objects of his search or not report saith not, certain it was, however, that the ire of the lord of the domain, was much aroused thereat, and by no means inconsiderable was the "noise and stir" he created.

But as all wonders have their end, so in time these circumstances were forgotten, or overlooked in the uniform uprightness and good deportment of Cadyz. About this time his popularity began to increase, he took an active and interested part in all the popular movements of the village, and rose rapidly in the estimation of the inhabitants of the town, who to show him an unequivocal mark of their confidence and respect, raised him to the rank, office, and emoluments of an Assessor of Taxes. He was a Washingtonian, after the manner of the strictest sect, he interested himself much in this great and benevolent cause of humanity and right, and there are many who will bear witness to my testimony of the power of his eloquence, and force of gesticulation as displayed by him in sundry places at sundry times apparently with much effect.

As the President of the Washingtonian Society, he was to use his own expression "the main support"—he was the pride of "Pic nic's," and the very *first man* at "Washingtonian Tea parties," he was the theme of "gratulation" and of "song,"—his fame was upon the lips of many, and conundrums and bon mots, were perpetrated in honor of his name. So great

* The truth of this remark was duly appreciated unquestionably, at a "latter-day" acquaintance with Cadyz.

was his zeal for the "good and welfare" of himself and the numberless objects of his regard, that the highly flattering name of one of Cunard's line of steam packets was applied to, or given him as a mark of distinction or approbation (?) I do not clearly recollect which at this time, but perhaps both on account of his untiring zeal in the cause.

He could also (apparently) appreciate, and enter into the tenderest emotions of the heart; sympathy and benevolence, were to him pleasant and agreeable pastimes, he delighted to do good and communicate it, and for this purpose he connected himself with a well known benevolent Institution whose high standing and popular benevolence, is known far and wide, whose praises are upon the lips of the fatherless, and whose active charities are the theme of the widowed in heart. While connected with this institution he maintained a good name and reputable standing nor was his integrity called in question till the strongest proofs of defalcation and deception, became apparent. He was much interested in the internal improvements of the village. Veneration with him was an active principle, and he joined with all his heart with others in carrying out the plan of a new cemetery or burying ground. Here he labored personally with his own hands, and the work progressed for a time under his supervision and authority. But alas! for poor humanity!—

"Man's evil manners live in brass; their virtues, we write in water."

But I have endeavored thus far to chronicle with an impartial pen this little episode in the life of Cadyz the adventurer, and will

"Nought extenuate, nor with malice write."

The first step from duty, be it either the nocturnal visit to a neighboring hen-roost, or the self application of town, and individual money or property, is the step most to be deplored — is the long to be remem-

bered "but," — but for this derilection from duty — but for this first wrong step all would have been well, this "but for" makes the heading, or contents to the great chapter of crime, as developed in the character of every defaulter, apostate, or Dick Turpin of the age.

Rumor, the swift winged messenger soon whispered that "all was not right," and soon the voice of the village echoed it "was all wrong," and the unwilling truth must be told, Cadyz was, legally speaking, *non est inventus*, much to the dissatisfaction of friends in general, and friends in particular. He left the place of his sojourn, the scene of so many pleasing reminiscences of his greatness and worth, without the affecting ceremony of formal leave-taking,

"Mid the dark shadows of an August night,
And left no trace behind,"

save some few mementos of his own particular consideration*, which truth compels me to state were not at all flattering or meritorious, in the donor, or acceptable to the recipients of his "custom" or "patronage." Were I to write out in plain words the veritable history of Cadyz, as some unimaginative writer would, I should say with Sam Slick, the clock-maker, "*Cadyz has sloped*," but the greatness of the advent, and the greatness of the departure, call forth mingled emotions and thoughts, and have an important lesson to convey to all interested, either nearly or more remotely and that is, —

1st. *Be very careful in whom you put unlimited confidence.*

2d. *Never to judge men by their external appearance, lest they like Cadyz should deceive you.*

* "Particular considerations," new definition of the words, say a thousand or more dollars.

HE who thinks closest will speak freest. A deep thought will have full utterance; it will not be clogged by the forms of speech, or hushed by the frowns of man.

Original.

INSTALLATION AT NASHUA, N. H.

A DEPUTATION from Boston, consisting of D. D. G. S. Daniel Hersey, P. G. Secretary Albert Guild, G. T. Hez'h Prince, P. G. Eber Smith, of Massachusetts Lodge; N. G. John R. Mullin and Bro. Wilmar, of Siloam Lodge, and P. G. Cha's S. Burgess of Tremont Lodge, met at Harmony Hall, in Nashua, September 11th, for the purpose of opening and installing a new Lodge for the promotion of Odd Fellowship in that section of the country. The petitioners being present, D. D. G. S. Hersey took the chair and called the Lodge to order: he made a few remarks relative to opening a new Lodge and the state of the Order generally; he was pleased that a Lodge was established in the Granite State, for he believed the true principles of Odd Fellowship would be fully and faithfully carried out: he also stated there were but two States in the Union that the Order did not exist. "You have," remarked he, "a great duty to perform—to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, be a friend to the widow a father to the fatherless and a friend to the stranger,—having Friendship, Love and Truth impressed deeply upon your hearts, and always be guided by the Bible; in that book the true principles of our Order are laid down."

The Lodge being opened and the officers elected, Bro. Mullin was called to the chair for the purpose of conferring the five degrees. On taking the chair Bro. M. made a few remarks relative to the Order and importance of studying well its principles; that as they advanced, their duties to perform would be more,—that the nearer they lived up to the principles of Odd Fellowship the better Christians they became; for in doing this, they were fulfilling the command of God, to visit the sick and comfort the afflicted —

to do unto others as we would wish that others should do unto us.

After the degrees were conferred, Bro. Hersey installed the several officers in their respective places; after which, nine strangers were admitted as members, and received the right hand of fellowship by Bro. Mullin. In the evening a public lecture was delivered by Bro. Hersey. — The hall was well filled with the citizens, a great portion of whom were ladies—all anxious to hear what was to be said about Odd Fellowship. Prayer by Bro. Hill, after which the Installation Ode was sung, in which the ladies united. They sang with much spirit, and the effect was most pleasing; and such was the interest they took in the subject, that one would be *almost* ready to exclaim that they were *Odd Fellows* already.

Bro. Hersey addressed the audience for about an hour and a half. He spoke of the Order at the time he first became a member, but dwelt more particularly upon it at the present time. He spoke to the brothers of the duties they had to perform—to visit the sick brother, watch over him by night and by day, to smooth the pillow and wipe the fevered brow, to render him all the comfort and consolation that man can bestow; and when the damp, cold chills of death o'ertakes him, and his spirit has taken its flight, then to close the eyes and wrap around the deceased the winding robe, and commit his remains to the dark and silent tomb. — "Here," remarked the speaker, "you leave your departed brother; but your duty, as Odd Fellows, is not yet accomplished. The widow and orphan claim your attention; you are to watch over them with guardian care, and administer the Balm of Gilead to their wounded hearts; comfort the widow in her affliction, and educate and protect the orphan." Bro. Hersey's remarks were listened to with great attention, and could not fail of making a favorable impression on the minds of the audience.

Before the meeting closed, Bro. Mullin addressed the brothers in a manner the most eloquent and impressive. He urged them to study well the principles of our institution and live up to them. He alluded to our late brother Hellison, of Si-loam Lodge, in the most affecting and interesting manner; he had visited the sick, the dying and the dead, and found consolation in so doing.

The meeting closed by prayer from Bro. Hill; every one apparently well pleased with the lecture and the subject that brought them together, and doubtless were fully determined,—ladies as well as the gentlemen,—to become Odd Fellows the first opportunity that offered.

A BROTHER.

September, 1843.

POPULAR READING.—Tell me what a people read—give me a full account of it, and I will give you a faithful sketch of their moral and intellectual character.—Do those books and periodicals which are filled with tales and fiction, constitute their intellectual repast? Their reading is light. The views of human nature presented in such works, are generally erroneous. They do not inculcate the great principles essential to promote individual and public prosperity. Their philosophy of life, and of social interests, is erroneous, and its silent influences injurious to the cause of morals and truth.—The great defect of the light literature of the day, is levity; it is too light. It is like chaff which the wind bloweth away. It neither disciplines the mind of the reader, nor enriches it with any valuable knowledge or principles. It merely excites sympathy and curiosity—and then seeks their gratification. The reading of such works will never make the mind vigorous, or the judgment sound and discriminating, or nerve the soul with sterling principles, and prepare it to meet the stern realities of life.

If the popular reading is to be improved and elevated—if the influences of fiction and romance are to be counteracted, it must be done by the people. They must individually bestow their patronage on such periodicals as disseminate truth and valuable information, and cultivate principles essential to the welfare of the community.

PHILOSOPHY OF "BLACK HAWK," AN INDIAN CHIEF.—"We can only judge of what is proper and right, by our standard of right and wrong, which differs widely from the whites, if I have been correctly informed. The whites *may* do *bad* all their lives, and then, if they are *sorry* for it, when about to die, *all is well!* But with us it is different:—we must continue throughout our lives to do what we conceive to be good. If we have corn and meat, and know of a family that have none, we divide with them. If we have more blankets than sufficient, and others have not enough, we must give to them that want.

"My reason teaches me that *land cannot be sold*. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate, as far as is necessary for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have right to the soil—but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it.—Nothing can be sold, but such things as can be carried away."

SELF-FLATTERY.—It is astonishing how complacently we appropriate to ourselves, individually, any compliment that might be paid us *en masse*. Whoever formed one of an assemblage addressed as an "enlightened and discerning public," that did not immediately take credit to himself for being both enlightened and discerning, and rest perfectly content that he was alike spirited and generous, though

perhaps unable to penetrate the mystery of a mouse-trap, and perfectly guiltless of ever parting with a penny for which he had not previously "value received."

Original.

The following lines were sent to a friend, with a honey-suckle plucked from her children's grave, which was covered with clover.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

MOTHER, not to make you weep,
Do I send this simple flower;
Wandering where your babies sleep,
I culled it from their honied bower.
Attracted by the lovely spot,
Where the little slumberers lay
All alone, but not forgot,
There I bent my devious way.

Bending o'er their peaceful bed,
I dropped a tear on either one,
As I leaned my aching head
On the cold white altar stone.
Stooping o'er their blooming graves,
Visions of the past returned;
Memories like ocean's waves
Rose, and in my bosom burn'd.

Mary, they were once thine own,
Once they charmed a mother's eye;
Cherubs now before the throne,
They tune their harp's rich melody.
From their grave I culled this flower,
Fragrant in its dewy charms—
Emblem of the fleeting hour,
When they sported in your arms.

Take the gift, and blame me not
If for once I robbed the tomb;
Numbers on the lovely spot,
'Neath the old oak sweetly bloom.
There, in dreamy silence meet,
Trees and shrubs, and wild-wood flowers;
Pants your soul the loved to greet,
Go to Oakland's leafy bowers.

Sag Harbor, (L.I.) Sept. 10, 1843.

FRIENDSHIP.

False friends, like insects on a stormy day,
Bask in the sunshine, but avoid the shower;
Uncertain visitants, they flee away,
E'en when misfortune's clouds begin to lower.

EXCLUSIVENESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WE frequently hear it objected to the institution of Odd Fellowship, that it is exclusive in its character, and narrow in the sphere of its benevolence. There is a class of men who, if you will believe their professions, are extremely liberal in their views, and catholic in their feelings of benevolence. They cannot endure the thought, that any one set of men should possess any thing which is not the common property of the race, and they perpetually ask, if there is anything good in Odd Fellowship why do you not come out and give it to the world, so that all may enjoy its benefits? Moreover, they cannot endure the thought, that one man should be relieved in sickness and distress, unless all others are made partakers in the same benefits, and hence again they ask, why do you confine your relief to your own members instead of relieving all who need aid? In answer to the first question, it is sufficient to say that it is based entirely upon a misapprehension of the Order. All that is of service to the world is made known and may be the property of any who choose to avail themselves of its advantages. We have never intimated that we were in possession of any great secrets of vast importance to be known, and a revelation of all the mysteries of the Order would confer no benefit upon society. On the contrary, the secrets of Odd Fellows are only useful to Odd Fellows in enabling them to detect the impostor, and preserve themselves from his attempts at deception, and they derive their utility solely from the inherent power to do good to the world. To reveal them therefore would do the world no good, but would render them useless to ourselves and all others. Here then the querist may see the reason, and the only reason why we do not spread out to the gaze of the world all the secrets of the Order.

The other question, which asks why

we do not relieve indiscriminately the wants of the suffering, might properly be answered by asking another. Suppose we were to enquire of the interrogator himself; Sir, why do you not relieve all the distress you see around you? And why do you not feed all the children you see instead of confining your provisions to those of your own house? We presume there would be no difficulty in obtaining a definite answer, that the ability is wanting. We pray you then allow us the benefit of the same plea. We are in possession of no philosopher's stone which is able to change everything into gold, nor are our stores sufficiently abundant to enable us to relieve all the sufferings of the world. It would be very convenient no doubt to have our almshouses exempt of their inmates to be supported by Odd Fellows; and we have little doubt but it would be well pleasing to our friend the objector himself, when asked for alms to be able to say; "no, I never relieve the poor, but yonder is an Odd Fellows' hall, and there you will be sure to find relief." Nor are we disposed to deny that it would be well pleasing to us to be the agents of distributing, so wide and universal relief to the sufferings of our fellow-beings. But where shall we obtain the funds? Will our friend the objector be one who will furnish his full quota of the expense? Since then the sphere of our efforts must of necessity be limited, where shall the limit be fixed?

The nature of the institution fixes these limits at once. It is formed for *mutual aid*, and its funds are gathered under the express stipulation that each member in need, shall have not merely the poor privilege of receiving charity from the Order, but a just and legal right to specified, timely and efficient aid. For this purpose our funds are collected, under this express stipulation they are paid, and they cannot be diverted from these objects without rank injustice. There would be

precisely as much propriety in censuring an insurance company for not paying for every man's house that happened to be destroyed by fire, as in finding fault with us because we do not support all the sick and bury all the dead. The truth is, one man has paid his insurance, and has a right to a remuneration of his loss from the fund thus created. So in our case some have become members of our society and secured a right to its benefits by aiding in raising the requisite funds, and rights thus acquired cannot be invaded, for the purpose of gratifying a mock benevolence which folds its arms and does nothing, because it cannot do all that might be desirable.

We are perfectly well aware that an attempt to relieve all the distress and suffering of the poor on our part would be a failure. For this reason we choose to do our work well and effectually as far as we go, and we promise the objector beforehand, that where he can point us to an Odd Fellow in distress he shall be relieved. Beyond this, as an institution, we have never professed to have the means of going. As individuals, we hope to say in truth that we would not willingly be slow to relieve the poor around us, but as Odd Fellows we are members of an institution formed for "*mutual aid*," and we are not willing to be charged with exclusiveness, because we practice upon the principles of *MUTUAL* rather than *UNIVERSAL* benefits. So far as we have professed, in this respect, have we also practised, and we repeat the declaration so often made, that any man to receive the benefits of the institution must become a member of it. And there is no exclusiveness in the case, for its doors are open alike to all and upon precisely the same conditions. — *Covenant*.

He that buys that which he does not want, will soon want that which he cannot buy, so says Lacon.

GRAND PROCESSION OF ODD FELLOWS—DEDICATION OF THEIR MAGNIFICENT HALL.

[THE Baltimore Sun, contains a full account of the celebration of the U. S. Grand Lodge in that city on the 18th ult. in connection with the dedication of the new and magnificent Hall. We copy such portions of it as we think will be most interesting to our readers. We did not receive the published account of this celebration until our second form was printed, which necessarily prevented us from publishing as much of it as we otherwise should.]

From the Baltimore Sun.

OUR city, yesterday, presented throughout a greater part of the day, a scene of animated and brilliant display, composed of the various Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the city, our state and portions of the states of Pennsylvania, Virginia and the District of Columbia, assembled on the occasion of the dedication and consecration of the magnificent Hall of the Order, just completed on North Gay street. At an early hour they began to assemble under their respective Marshals, on the line of North Gay street, and by 10 o'clock the column was completed and commenced the march, in the order and according to the arrangement annexed. The procession, composed as it was of the members of an exclusive society, distinguished for the beneficent purposes of its organization, and directing its energies to the amelioration of every kind of human suffering within its defined sphere of action, was well calculated to elicit an eminent degree of moral respect; while the significant and peculiar character of its various emblems, its rich regalia and glittering insignia, its gay banners and the joyous strains of music, of course attracted universal attention, and drew out the citizens, their wives and families to the streets, thronging the

pavements upon the line of march with countless crowds of men, women and children arrayed in holiday clothes, and with their faces dressed with the gladness and the joy, the scene was so well adapted to inspire. We presume that the occasion, and those associated therewith, were regarded with the same sentiments, by all observers. The quiet and unpretending manner in which the Order of Odd Fellows has pursued the even tenor of its labor of love, has been in every way calculated to beget, on the part of those who do not even participate in the benefits thereof, an eminent degree of respect and genuine esteem. Combining within its extended and rapidly extending sphere, men of all political and religious sects and denominations, it is impossible for it to interfere with, or in any influence either; hence it engages the good will and respect of all, while eliciting the jealousy of none. This was uniformly manifested yesterday, and throughout the whole day, moving as we were, promiscuously amongst the multitudes of spectators, there was not a single word at any time reached our ear in the slightest degree disrespectful of the Order.

[Nineteen subordinate Lodges and six Encampments were present that joined the procession. Besides those belonging to the city, there were those from the District of Columbia, Virginia and Pennsylvania, bearing banners, on each of which were inscribed appropriate emblems and mottoes.]

The members of the Encampments marched in the following order, dress and regalia:

The Sentinel with Drawn Swords.

The Banner with Supporters.

The members two abreast, in black; with black apron and gloves, and purple collars.

Supporter,	}	Junior Warden,	}	Supporter,
with staff.		with crook.		with staff.

Supporter, } with staff. }	Senior Warden, } with crook. }	Guide, } with staff. }
1st Watch } with staff. }	Treasurer, } with cross keys, }	2d Watch } with staff. }
3d Watch, } with staff. }	Scribe, } with cross pens, }	4th Watch } with staff. }
Guard of } the Tent, } with crook. }	High Priest, } with crosier. }	Guard of } the Tent, } with crook. }
Son of } Ninrod, } with spear }	Chief Patriarch } with Gavel. }	Son of } Ninrod, } with spear }

A band of music succeeded the Encampments, which was followed by

The Grand Lodge of Maryland, with a splendid banner painted by Volkmar, bearing the name of the Lodge and the date of its institution, 1819, on one side; and on the other a blending of the insignia and emblems of the Order, with the motto, "Amicitia, Amor et Veritas." Marshal, Mr. Seth Pollard. The various emblems in charge of this Lodge, are designated as follows, and were borne in the order annexed.

The Grand Guardian.

The Banner with Two Supporters.

Past Grand's, two abreast.

The Fasces, borne by two abreast.

The Seven Rams' Horns.

The Hour Glass.

The Ark of the Covenant.

The Three Links, by two abreast.

The Arrows, by two abreast.

The Serpent, by two abreast.

The Golden Pot of Manna, by two abreast.

Aaron's Budding Rod, by two abreast.

Cornucopia; by two abreast.

The Bible and Triangle.

The Two Globes.

Past Grand Masters, two abreast.

The Grand Warden with Supporters.

The Grand Treasurer, with Supporters.

The Grand Secretary, with Constitution, Supporters.

The Deputy Grand Master with Supporters.

Grand Master with Supporters.

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The Outside Grand Guardian with Drawn Sword.

Next came three Heralds on horseback, in whom we recognized W. H. Watson, Archer Ropes, and James M. Anderson, Esqrs.

A large car on wheels, constructed for the occasion, drawn by four grey horses, each led by a groom in Turkish costume, the car containing about 75 orphan children, all neatly dressed, and under education at the expense of the Order. This interesting object, was of course to many by far the most pleasing picture of the whole line; and indeed it was well calculated to call out the deeper emotions of the heart, and bring down blessings on an institution whose fostering care is so admirably bestowed. This car was nearly 25 feet in length and constructed in such a manner that a succession of seats of about ten feet in length, such being about the width of the car, rose gradually from the front to an elevation in the rear of about 8 feet from the ground, presenting a moving gallery of the living portraiture of orphan youth. The whole exterior of the car was covered with blue and pink muslin, hanging round the sides in festoons; supported by rosettes. The space beneath the seats was very properly occupied by every eatable and drinkable suited to the fatigue of the long ride and the oppressive heat of the day, with which the wants of the interesting company above were liberally supplied. On the front of the car was a gilt eagle, having in his beak a scroll with the motto, "For my country," and on the muslin beneath, in large gilt letters, the word "Orphans." On the roll of the car behind, was also inscribed in large gilt letters, the words "Protect the Orphan." The horses attached to the car were gaily caparisoned and furnished for the occasion by Mr. Vance.

After the car, marched about 60 more children, the larger of the boys under ed-

education as orphans, by the Odd Fellows ; there being about 150 at present educated from this source.

The whole of the pupils were under the immediate personal care of the Joint Standing Committee of Education.

The procession was closed by twelve barouches, each containing four persons ; in the few first were the Orators of the Day, Chaplains, and Master of Ceremonies. The others were occupied by members of

The Grand Lodge of the United States, from all parts of the Union, with its officers, and the Past Grand Sires of the Order.

The address by the orator of the day, Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin, M. W. G. M. of Massachusetts, was marked by great beauty of style, an elevated tone and purpose, and forcible and eloquent language.

An accident occurred during the delivery of the address which, while it marred in some measure the pleasantness of the occasion, very happily resulted in no injury to those present. It was the downfall of the stand which had been erected for the occasion, and which was occupied by the orator, members of the Grand Encampment, a band of musicians, a choir of vocal performers, together with some twenty or thirty ladies. They were all brought to the ground in one general crash, the unsubstantial affair having yielded from one end to the other, its entire length and breadth, but happily harmless consequences.

All the ceremonies in the park having been closed, the procession was again formed and proceeded to the new Hall for the purpose of dedication.

CEREMONY OF DEDICATION.

The Master of Ceremonies now invited the M. W. G. M. of Maryland to perform the ceremony of Dedication.

The G. M. by three distinct raps with his Gavel commanded the attention of

the Brethren, and directed the Master of Ceremonies to proclaim the object of the convocation.

The Master of Ceremonies — Most Worthy Grand Master, I assure you it affords me the greatest gratification, and I experience the highest pleasure in complying with your wishes. This assembly of Brothers of the I. O. of O. F. is especially convened by the authority of the Most Worthy Grand Master, for the purpose of dedicating this Hall to the charitable and humane objects of Odd Fellowship.

The M. W. G. M. replied, you will please accept my acknowledgement for having expressed my will and pleasure.

Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. Brother A. Case, D. D. G. S. of South Carilina, which was elequent, fervent, and impressive.

G. M. — Hear, Hear all men, by authority and in the name of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of O. F. of the State of Maryland, I dedicate this Hall to the Grand purpose of Odd Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love, and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity in their fullest extent to 'all its worthy members ; and by this solemn act I hereby declare it duly dedicated. Worthy M. C. you will cause this dedication to be proclaimed to the rising, the meridian, and setting Sun.

M. of C. — Brother Grand Herald in the East, you will please proclaim the Dedication.

G. H. — I will, Right Worthy Master of Ceremonies.

Hear, Hear, Hear, all men, by the authority, and in the name of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of O. F., of the State of Maryland, I pronounce this Hall dedicated to the Grand purposes of Odd Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity, in their fullest extent to all its Worthy members, and by this solemn act I hereby declare it duly Dedicated.

G. H. — Assistant Herald of the South issue the Proclamation to the *Meridian Sun*.

First Assistant Herald. — Hear, all men, by the authority of the *M. W. G. Master*, I proclaim this Hall duly Dedicated to the purposes of Odd Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

G. H. — Assistant Herald of the West, issue the Proclamation to the setting Sun.

Second Assistant Herald. — Hear, all men, by the authority of the *M. W. G. Master*, I proclaim this Hall duly Dedicated to the purposes of Odd Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

G. H. — Most Worthy Grand Master, the proclamation has gone forth to the rising, meridian and setting Sun, that wherever light shines, the principles of Odd Fellowship may be made known.

G. M. — Brother Grand Herald, you have my approbation for having expressed my will and pleasure.

G. M. — (Holding a vessel of pure wa-

ter in his hand, in the act of pouring it out,) I do proclaim in the name of a Friendship as pure as this water, this Hall solemnly dedicated to the practice of that ennobling virtue, which, uniting men as brothers, teaches them to sustain that relation at all times each to the other. In the name of a Love that delights in listening to a tale of sorrow that it may relieve it — that exults in every opportunity to wipe the tear from the weeping eye, and is ever found armed in the defence and protection of the Widow and Orphan, this Hall solemnly consecrated. In the name of Truth, devoid of guile and hypocrisy, which inculcates sincerity and plain dealing, that communicable attribute of Deity which most exalts the character of man on earth, this Hall solemnly consecrated.

The Grand Secretary then read the record of the Dedication, which being concluded, the *M. of C.* invited the *M. W. G. Master* and officers of the Grand Lodge solemnly to attest the same.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD, AND THE NEED OF ITS PRACTICAL RECOGNITION.

Odd Fellowship professes to recognize, and distinctly act upon the doctrine of human brotherhood. We shall not be accused of inappropriateness, then, in presenting a few remarks here upon this fundamental truth — and so long as it is a neglected truth, no considerations of the triteness of the theme should prevent its frequent and earnest enforcement.

But let us, in the first place, see what is meant by the fact of Human Brotherhood. Physiologically it is a truth that all men are brethren. The researches of the most eminent men in this department

have strengthened the scriptural declaration that all the races of our earth are descended from one stock. The brown Nubian, the tawny Malay, the diminutive Esquimaux, the grotesque Chinese, the red Indian, the fair-faced Saxon, all had one parentage — the blood that flows through their veins gushed from the same primeval fountain. Here is a unity that cannot be broken — an identity that no violence can deface. The sun may shine unequally upon the earth, the hours may shift with the meridian lines, the lap of nature may be beautiful with flowers or bleak with frost, but your heart and mine beat time, throb by throb, with the red

man's in Oregon, the Ethiop's at the equator, and the Scythian's among his snows. The Englishman may make war with the dweller by the Gulf of Tonquin, or the Yellow Sea, for a point of honor, or a question of policy, but at every stroke he hacks and mars his own image, and scatters drops of fire upon nerves tender and sensitive as his own.

But this physiological fact is important only because it is the basis of induction to a higher and more significant truth. — If the physical natures of men are essentially the same, we must reasonably expect to find a likeness in their spiritual natures — we must expect to find in all men the same faculties, and the same liabilities. We need not anticipate the same developments, and the same aspects, any more than to find each man exactly resembling the other in face and form. — We need not expect to see the same beauty of soul, any more than the same comeliness of body. We need not look for the same strength of intellect any more than the same force of muscle. We need not pre-suppose the same mental cultivation and expansion, any more than the same health of the organic system, or the same bodily decorations. These are all the offspring of circumstances, of local causes, of individual effort, of artificial labor. But as in every man there are both face and form, and muscular power, and heart and nerves and organs of sense, so in every man's soul there are capacities, affections, a one-ness of essential nature, below and behind all outward and secondary circumstances. And this, we conceive, is what is meant, and all that is meant by the *equality* of men. They all have souls, which are essentially the same — they are all capable of progress, liable to the same spiritual affections, to be urged by the same motives, to be communed with by the same ideas, to be governed by the same general laws. Anything that looks beyond this is a fallacy,

and contradicts palpable facts. All men are equal in essence, they are not equal in form — equal in nature but not in degree. All are immortal, denizens of the spiritual world; but stars as thus they all are, "one star differeth from another star in glory." Aristocracy is based upon a true idea as much as democracy. Let us be understood. The aristocracies we have in the world, in the artificial customs of society, are not the aristocracies that we mean. Not the aristocracy of birth, or wealth, or fashion. Not an aristocracy that monopolizes a common right, or oppresses a common nature. But there are some aristocracies that are undeniable. There is the aristocracy of *Intellect*. Newton, in the radiance of his starry fame, and the exaltation of his towering thought, is higher than the Hottentot at the Cape — bears the impress of a royalty conferred by the hands of the Creator. — And there is the aristocracy of *Labor* — with its brown forehead more regal than the coronet of kings — its brawny arm more potent than the war-axe of Clovis or Martel. Noble, because it has toiled for its honors, battled against the elements, struggled amid the iron din of anvils and looms. Noble, because *it has done something* to make this earth better — has striven and conquered; and we believe that such a soul is greater than the sluggish spirit lapped in indolence, and drunk with sensuality. There, too, is the aristocracy of *Moral Power*, higher than any. The good man, though poor, and despised, stands on an elevation far above earth's monarchs. The battles he has fought with inward sin, the victories he has gained by the help of God, these are more princely tokens than the trophies of human knighthood. The righteous soul, though with coarse garment, and toil-hardened hands, has risen to the truest dignity that there is for human nature, and is a King and a Priest by higher authority than human confirmation.

We cannot deny, then, that there are aristocracies among men, if we look beyond the *essential nature*, the *capacity* and the *right*. But the essential nature, the capacities, the rights of men, these are in all souls the same. And this great bond of identity that time, nor place, nor circumstance can destroy, constitutes relationship—this demonstrates the fraternity of the race—this is what we mean by Human Brotherhood.

But the abstract truth is one thing—the practical recognition of that truth is another, and, as it seems from human history, a very different thing. For, the wars and woes of the Past—the frauds, the crimes, the oppressions of the present, all have sprung, all do spring from the neglect of the truth of Human Brotherhood.

“Mountains intervened,
Make enemies of nations,”

which, had this great truth been practically heeded, had this chord of common humanity been felt throbbing below passion and selfishness, would not have needed the removal of earth's rocky barriers, to have “melted, like kindred drops, into one.” Not the mountain-ridge, not the ocean-surge, not difference of government, not diversity of religion, have been the primary cause of human dissensions—but blind hate, cruel selfishness, artful policy and mad anger. These have drowned man's sympathy for man, have over-mastered his fraternal sentiments, and have caused those who should have lain down together as lambs, to hunt and tear at each other like vultures or eagles.

But we need not turn to the Past in order to discover man's disregard of this great truth. The saddest aspects of our present time are its effects. Look abroad upon society. See the various conditions of men. Some there are who have heaped up wealth enough for many generations—some who know not where to

procure the crust that shall satisfy the cravings of nature, or the garment that shall answer the demands of decency, and shield from the cold. We see the vigorous and the capable, glowing in the very summer of health and borne upon the swift current of prosperity. We look into the hut of the destitute. We see a man stretched out beneath the withering spell of sickness—the arm that was lately so strong for labor, paralyzed—the robust strength stricken mid-current, and dying fast away. We see the helpless wife, the dependent children, the narrow room exhibiting tokens of utter poverty. The eyes of those bed-side watchers are red with weeping, their cheeks are pinched and hollow with hunger; and the agony of the sick-man is aggravated by the wretchedness of those he loves, and by the prospect that if he dies they must perish also, or depend upon a scanty and uncertain charity. The carriage of the rich rolls by us, glittering with blazonry, and pompous with liveried menials. Next, the poor mother passes us, with the hue of death upon her meagre face, and her skeleton infant clutching at her torn garment, and wildly screaming for food. These are some of the inequalities of society, and we say not but that there must always be inequalities. But surely, there need not be, there ought not to be, these sharp *extremes*. God's beautiful earth is broad enough, and rich enough for all. There is grain enough in the cultivated fields, there are garments enough in the crowded mart, yet squalid misery lies at the feet of luxurious splendor, and the stony eyes of famine look in at the very windows of plenty! We do not wish to find fault. We have no remedies to propose. Alas! the case is easier stated than cured. But we mention the plain fact as it is. Something is evidently out of joint. The universe upon its grand scale, moves with the most perfect harmony; but here, in

one nook of the universe — an atom compared with its immensity, yet to hearts that feel their sorrow grinding and crushing them, to those hearts, of momentous and keen importance — *here*, we say, this inequality, this destitution and utter woe, is of magnitude, is serious, is to many incomprehensible. Is not something verily out of order? In this world, so full of harmony, is this discord *natural*? No, truly. Men have too much neglected one fact — the fact of Human Brotherhood. In the greedy, rushing crowd, in the jostling strife of interest, in that omnipresence of self that reaches out its eager arms and strives to scoop in all, in that sensual indifference that batten upon luxury has become velvet-eared, and irritable at all that disturbs its repose; in all this, the voice that shrieks from the common soul, and pleads in the tones of the common humanity, has been disregarded, lost in the clank and roar of the mighty Babel. And back of, below all other works that aim at social reform, at human melioration, *this* great work must first be accomplished — the common humanity must be practically recognized!

To be continued in our next.

ODD FELLOWS IN MASSACHUSETTS. —

The whole number of contributing members to the various subordinate Lodges in Massachusetts, ending July 1st, last past, according to their reports as given in to the Grand Lodge of the State at their late session, was 1490. The following is the number belonging to the respective Lodges: —

Massachusetts, No. 1, Boston,	268
Siloam, " 2, "	265
Suffolk, " 8, "	158
Oriental " 10, "	87
Tremont " 15, "	69
Covenant, " 16, "	17
New England " 4, E. Cambridge,	89
Bethel " 12, West "	71

Merrimac	" 7, Lowell,	79
Mechanic	" 11, "	108
Crystal Fount,	" 9, Woburn,	40
Bunker Hill	" 14, Charlestown,	139
Nazarene,	" 13, Ware,	42
Middlesex	" 27, Malden,	27
Total,		1490

Whole amount of receipts of the above Lodges from initiations, degrees, &c., during the quarter ending July 1st, was \$5296 67. There have been since the first of July three other Lodges instituted in the State, viz.—Warren Lodge, No. 18, at Roxbury; Monument Lodge, No. 19, at East Lexington, and Friendship Lodge, No. 20, at Cambridge. The number belonging to these Lodges, together with have been initiated in the other Lodges during the present quarter thus far, will probably increase the number at the present time to two thousand.

When it is taken into consideration that it is but little over two years since the revival of the Order in Massachusetts, this increase may be considered as most remarkable. Within the last six months Lodges have been established in Rhode Island, Maine and New Hampshire, all of which we are happy to state are in a "successful tide of operation."

☞ P. G. S. Albert Guild, of this city, has been appointed by the G. S. of the U. S., District Deputy Grand Sire for Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.

P. G. Geo. W. Churchill, of Saco, Me., has been appointed to fill the same office for Maine and Canada.

DEDICATION OF COVENANT HALL.—This hall, at the corner of Washington and Essex streets, was dedicated on the evening of the 12th ultimo. An address was delivered by P. G., J. P. Putnam, which is spoken of by those present in the highest terms, and was listened to by a large

and intelligent audience. An original Ode prepared for the occasion by Bro. T. W. Coburn, was sung with the most happy effect.

The Hall has been fitted up after the Parisian style, and for beauty, neatness and comfort, it would be difficult to excel.



THE SYMBOL.

We have a few copies of the first volume of the Symbol on hand which, together with the second volume, now publishing, we will put at *one dollar and fifty cents*!—making in all *five hundred and seventy-six pages*! New subscribers who have commenced with the second volume, can be supplied with the first volume on the same terms.

☞ "Call soon, or you will lose the chance."

THE M. W. Grand Lodge of the U. S., at its late session elected the following officers, to serve for two years :

P. G. M. Howell Hopkins, of Pennsylvania,
M. W. G. Sire.

P. G. M. Wm. S. Stewart, of Missouri, R. W.
D. G. Sire.

P. G. M. Jas. L. Ridgely, of Maryland, R. W.
G. Sec'y.

P. G. M. A. E. Warner, of Maryland, R. W.
G. Treasurer.

P. G. M. Rev. Albert Case, of South Carolina,
R. W. G. Chaplain.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

Graham's Magazine.

Messrs. Redding & Co. — Have placed before us the October number of *Graham's Magazine* — which as usual is filled with choice literature. — Contents of this number — "A Tale of Chamouny" by T. C. Grattan, — "Lord Byron at Venice," — "Love and Pistols," by N. P. Willis, — "Two Pictures of Life," &c. &c. &c.

The Ladies National Magazine,

For October, — Three embellishments — Mount

Auburn Cemetery, with a notice of the same will be found interesting to many of our readers who have not seen this beautiful garden of the dead.

Contents of this number are rich and varied, — to wit : — "Margaret Compton" — "The Empty Nest" — "The Ruins of Palenque," besides other original and interesting papers. Messrs. Redding & Co. 8. State st.

Religious and Literary Gem.

This monthly magazine is the "Religious and Literary Gem" and "Ladies Pearl" united ; a compendium of Religious, Literary, and Philosophical knowledge. — Edited by Rev. E. W. Dennison. September number is before us by the politeness of the publisher J. H. Sears, 32 Cornhill, — \$1.00 per year without engravings, 1,50 with engravings. Plate to this number, "The Sisters of Bethany." Contents to some of the principles papers are, "The Dying Convict" by Rev. E. W. Dennison, "Light from Above" "Art of Printing," by Rev. John Todd, "The Mountain Cottage," "Suiting the Action to the Word," &c. &c.

Ladies American Magazine,

October No. original prose papers, "The Death Cave," an interesting tale, "The Ideal and the Real," a true picture, by Miss Mary Davenport, "A Summer Visit," "Fun with the Doctor," an amusing sketch which our Lady readers will doubtless consider in the light of a practical joke with a happy ending, this sketch alone is worth the price of the number — read it ladies and say if you do not think there may *possibly* be two sides to the question. Jordan & Co. 121. Washington st.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmands, "
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John Schouler, "
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
E. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.
E. H. Smith, Woburn.
Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.
Charles Ball, New Haven, (Ct.)
Jos. L. Smith, Portland, (Me.)
David Robinson, Jr., (do.) 75 Middle st.
Jeremiah Mason, Saco, Me.
D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

☞ We would thank the secretaries of the various Lodges in New England if they would forward us corrected lists of their respective officers.

Odd Fellow's Offering for 1844.

The Odd-Fellow's Offering for the year 1844 is now in press, and will be issued as early as the middle of September next.

The work will contain 300 pages of ORIGINAL MATTER, from the pens of intelligent Odd Fellows, on subjects interesting and useful to the Fraternity; it will also be embellished with elegant Steel Engravings, among which an accurate likeness of a well-known and much-respected Brother will be presented. The book will be printed and bound in the style of the American Annuals, and sold at the low price of *one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy.*

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Hez'h Prince, C. P. Robert L. Robbins, H. P. Wm. H. Jones, S. W. Cha's A. Smith, J. W. John Mears, Jr, Scribe. Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Edward Tyler, C. P. Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

MEMOTONY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—D. Dodge, CP: J. C. Waldo, HP: John S. Souther, SW: J. Vaughton, JW: J. P. Pattee, Scribe: J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP: James M. Stone, HP: Hargraves Lord, SW: Job H. Cole, JW: Alex'r Greene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Sam'l R. Slack, C. P. John S. Ladd, HP: Asa D. Pattee, SW: Lester Leland, JW: Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe: Isaac Kendall, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE.—Edwin Adams, P. G. Edw'd Tyler, DM: E. F. Follen, Scribe, DDM: Gen. L. Montague, ADDM: — Gardner, VG: — Skinner, Sec'y: J. Daniell, Treasurer.

GRAND LODGE.—E. H. Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F. Norris, RWGM: J. Henry Browne, RWGW: William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Jos. L. Drew, P. G.—Geo. T. Carruth, N. G. Benja. H. Brown, V. G. Oliver B. Hill, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y.—Joseph Barnard, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

SUFFOLK LODGE, No. 8.—J. P. Putnam, PG. Edw'd D. Clarke, NG. Newell A. Thompson, VG. Wm. Mickell, Rec. Sec'y. Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y. H. D. Storer, Treas'r. F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

SILOAM LODGE, No. 2.—Jeremiah Richards, P. G. J. R. Mullin, N. G. Raymond Cole, V. G. H. Karl, Jr, Rec. Sec'y. John McClellan, Permanent Sec'y. A. Stuart, Treas. O. A. Skinner, Chaplain.

ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Josiah Daniell, P. G. Goodhue Ambrose, N. G. Geo. L. Montague, V. G. J. J. Whiting, Rec. Sec'y. F. H. Bowers, Permanent Sec'y. Henry Keith, Treas'r. Jas. I. T. Coolidge, Chaplain. J. T. Sargeant, assistant Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4.—Nathaniel P. Brooks, P. G. Wm. E. Parmenter, N. G. Geo. L. Mitchell, V. G. Gardner R. Welch, Sec'y. Wm. A. Hall, Treas'r. Elbridge G. Brooks, Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—J. C. Waldo, P. G. Ichabod Fossenden, N. G. Paul F. Dodge, V. G. John Jarvis, Rec. Sec'y. Michael Kenny, Per. Sec'y. Jesse P. Pattae, Treasurer.

CHRISTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—Dexter Buckman, P. G. W. G. Alley, N. G. Willard Adams, V. G. C. C. Atwell, Sec'y. Sumner Young, Treas'r. Webster B. Randolph, Chaplain.

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TREMONT LODGE, No. 15.—S. M. Allen, P. G.—E. S. Williams, N. G. J. C. Bartlett, V. G. Edw'd Stearns, Rec. Sec'y. C. B. Sawyer, Permanent Sec'y. Wm. F. Lethbridge, Treasurer. F. T. Gray, Chaplain.

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MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, P. G. John Wright, NG: John Taft, VG: Dan'l McLennan, Secretary; A. Greene, Treas'r.

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NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Chas. A. Stevens, PG: Ly-sander Barnes, NG: Geo. H. Hudson, VG: E. L. Brainard, Rec. Sec'y: S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y; Henry Lyon, Treasurer.

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SACO LODGE, No. 2.—George C. Churchill, PG: Gro A. Warren, NG: James Smith, VG: Stephen Webster, Sec'y: Jeremiah Mason, Treasurer.

GRANITE LODGE, No. 1, Nashua, N. H.—David Philbrick, NG: Charles T. Gull, VG: Edwin P. Hill, Sec'y: John L. Pollard, Treasurer.

MONUMENT LODGE, No. 19.—Albert W. Bryant, NG.—Cha's M. Wetherbee, VG. W. E. Cogswell, Sec'y. George Stearns, Treas.

WARREN LODGE, No. 19.—Benj. E. Cotting, NG. Ira Allen, VG. Wm Seaver, Sec'y. — Draper, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays. Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Memotony Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.

Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tu.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics', No. 11, " Friday

Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Bascom's building near the Post Office, Tuesday.

Maine Lodge, No. 1, Portland, Union st., over the Canal Bank.

Saco Lodge, No. 2, Main street, Central Hall.

Granite Lodge, No. 1, Nashua, N. H., meets at Harmony Hall, Tuesday.

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Of every description, neatly and promptly executed.

THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME 2.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1843.

NUMBER 5.

The Odd Fellow's Daughter.

In a small chamber of a dwelling near the suburbs of a large city, lay a pale, emaciated sufferer whose thoughts were now busy with eternity, to which he was fast hastening, and anon with gross earth. A beautiful girl, who knelt by his pillow, as some half-murmured sentence fell on her ear, exclaimed with a voice of uncontrollable emotion, "OH! father, father,—we cannot remain alone in this heartless world; we must follow if you are to leave us. Far away in our own land we *may* have friends, but here, here in this stranger country, this new home, who are to shield and assist the unprotected? None—none! For myself, there is little fear, but oh! father, look at my young brother, so bright, so gay, so warm-hearted," she continued, wildly clasping her hands, and bending her tearful face so low to her parent's that the warm drops bedewed his attenuated features, and hung, glistening, on his hair, "who is to guide him to duty's path, who to watch his growing years, and (though the truth is terrible to dream of) who is to procure him bread?"

"Hush! hush! Liza, dearest, do not waken *him* to the bitter realities that press so heavily on yourself," returned the invalid, gazing with intense affection on a fair boy beside him, hushed in the calm, peaceful slumber that makes childhood look so beautiful, so innocent and heaven-

like; and then turning with an interest equally as fond to his daughter, he resumed—"I have encountered no friends yet in this new land, but then I have been too ill to seek them, and as accident has deprived us of the little wealth hoarded to procure you a pleasant home in this blessed retreat for the exile, and health seems to have forsaken me forever, it is necessary, love, for you to endeavor to bring to my couch those who can smooth this pillow, whisper soft music toned words of peace to the failing spirit, and protect and cherish my children. Will you undertake the performance of what I desire, sweet Liza?" he asked, carelessly smoothing with his wasted and trembling fingers his daughter's tresses.

The maiden uttered no reply—she imagined him delirious, and again the fount of sorrow overflowed, while she encircled his neck with her arm, and pressed closer to his side. Friends! he talk of friends who had been but a single season inhaling America's air, and during that period scarce cognizant of the little enacting even in that close chamber where he lay. He talk of friends, who was poor and ill, and from whom the family with whom he resided had shrunk away, as from contamination, because he had murmured in his sleep of sweet mystic relations; of ties sacred and beautiful that bound him to some distant but cherished objects.

After a brief indulgence of her grief, the young girl arose from her recumbent position, and putting back the invalid's hair, bathed his temples, while she smoothed him tenderly as a watchful mother soothes her infant, for the thought had obtruded, that her own agitation might produce consequences, perhaps fatal, to his enervated frame. The sick man observed her silently for several minutes and then again asked, "Will you endeavor to perform a duty for your father, Liza, ere his eyes close on life? Will you go out into the streets of this strange city and seek for one who can comprehend the nature of this," he said, placing a paper in his daughter's hands, which he had more than once been attentively regarding. "You think me wandering, love—that the approaching doom shadows my intellect," he continued, with a faint effort to smile, "but you are wrong, quite wrong. Draw near, sweetest, and I will tell you what a hope is mine at this hour. Do you remember your brother Templer's connexion with a band of brethren on whom we looked suspiciously, because their mode of initiation and some of their forms were necessarily concealed from public gaze—and can you recall how we became acquainted with their tender charities, their beautiful virtues and the injustice of our suspicions, when he lay suffering for long weeks with that terrible fever, and you too young to be his nurse? Do you mind how those noble-hearted men, fearless of danger, gathered round their brother and ministered to his necessities when even those of his own kindred shrank away terrified from the pestilential chamber; and how, at last, after watching night after night by his side until life failed, what a sweet spot they selected for his resting place, and what groups of attached ones followed him, with slow and solemn steps to the grave, while soft, melancholy music floated on the air for his dirge? Do you re-

member all this, love," asked the invalid, whose voice grew faint from exertion.

"Oh! yes, I mind well when dear Templer pressed his parting kiss on my cheek," replied the girl, "and bade me tell Stanwood of his cheerful death-bed, and urge him when he grew old enough to join his band of tried and faithful brothers. I would we were among Templer's woman-like watchers now, dear father, and you were one of them, we should not be so desolate."

"I *am* one of them, dearest," said her father, "when I comprehended the motives the acts, the hopes, the charities that linked Templer with those God-like men, my hand and theirs in a clasp of love, while my lips murmured words of faith never, never to be cancelled. This was far away across the blue ocean, but their ties are the same all over the wide world, and it is yours, love, now to endeavor to discover from among the inhabitants of this fair city one who can understand and reply to my mystic language. Whatever may be the standing of such, my Liza, you are safe, for an Odd-Fellow's truth is inviolate—an Odd-Fellow's protection sacred as a kindred's."

"You dream, father," exclaimed the maiden, "our sex may not be taught the mystic sign of recognition. How then am I to know one of those whom I must ever love for lost Templer's sake, and remember for their virtues?"

"I can devise but one method to discover what I desire, my daughter—listen, and do not shrink from it if the task appear somewhat difficult," said the invalid, to whom an unnatural strength seemed to have been transiently permitted, raising himself and articulating with earnestness. "These are the days of light and knowledge, and this, a land of free privileges, but we have, unfortunately, fallen among those who look on all foreigners with suspicion, and deem their actions faulty, their words treasonable. Ill and

suffering as I have been, (though still believing health would be restored,) I could not institute inquiries concerning those whose assistance is needed; so you, dearest, as my only friend, forgetting your maiden timidity and bashfulness, must wander out into the streets of this populous city, accosting those whom you encounter until one recognizes and replies to this card on which is inscribed my name and Order. When such is found, he will obey the call of his stranger brother as readily as my Liza would fly to hers, were he sick or suffering. Nay, do not weep love; the mission should not be undertaken with tears, since it may bring happiness to you and Stanwood, and protection when this wasted form is laid to rest," said the sick man, and fatigued with the unusual exertion, his momentary strength vanishing, he lay with blanched cheek, closed eyes and scarcely perceptible respiration, until again roused by the sobs of his child.

Liza Wallace had seldom acted for herself; she had ever been a sweet, petted plaything, docile and obedient to the wishes of those she loved; so when she observed the affliction they caused her father, the tears were speedily dried on her pale cheeks—pale from sorrowful watchings and tender anxieties; they were not always pale, for never did sweeter, fairer roses bloom in southern gardens than those that made a bed on Liza's dimpled cheeks, rivalling the inner hue of the ocean's pride, the boasted and rich-tainted sea-shell—and with her pretty bonnet, partially shading, though not concealing her modest face, she prepared to undertake the required mission.

First making more comfortable the position of her father, who prayed for her success, and kissing him tenderly, she roused her young brother from his happy dreams to watch by him, and set out on her singular errand.

It was a clear, bright summer afternoon,

and the sky wore its loveliest robe of unspotted azure, while the atmosphere was rendered pleasant by a soft, cool breeze. Long immured in a small chamber, too full of tender sorrow for her sick parent to think of the various scenes in the outdoor world, Liza moved like a somnambulist and was many paces from her home (?) ere she recovered from her bewilderment. When she awoke to a consciousness of what was enacting around her, and remembered the object of her errand, she trembled and felt unequal to the task. What! could she who had ever shrunk from strangers—she so bashful and retiring, attract the attention of passers in the public streets, like some half-famished mendicant, to be replied to perhaps in cold and insulting language? No—no.—Though the object of her mission was simple and perfectly understood by herself, she felt that situated as she was, she could not make others understand her. She gazed with a terrible sensation of utter loneliness on the unfamiliar objects that met her glance. Men, occupied with their own thoughts, their own anticipations, their employments, pursuits, and cares, hurried by so rapidly that she would have failed to attract their observation had she essayed. At length the thought of her father so near to death, her own and her brother's orphanage, together with the remembrance of the numberless petty annoyances that were doomed to endure in the family with whom they resided, acted magically in awakening her to some determination and energy. She stopped a moment, in front of a large and handsome residence, to collect herself, unconscious that two boys, who had followed her steps for some time, were attentively regarding her, and that a young man from a window above was curiously inspecting her charms as she stood, her sweet lips pressed firmly together with new and high resolves, her clear bright eyes bent modest-

ly downward, and her white and ungloved hand still grasping the mystic card, a beautiful representation of girlish thoughtfulness. She was aroused from her meditations by a voice remarking, "your eyes deceive you Charley Gibson—the lady may be sick or troubled, by my word for it, she has her sober reason."

"You are right Leonard, and I am heartily ashamed of having so indiscreetly expressed myself," returned another voice that had evidently made some remark to which the first speaker's words seemed a reply, "and she appears to be a stranger, I will speak to her. Perhaps these crowded walks are new to her and she has lost her way—in that case we can set her right."

"Thank you, dear boy," said our heroine, advancing and laying her hand on the speaker's shoulder, "these crowded streets *are* new to me, for I have not walked abroad since I left my home, on the other side of the ocean, four months ago, but I have not mistaken my way."

Charles Gibson, as his young companion had called him, gazed in Liza's face with deep interest while she uttered the foregoing, and when she added, "my father is ill, we are strangers here and friendless," he thrust his hand with a quick, generous, movement in his pocket, but, blushing, withdrew it again saying, "I cannot give you the assistance you may require, for money is not all those like you want, but come home with me and mother with her kind voice and soothing words will make your very heart glad—she loves the stranger and feels for the destitute."

Liza smiled faintly, while her thoughts reverted to the sweet matron whom she met, and whose benignant glance seemed closely to resemble the speaker's, but she shook her head, saying, "I cannot accompany you home, but my heart will never forget its debt of gratitude, or cease to cherish your memory, if you will assist

me in the performance of a mission undertaken for a dying parent." She then explained the desire of her father, though with considerable embarrassment, for Liza knew but little of the land where she had sought a home, and Mr. Wallace, though he was confident a few of his tried band existed somewhere in our Republic, yet he was ignorant what blessed spot beheld the commencement of their labor of love.

Scarcely had Liza unfolded her errand than all fear and embarrassment vanished, for grasping her hand with genuine warmth the boy exclaimed, "Leonard Moreland would say 'luck's every thing,' or 'how unfortunate,' but I think it Providential, sweet lady, that you were directed to your humble servant, since my dear father numbers one of the few you name. Come," he cried delightfully, "you cannot refuse to bear me company now when I tell you my mother has sweet words for the comfortless and my father will welcome you tenderly."

Charles Gibson speedily conducted the young stranger to his own dwelling, and led her into the presence of his father, encouraging her with his cheerful voice, and bidding her disclose her errand. Liza attempted but in vain to obey her little guide; the words she would fain have articulated died away on her lips, and all resolutions failing, she covered her face, with her hands and wept unreservedly. "You speak to her, mother, and quiet her fears," said the boy, to a lady who entered the room, and he turned aside to hide the sympathizing drops gathering in his own eyes. The trembling Liza looked up as the lady replied, "I will Charles," and encountered the maternal face of one who had much interested her in the street, and to whom she had felt tempted to address. Assured by such gentle presence, her tears dissipated, language came fluently, and a few minutes sufficed to acquaint the Odd-Fellow's wife with her

little history. How that they had left the old world to seek an asylum in the new—that in removing from the ship in which they had voyaged, a trunk containing nearly all of their wealth was misplaced or stolen; that her father being too ill to investigate the affair, it could not be recovered. How that they had sought a transient home in a small dwelling on the suburbs, hoping the air, less confined and heated than in the midst of the populous city, would be beneficial to the invalid, but that he grew hourly worse, and now that he was near to death, he had commissioned her to bring to his couch those the card she bore named.

Mr. Gibson was a noble-hearted man, just such an one as the "Bard of Avon" thus describes:

"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from the heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth."

Need we explain the result of our heroine's application to such an Odd-Fellow? No,—

"The benefits he sowed in her, met not
Unthankful grounds."

The brilliant orb of day had disappeared, leaving as a memento to his visit a few soft beams on the spots he had last kissed, when Liza Wallace knelt again by her father's pillow. Within the past hour, several manly forms had moved with quiet step about the chamber of disease, and voices modulated to tenderest cadences, had fallen on the ear of the sufferer, conveying peace for the present and calming all apprehension for the future, while, as if the scene had lacked something without her holy presence, a mild-eyed woman had lingered among them, now performing gentle offices for the invalid, and now soothing the stricken mourners—the Odd-Fellow's children. The father and daughter were alone with each other a brief while, and the latter said, raising her head from the bosom

that was soon to cease its pulsation, and speaking earnestly, "I know now dear father that I must yield you up, and I have stilled all selfish murmurings, though not without long and severe struggles.—My whole thoughts are with you still, and must be until I behold you no longer, but after that time I will live for those who have taken away half the bitterness of this hour, and whatever hopes, or wishes I *may* have, they shall be sacrificed on the altar of gratitude."

"Blessings on thee, dearest, for such words," said Wallace, faintly, "may they be kept unbroken, and may Stanwood too, remember how much is due those who, bound by no kindred tie, have yet extended the hand of friendship to the stranger in a strange land." The maiden waited for him to continue, but he never spoke again. A tender glance, a gentle pressure of the fingers, and now and then a placid smile were the only evidences of his consciousness.

"Oh! God, it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood,"

says the poet, but the scene is robbed of half its gloom, when the heart from which life is ebbing is at peace with earth and gladly anticipating heaven—when the hand of friendship removes the death-news from the brow, while lips trembling with tenderness whisper words of hopeful import to the dying, and sweet promises to those who weep.

Such was the scene that Liza beheld at midnight in her father's chamber; she who but a few hours since deemed herself desolate, now listened to the language of pure affection and truth. The last sigh was uttered, a beautiful tranquility stole over the attenuated features of Wallace, the limbs grew chill and motionless, and his children were orphans. Soon they wrapped him in his snowy vesture, the last robes of poor humanity is doomed to wear; the funeral train glided slowly and

mournfully to the place where numbers sleep "the sleep that knows no waking," and the clods of the valley shut out all but his remembrance. — *Covenant*.

Original.

MEMORY.

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. R. T. —
HARTFORD.

YEARS have past by since last we met,
But my heart is not estranged;
Affection's ties are cherished yet
Though all around is changed,
Fair Memory wreaths thy image still
In dreams around my head
Nor Time, nor distance may dispel
The charm which Love hath shed
To cheer my darksome hours, and bring
A balm to heal misfortune's sting.

My life hath been a chequered scene
Of good and ill combined;
One flower hath bloomed, and still is green
To soothe my wayward mind;
'Midst Joy and Grief this flow'ret blooms
And ever bright and fair
It wafts around its choice perfumes
To chase away "dull care;!"
The soul obeys sweet Memory's power
And smiles at Time's eventful hour.

A debt of gratitude I owe
To thee, my gentle friend; —
Thine was not passion's feverish glow,
But Friendship, pure, refined,
Warm, unaffected and sincere,
To win the generous heart;
There thy soul's image bright and clear
Doth still its light impart,
Its beam hath shone through live-long years
On Memory's page it still appears.

I bless that ray, its holy beams
Illume my steadfast sight;
Long shall it charm my waking dreams
And gild my darkest night.
While Friendship, Love and Truth are found
Thy name, thy worth enshrined,
Shall shed a heavenly radiance round
Upon my grateful mind;
Let time roll on — his stern control
May bend, but cannot change the soul.

Original.

THE OLD MANUSCRIPTS.—No. 3.

BY ALONZO.

THE "MYSTERY."

My readers are no doubt familiar with an old painting called the "Mystery," at least if they have not seen the original, they have only to visit Italy, in order to see the veritable "Simon pure," hanging in all the smoky antiquity of many years in the numerous inns and houses of entertainment of the "sunny clime," not as an accompaniment or associate of the works of the venerated masters of the Italian school, but placed in the same position, and to be regarded in the same light as we often look upon the King's fool, of the time of Henry the Eighth, — a single step from the sublime, to the ridiculous.

The painting in question, whether it was intended to perpetuate an actual, or imaginary occurrence (the latter does not seem probable) or to hold up to ridicule one of the many pretensions of the Romish Church or not, tradition saith not; at least it gives us some idea of the fallacy of miracles as formerly claimed by the great holder of the Keys of St. Peter, — and as such deserves a place among the curious "old manuscripts" of "Alonzo."

"By the force of the true catholic faith,
St. Anthony won upon the fishes,"

Is an old saying common to that portion of Ireland, which borders upon Connought, and that he had great command over fire, and a power of destroying by flashes of that element, those who incurred his displeasure, is still believed in by a large portion of the uneducated sons of the "Emerald Isle," and related with numerous modifications, variations, &c., to suit occasions and meridians, is well known to every preserver of the curious and "far fetched" either in art or letters. Yet among the numerous traditions of

the "old country," which relate to the good St. Anthony, there is one which if known by the *few* may yet remain unknown to the *many*. It is in substance as follows, and being a true copy of a paper drawn from the "*bundle tied with the red tape*," may be relied on as authentic: (as least so far as copy goes.)

A reverend Monk of the Order of St. Anthony, having assembled his congregation one day, beneath the umbrageous foliage of a venerable sycamore, within whose branches a magpie had built her nest, into which he had conveyed by secret means a box of gunpowder, to which was attached a long thin match, concealed from his audience, among the branches of the trees; about the time of the commencement of the sermon, the assistants of the monk had set fire to the match, in the mean time, the magpie returned to her nest and finding within it a substance which she could not remove, fell into a passion and began to scratch with her feet, and chatter with great vehemence.

The good friar affected not to hear her and continued his sermon without emotion, other than merely lifting his eyes toward the nest as if to ascertain the cause of the outcries of the bird. At last when he judged the match had burned nearly to the powder, he pretended to be quite out of patience, he called the poor magpie all manner of hard names, and cursed her for an ill omened bird that had almost spoiled his sermon, and wished St. Anthony's fire from heaven, might fall upon her and consume her, when the match on a sudden produced its effect, and blew up the magpie, nest and all, — which miracle wonderfully raised the character of the friar, and proved afterwards very beneficial to him and his convent. How long this pleasant state of things might have remained, we know not; yet we know the unhappy interruption of it was caused by the disaf-

fection of a lay-brother of the Order, who being in the secret was so ungateful to his brother confessor as to blow him and the pretended miracle as high (comparatively) as he did the poor magpie a short time before. This illustrious miracle has been immortalized on canvass, and hangs as before observed in all the smoky antiquity of years in still more smoky Italian houses of entertainment.

THE AMERICAN GRAVE YARD — in New Orleans, is encompassed by a substantial brick wall. The receptacles for the dead are so very different from what we are accustomed to, in this section of the country, that I was forced to notice their singularity. They are built of brick, all above ground against the walls, and throughout the enclosure in rows, three and four stories high and in blocks like buildings. They are called ovens, and resemble somewhat in their appearance the ordinary baker's ovens. They are about 18 inches square at the mouth, and the same width the whole depth. Into these the coffins are shoved and the outside closed in with a slab of marble or slate, on which are the inscriptions. The prices fixed are 50 dollars each, and 4 dollars a foot for the ground to build upon. I wandered through the ground upwards of an hour and found many of these ovens unoccupied for sale. It is customary to prepare extensively in this way every year before the sickly season comes on.

There are no towering monuments, or sodden graves, or planted tombstones, or vaults, neatly fenced in family lots, as meet the eye in our grave yards. One imagines himself while looking upon the scene before him among a strange people and in a strange country.

FLOWERS are the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write, on hills and plains, mysterious truths.

A FARMER OUTWITTED. — The following anecdote is related of the late Mr. Cilley, member of Congress from Maine, who, it will be recollected, fell in a duel with Graves of Kentucky. While Mr. Cilley was practising law at Thomaston, he kept a dog of most voracious appetite, and withal notoriously mischievous. A farmer coming along one day with his load of fresh meat for market, stopped his wagon near Mr. Cilley's office. — The dog was on the lookout, and no sooner was the farmer's back turned than he seized a fine piece of mutton, and made off at the top of his speed. The farmer returned just in time to catch a glimpse of his meat as it disappeared in the distance. Pursuit was useless, and having learned to whom the dog belonged, he directed his steps to Mr. Cilley's office. Instead of demanding at once his pay for the lost meat, the farmer thought he would introduce his business so shrewdly as to entrap the lawyer before he suspected anything.

"Squire Cilley, I want your advice in a little matter which has just happened."

"What is it, Mr. N. ? I should be happy to assist you."

"Why, nothing, only a dog stole a quarter of meat out of my waggon, and I want to know if I can make the owner of the dog pay the damage."

"Oh, certainly sir, you have good cause of action ; shall I make a writ ?"

"I forgot to tell you it was your dog, Squire."

"My dog — my dog — is it possible ! well, Tiger is a lawless puppy, I am aware. How much is the damage, Mr. N. ?"

"Well, I guess about fifty cents will make me whole."

"Here's the money ; please sign this receipt."

The business was done and the farmer took up his hat to depart.

"Stay, Mr. N., have you not forgotten something?" said Mr. Cilley.

"Why, not as I know on," said the farmer, staring about and feeling in his pockets, "what is it?"

"My fee, sir," replied the lawyer, smiling in his turn. "You consulted me professionally, and I have a demand on you for the usual fee in such cases." — The farmer seeing he was fairly caught, inquired the amount of the fee. On being told a dollar, he very reluctantly handed over the shiner, and departed, muttering curses on lawyer's dogs, but deeper ones on their masters.

DEAF AND DUMB. — A friend of ours some time since handed us a scrap of an old newspaper, we extract the following sketch of an examination held at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in London, of the children, in their knowledge of the divine truth:

A little boy was asked in writing, 'Who made the world?'

He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the question,

"In the beginning God created the Heaven and the earth."

The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner,

"Why did Jesus Christ come in to the world?"

A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote,

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all exception, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently to call his most powerful feelings into exercise —

"Why were you borne deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote,

"Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight." — *Licking Valley Register.*

Original.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER VII.

I am endeavoring, as far as possible to profit by my present situation ; for having waited with impatience for the honor of being in the company of the greatest geniuses of (if honor there be) in the age, I thought I could do nothing better than turn chronicler of conversations.

M. LOCKE — MSS.

To one familiar with crime, it is not to be supposed that the walls of Bellevue would present an alarming appearance, and the acquaintance of Count Marango, with the inner temple of this receptacle of vice and crime, was not in this instance made for the first time—he was by no means a Neophyte, his noviciate had long been passed, ere he looked upon its iron doors, or listened for the first time to the harsh dissonance of its grating hinges. — Following the turnkey, with much apparent unconcern, he threw himself carelessly upon an old chair, without any apparent concern, or any manifestation of regret or sorrow at the constrained dimensions of his new locality, but on the contrary, commenced an examination of contents of his pockets — having ascertained the state of his finance, he composed himself as well as his circumstances would allow, to sleep of the intervening hours from twelve at night until the morning.

Day dawned in Paris, the rising sun shed his bright beams over the fair city, gladdening many hearts with his enlivening influences—a few lumnious rays penetrated the recesses of the prison and awoke again to consciousness its many sleeping inmates—within the breasts of some were rewarded hopes of freedom, from incarceration, and restitution to happiness and society. The anguish of dis-

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pair, and the Demon of Intemperance with the dawn of another day, again sought their empire and reigned supreme, during the narrow limits of another day even within the dark cells of Bellevue, and left no repose to their victims until the last rays of departing sun-light gilded the eastern hills.

In this congregated mass of depravity and misfortune, it may not be uninteresting to notice a few of the characters comprising its mighty “mass of wickedness” and the manner in which they pass a large portion of their time.

The fifth ward of the eastern wing of Bellevue, in which “Count” Marango was incarcerated, was occupied by three noted criminals awaiting trial at the coming assizes. Their familiar aliases were, Duroc, Martinique, and Messur.

Duroc, the eldest and apparently the most hardened of the three, was stout, athletic power, possessing a countenance in which might be traced the deepest, impurest of licentiousness and crime, the wild and rolling glance of his deep sunken eye, and the grin scowl that always adorned his swarthy visage at once proclaimed him the robber and the assassin. His bearing was one of perfect recklessness; a sort of devil-may-care jollity kept up his own spirits and imparted a sort of show boldness, to his less hardened associates in crime. Count Marango was not long in making the acquaintance of Duroc, — in fact, to use his own expression, he was a “choice spirit” which fate had thrown in his way, as if to “light up” the hours of his own retirement from active to meditative villany—for in the dark abodes of infamy and crime in the narrow confines of the felon’s cell beneath the murderous chains, there remains a spirit unbowed still and from the accumulated evil of a depraved heart, there still lies downmost a mighty energy which a breath can hurdle into a flame—a trivial circumstance put in operation,

either for untold weal or woe. Our inquisitive Count having made the acquaintance of this prince of assassins, felt much at home in listening to his many curious adventures and various villainies by him perpetrated during a long life of crime. Some of the numerous and successful robberies, abstraction, and appropriations of the goods, chattels, and other valuables by him appropriated to his own use and behest will be found in the succeeding chapters of the Five Franc Piece — the origin and cause of his present imprisonment will be found in chapter 8th.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 2.

Original.

MR. SPECTATOR — SIR :

Having noticed a communication in a former No. of the Symbol, indited by C ———, and also observed the kind offer made to devote a page for the use of those who may have something "rather Odd," to make known, I hasten to avail myself of the opportunity, thus presented, of relating a few facts, in a candid and unbiassed manner, without cherishing any "hatred or malice," towards any one.

To proceed, without further preface, to my narrative, I must inform you that I have for some time past been exceedingly annoyed by the "attentions," of a young gentleman, who seems determined to persist in his addresses, whatever may be said or done to prevent him.

I think it is a hard matter, if when we treat young gentlemen with mere civility, that they should take it for granted that we mean every thing else which they may choose to imply. And also when we give plain and positive hints, with regard to those which we would choose for our companions, should they not be considered sufficient to awaken the sense of any ingenious and reflecting person, and

cause him to pause and examine his position; and whether he may not in reality be trespassing upon "forbidden ground."

I must assure you Mr. Spectator, that all my hints have been utterly thrown away. If they have excited the least attention, or answered any feeling whatever, it has been repressed. Nay, more, when of late I have considered it my duty "to make a virtue of necessity," and to inform Mr. ——— in plain and unequivocal terms of my feelings, and that I could not receive any particular attentions from him, that I had made up my mind firmly upon the subject, — he listened to me with just as much attention as he would have done, had I been relating some very ordinary circumstance.

It was with great exertion that I was enabled thus fully and plainly to express my mind. But all the good effected, was that he charged the subject with provoking nonchalance, to something about the election which he said was to take place in a few weeks; and he wondered which party would be the strongest next year in the "Bay State."

I can assure you, sir, that I have endured these things patiently, for a long period, until they have become any thing but pleasant. I have tried by every means in my power to induce this specimen of self-esteem, (for I cannot but consider him as such) to discontinue his visits in our family, but to no purpose. In reality, I am almost discouraged. If, for instance, at a party I receive the most marked attentions of a young gentleman through the whole evening, without noticing him in the least, he takes it all in good part, or rather with the same indifference, but still continues his everlasting visits, whether he knows that I am engaged or not. I sometimes think that if I were removed by death, he would still visit the house for years, — perhaps without noticing any change in the company.

But a ray of light has suddenly dawn-

ed upon my mind. I have just perused the second part of Prof. Ingraham's interesting story of Edward Tileston. — If Henry—— (for I will tell part of his name) will but join the Odd-Fellows, he may yet learn "good manners," at least; and as the Lodge meets every week, I shall have one evening to myself, at any rate. Yours truly, ANNA.

P. S. If he can be admitted I will contribute the amount for his initiation fee with great pleasure.

THE SPECTATOR, No. 3.

MR. SPECTATOR: — From the information which I could obtain respecting the principles of Odd Fellowship, I had formed a most favorable opinion of the Institution; and it was my determination, some weeks since, to have offered my name, as a candidate for admission, believing that I should experience much pleasure in the fellowship of those who have so wisely chosen for their motto the magic words of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.

But a sudden and impassable barrier presented itself. When I mentioned, my determination to my dear Caroline, I was surprised to find how strenuously she was opposed to every thing in the shape or semblance of *secret societies*, although she had never before made any formal objection, when the subject of Odd Fellowship had been the theme of conversation. I endeavored to reason with her, but in vain. I then proceeded to paint, in the fairest colors and proportions, the beauties and the graces which I assured her were to be found in the temple reared by the hands of Odd Fellows — among whose noble pillars the eye rests with peculiar pleasure upon those of FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY — there the divine attribute of LOVE is exemplified in its widest and most beautiful extent and variety, either in administering to the wants and wishes

of a sick brother, or soothing the Orphan's woe, and dispelling the dark cloud of sorrow from the eloquent face of childhood; or imparting a peace and consolation to the widow's heart, in the assurance that her children shall receive that kind care and attention which their young and tender age demands. These topics were illustrated with all the ingenuousness and ardor with which I could portray them, but yet without removing her settled antipathy to secret societies. She very willingly admitted that good might be done by the means, and in the manner which I had depicted; but still a dread *something* was impressed upon her mind respecting the secrecy of the Order, which it was impossible to remove or to dispel.

The subject was not again renewed until a more favorable opportunity presented itself, which I beg leave to relate to you, confining myself merely to facts, as they occurred.

Having occasion to visit the city of Washington, I had the pleasure, after having made known my intention, to learn that Caroline and her sister, with another relative, would accompany me thither.

We had a most pleasant tour through Worcester, Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, Middletown, and New Haven, to New York; spending a short time in each of these places. From New York we proceeded to Philadelphia, which latter city the ladies admired exceedingly, as it luckily happened that no rows or riots were enacted there, during our stay.

We had a delightful journey to Washington, where we remained two days, passing that time most happily in examining the apartments at the Capitol and the public offices, and surveying the scenery around Mount Vernon.

We arrived at Baltimore on Saturday, 16th ult. and I called at the mansion of my friend R. F——, who insisted that we should remain there during our visit

at B. He also informed us that extensive preparations were making to dedicate the new and splendid Hall lately erected on North Gay street, for the purpose of Odd Fellowship, and that the dedication would take place on the ensuing Monday.

The time, the place, and the incidents attending that dedication were of that character, which leave a deep and unfading impression upon every generous and enlightened mind which the hand of Time can never efface.

Yon may rest assured that I eagerly embraced such an opportunity, to remove the prejudices, which had hung like an incubus, upon the susceptible mind of my fair friend. After surveying the whole of the procession, and witnessing the smiles and happiness which shone so conspicuous in the bright faces of the throng of Orphan children, whose numbers amounted to one hundred and fifty, we listened with the most intense interest to the address delivered by the Orator of the day, the Rev. Mr. Chapin, of Massachusetts. This address was replete with beautiful sentences, which were delivered in tones of thrilling eloquence, and could not fail to impress upon the minds of all who heard it in a high and pervading sense, the principles, the duties, and the glorious purposes and designs of Odd Fellowship.

We were then ushered into their magnificent Hall, and after gazing with delightful admiration for a short interval, we heard the band, and the procession appeared within its sacred arches; and the solemn and interesting ceremonies of the dedication followed. After witnessing the close of those impressive ceremonies, we returned to the hospitable mansion of our friend.

I then requested the young ladies to favor us, by expressing their opinion of the procession, the dedication, &c. Their enthusiastic reply was, — "O 'twas beautiful—'twas heavenly," and words of

similar import. The sublime, and powerful arguments of the reverend Orator, joined with the touching incidents which they had witnessed, had entirely dispelled every vestige of prejudice; and even Caroline could not utter a syllable against an institution which had now shone forth so gloriously, in the eyes thousands, in its own native beauty and strength.

I could not, in the impulse of the moment, but ask what could have so influenced her against the Order. She then frankly acknowledged that her prejudices arose almost entirely from some *lectures* which her aunt, (a good maiden lady, who of course takes a vast deal of interest in every thing which concerns Caroline) had from time delivered, upon the evil tendency, and the *abominable* wickedness of all secret societies. She further remarked that all further *advice* from that source, would be received with great *caution*.

Thus, Mr. Spectator, the coast being clear, and having been duly proposed, next week I intend to join — Lodge, — not having the fear of "the gridiron" before my eyes. Yours, ROBERT.

From the Independent Odd-Fellow.

THOUGHTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

I now propose to review an objection frequently presented, and which, for the most part, is usually couched in the question, "If a member of the Church and an Odd-Fellow are both of them destitute, and they apply to another member of the Church, who is an Odd-Fellow, for assistance, to which will he give the preference in relieving distress, provided he can help one of them?" This is the form in which this question has been iterated and reiterated, on various occasions, and the persons who use it congratulate themselves that they have in this an insurmountable objection to our Order. I need not say to the intelligent reader

that the question is disingenuous, and that it supposes a case that cannot, in the nature of the things, occur. If an Odd-Fellow has the means of relieving one, he can certainly divide those means between the two, and relieve both to the extent of his ability. This would be his duty if he were not an Odd-Fellow; for he certainly would be guilty of a gross offence against all social law, if he permitted his feelings to govern him in the distribution of his charity to such an extent as to make him neglectful of his duty under the law of God, which makes one member of the human family as much his brother as another. It was the very principle embraced in this question which was so signally rebuked by the Saviour in the parable of the good Samaritan. — The Jew confined his charity to his own immediate association; the Samaritan administered to a stranger; and in the moral of his parable the Saviour breaks down all the barriers erected by man to the exercise of charity — erects the whole race of man into one family, and imposes, by his almighty sanction, the duty of mutual relief and mutual kindness upon all.

But to the question itself. If to an Odd-Fellow, professing religion and a member of the Church, a brother member of the Church and a brother Odd-Fellow present themselves, asking help, which will be bound to help? This will be a question to determine. The duty to help both is imperative, if he can — if he cannot, he will, from the circumstances of the case, pledge upon whom he is bound to bestow his alms without bias from any of his obligations as an Odd-Fellow. Perhaps it will be well for the information of these cavaliers to inform them, that the wise provisions of our Order leave very little room for application to individual brothers for assistance. There is provision made for all such cases by our Lodges, and any Odd-Fellow, in

good standing in the Order and worthy of assistance, will always receive it if he makes application to a Lodge. This is one of the mutual obligations of our Association. We provide for the poor. — Lodges are established to aid the indigent or needy among us while on travel; but our principal feature is that of a relief Society; we enter into a contract, as Lodge members, that if we individually perform certain duties, the Lodge, in case of our sickness, inability to follow our pursuits, death, &c., will, to us and to our families, afford certain benefits. So far as those mutual benefits are concerned they are imperative; no Lodge dare, however, prescribe any other rule for the government of our private charities than that furnished by our own judgment and conscience. If, therefore, two persons present themselves for charity, we have the inalienable right to judge upon whom to bestow that charity; and it is worse than the proceedings of a Spanish inquisition to question that right or to condemn that judgment. If a Christian brother's distresses need more than an Odd-Fellow brother, our aid, we would give it; if on the other hand, their distresses and need were equal, we would divide the amount we had to bestow. There can never arise a case in which we would of necessity be confined to the relief of one.

Again — if A. is bound to assist me in distress, by the terms of a mere business contract in the ordinary pursuits of life, though I may be an infidel and a Christian, and C. his own mother's son needed assistance at the same time that I did, still he would be bound to fulfil his contract to me, because he has obligated himself to do it; who would say he did wrong? A merchant having a note to pay, with only funds sufficient to pay it, might with equal propriety be censured because he did not sacrifice his commercial credit to relieve with part of the

money the heavy and pressing wants of a Christian brother.

The fact is, the question originates in an effort to make the impression that the obligations of Odd-Fellowship supersede, and are regarded of higher duty, than the obligations of religion and of Society. This impression is erroneous; we have no claim to the character thus assigned us. Our object, our constant aim, is to diffuse through community the pure flame of brotherly love and truth. We want to impress upon the minds of men the duties of Friendship and Love; and we hesitate not to say that, so far from having a tendency to limit the charitable operations of its members, the Institution has done much to unfetter the bigoted feelings of many who confined their good deeds at home, and has sent them abroad with enlarged views and sympathies.

Suppose I ask this question, and await its solution. I will say to a Presbyterian brother, if a "Presbyterian, a Baptist and a Methodist, apply to you for assistance and you can help but one, which one will you help?" All are Christians, — all are members of the Church, — the claims of all are equal. Let the bitter spirit of sectarianism answer.

DELTA.

GOOD ADVICE. — Girls, don't make fools of yourselves. If God has given you common sense, make use of it, we pray you. When you sit moping at your windows, afraid to work, for fear of soiling your delicate hands, or turn up your noses at the excellent females who labor for a support, be sure you gain no friends worth having. No sight is more disgusting than half a dozen of girls seated in the best room in the house, dressed in the tip of fashion, with rings, curls, &c, waiting to nod the foppish young gentlemen who may pass, with canes, ruffle shirts and gold chains — all that is valuable

about them — while the poor mother of the beautiful daughter is tugging and sweating at the wash tub. For grown up young women to permit their parents to do the work of the kitchen, to bake, and iron and scour, while they are tripping along with some silly fellows, or beholding their pretty faces in the glass, betrays not only a lack of filial respect, but base and grovelling minds. Girls, if you would gain the respect of others — obtain good husbands, and enjoy the moments as they pass, relinquish all your silly airs and deem it no disgrace to work. The men who would shun you in your check aprons, wringing clothes at the tub, are not worthy of your love, and the sooner you rid yourselves of their presence the better. Remember those who really love you for the virtues of the heart, and not on account of the decorations of the body. The latter fade and sink in a short time, while the former live and grow more valuable forever. Be wise then, young women; do your duty and work. This course will secure you peace and happiness, contentment and prosperity, good homes and kind husbands, and be a source of enjoyment as long as you live.

Original.

MONUMENT LODGE NO. 19.

ONE more link is added to the long and brightening chain of Benevolence and Love, — another Altar is raised, whereon to offer the gifts of affection, the free tribute of generous hearts — an offering due to suffering want — the balm of consolation to a wounded, oppressed, and bleeding humanity.

Monument Lodge No. 19, East Lexington, Mass, — we welcome to the great and glorious work of *active, living*, Charity. The foundation of her altars

rest upon a soil consecrated to freedom—her number *nineteen*, recalls to mind the associative greatness of those events which transpired on the ever memorable *19th of April, 1775*, events fraught with such great and thrilling consequences to the whole American republic. May her name **MONUMENT**, like the evergreen cassia, of remembrance, be enshrined within the heart of every member who shall assemble within her walls—may her destiny be a bright one—her influence, wide-spreading and healthful, and her charities, limited by the narrow dogmas of no sect political, or religious.—She has raised her standard to the breeze, she has unfurled its golden emblazonry to the gaze of a cold hearted procrastinating world;—may the life giving assurance inscribed thereon be as the retiring again to life of the *Phœnix* of old—and although they may with truth and sincerity write upon the one side, "*Lux e tenebris*,"* they will with equal confidence and truth inscribe upon the other,

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER !

*Light shining from a dark place—referring to the opposition heretofore manifested by the uninformed and prejudiced.

relying on the promises of the God of Love. Brethren of Monument Lodge No. 19—onward, to the rescue,—not to do better in the heated conflict of partizan strife, or a political battle-field;—not to dip the ensanguined spear in the life's current of a kindred humanity—but the rescue of a universal and common humanity—the brotherhood of **MAN**. from tears, woes, groans, and oppression, incident to their pilgrimage through a sin-stricken world. Cease not from your labors of Love, lay not the staff from out thine hand while there are tears to dry, or broken hearts to bind up,—hear not the cry of distress in vain.

"I will not leave you comfortless," was the command of consolation imparted by the God of the widow—obey ye the injunction doubly binding upon you as the pledged supporter, and defender of the widow and her fatherless ones. Do this and the blessing of the widow's God, is thine. Wouldst thou have a conscience void of offence,—and be at peace with all men—and more especially be at peace with thine own heart,

Seek not the shelter of that "tent,"
Beyond yon glittering stream,
While there's one heart by sorrow bent,
Thy truth's still unredeem'd.

L. WYMAN, JR.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD, AND THE NEED OF ITS PRACTICAL RECOGNITION.

Concluded from our last number.

From this same narrow selfishness, this failure to recognize the truth of Human Brotherhood, issue not only the *inequalities* but the *contests* of men. Were there in each man a deep, true, loving heart, that heard a brother's heart throbbing in the bosom of each other man, it would excite a spirit of forbearance, a spirit of forgiveness, and instead of hard words

and dangerous blows, we should have clasped hands, and kind charity, and blessed peace. But now, upon the slightest stroke, the smallest word that seems awry, there flames out a spirit of anger that verges to rude contention, and often cruel violence. From individual transactions this spirit widens out into fearful evils, causing not only conflicts between man and man, in the marts of business, the struggles of ambition, the differences of opinion—but between nation and na-

tion, upon some plea of policy, some question of right; until that which the true spirit of brotherhood would have allayed, becomes blustering and stormy, mingled with hot flashes of anger, violent collisions, and by and by, missiles of iron, hail and death-shot, with fiery hate that seas of heart's blood shall hardly quench. It is pleasant to turn to contrasts, pleasant to see that beautiful as the fraternal spirit is, it is not therefore wholly chimerical. We allude to the treaty which has recently been formed with Great Britain. Suppose that it had been otherwise. Suppose that instead of cool deliberation and wise adjustment, impatient anger and violent recrimination had intervened, and by and by *declarations of war*; and battle-ships had ploughed the deep, and tented armies had dotted the land, and the surging sea had gone over fraternal forms locked in close but deadly embrace, and harvest fields had been fattened with human blood:—what, after all, would we, what would England have gained?—Would battle have made the right more right, the wrong less wrong? Oh! it is well that Lot and Abram have agreed—that in pleasant Canaan and the well-watered fields of the Jordan, they have found a line of separation yet a line of peace. Let the spirit of forbearance ever dwell between them—a better safe-guard for truth and right, than mural towers or walled heaps of whitening bones. And over that narrow line, or over that broader deep, let their ensigns kiss each other in silken harmony, and our sons say to their sons—"Let there be no strife between us, we pray ye, for we are brethren."

This fraternal spirit, this triumph of love, is it all dreamy? Shall human society never be otherwise? Shall the song of the morning stars never again be heard, and the roar of the cannon cease, and the blare of the trumpet be still? Is there no ground for this hope? Does the vision of such an era live only in the

abstractions of the theorist? Is it only the baseless anticipation of the enthusiast? No! It is the burden of nature's prophecy. It is as sure as the confidence with which the heart clings to the triumph of the good and the right. The spirit of human brotherhood shall prevail, and peace shall come forth with its green olives, from yon catacombs of slaughter, yon heaps of gleaming steel, and torn ensigns, and garments rolled in blood, it shall come to bless the earth. Pause, oh! conqueror, on that field of strife.—See what thou hast done. Each gashed and lifeless form there was thy *brother*, and thou didst sow the seeds of hatred in those bosoms, and thou didst set them at variance with each other—deadly variance—and those forms, made in one common mould, look up with their glassy eyes and rebuke thee. These rebuke thee, but not only the dead—the living shall rebuke thee—the living of coming ages, if not of this. And not he who has taken cities shall be the victor in those days, but he who has conquered his own spirit, and subdued the spirits of men to the law of Human Brotherhood. *He* shall be the victor, and beautiful will be *his* triumphal arch—hands clasped in brotherhood and blessing above his head—and he shall walk there, adorned not with fading wreaths, saluted not by trump and cannon-peal, but exalted and welcomed of God—while thou shalt lie, oh! man of blood, discrowned and crumbling in thy tomb.

But we may not linger much longer upon this theme. The practical recognition of Human Brotherhood, shall not only remove sinful inequalities and abolish stormy strife, it shall prevent the crimes and the wrongs that take place between man and man. One of the great problems of the age is this—how shall we eradicate crime and wrong? Men have endeavored to remove these in various ways—by laws and penalties, by prisons

and gibbets, but they are of little avail. Wrong goes on, crime rages. — Blood and violence, rapine and oppression, fraud and meanness — is not our whole land, even now, full of these? Our legislation, our speech-making, our pamphleteering, effect but little in endeavoring to remove these wide-spread evils. The truth is, we need to touch a chord that lies below the reach of all these. The law may be wise, but something more vital than the law is required. The speech may be eloquent, but sick and sorrow-laden hearts need help that is more tangible. The iron bars of the prison house, the enclosures of sin and shame, shut in upon souls that need a living, purifying *principle*, which pains and penalties can by no means create. The want, we repeat, is deeper than all this. Men need to feel, internally, practically, the truth of Human Brotherhood. And this truth which, if universally and partially realized would stay the hand of crime and prevent the work of wrong, is by no means to be lost sight of when we come to treat with the criminal. That dark-browed, fierce-eyed man, loathsome as he is with sin — his hand reeking it may be with the blood of his fellow—he too is our brother, he is to be dealt with as a brother—rebukingly, sternly, it may be, yet not without this fraternal spirit. Until we rise to this conduct, we shall neither reform him, nor cause him, by loving virtue, to desist from sin. There is no such thing as *making* a man love goodness. A better disposition must be induced, an attractive power must come in, the soul must be *drawn*, must be moved with sympathy and affection. Power may produce awe — force may bend its object to a constrained obedience, but kindness and good-will alone can enlist the heart, and secure it forever. Man must be warmed with love for the good, ere he can embrace the good—he must be subdued into affection

by affection. It is the eternal law. The great work that is required to eradicate wrong and crime from community is *reformation* — not *restraint* merely, such as your police and your prisons may secure — but *reformation*, such as nothing can secure but a warm and living affection for virtue. The chain may fetter the the body, it cannot bind the soul to goodness — the scourge may peel the quivering flesh, it cannot waken pure affections, and kindle holy desires, and these are necessary to *reformation*. "Thus is man to be governed," says Coleridge, "thus only can he be governed. For from his creation the objects of his senses were to become his subjects, and the task allotted to him was to subdue the visible world within the sphere of action circumscribed by those senses, as far as they could act in concert. What the eye beholds, the hand strives to reach; what it reaches, it conquers, and makes the instrument of farther conquest. *We can be subdued by that alone which is analagous in kind to that by which we subdue*: therefore by the invisible powers of our nature, whose immediate presence is disclosed to our inner sense, and only as the symbols and language of which all forms and modifications of matter become formidable to us." Spiritual influence, not material force — love, not iron power, — alone can reform men, alone can accomplish the great, the spiritual work that is to be done ere crime and wrong are eradicated from society. Tell us not that men can resist this influence. They cannot resist it. They may hide themselves from it — they may not come in contact with it. But let it once touch their naked hearts, and it cannot be resisted. And this is a power that not only subdues, but opens the heart. There are hearts hard as the nether mill-stone, hearts that seem dead to all human affections, that have grown eager in cruelty, or become dormant in sensualism. But

the hardest of these can be smitten so that the waters will gush forth. There have been miracles wrought by the power of brotherly kindness. Cold, stagnant affections, that have not stirred since they throbbed beneath a mother's kiss in childhood, have been awakened by the earnest and tender appeals of this. Pirates, their hands dyed in gore and their faces fiendish with cruelty, have bowed down before this mighty power, and wept like children. Criminals, leprous with sin, in the depths of their stony dungeons have melted before its simple, sublime story. Degraded men, wallowing in kennels, making the very earth hideous, have risen, and stood erect upon their feet, when gentle fingers have reached down and touched that chord, which still lives in their scarred and troubled bosoms with the vitality that God gave to it — the chord of sympathy with real, earnest, brotherly love.

Thus, then, in order to remove wrong and crime from society, we need to reform men; but, in order to reform them, we need to awaken in their natures the spirit of brotherly love. This is the great want of our times — a deeper, a more radical want than want of money, want of business, or want of good laws. Let each man love his fellow as a brother, and he cannot injure him, he cannot defraud him, he cannot oppress him, he cannot lift his hand against him for violence. And let those who guard the welfare of the community, who are the executors of its laws, and the conservators of its peace, let them learn to practise the great truth, that by showing men that there is something in them worthy of reforming, they will best induce them to reform; and by conducting towards them in the spirit of brotherly kindness, they will best awaken that spirit in their bosoms which alone will secure justice and right and kindness between man and man. Reform men, and

the wrongs and crimes that now beset the community will die from the heart, and of course cannot be manifested in the conduct.

Thus have we endeavored to show that one of the great wants of our times, is the practical recognition of the truths of Human Brotherhood. This is a large subject, we are aware, and it must be fully dealt with or it is a trite one. We have not the time to enter into it more fully, had we the ability, but we willingly incur the risk of triteness in order that we may say something for this neglected truth. Would that it were realized more than it is — our inequalities, our woes, our strifes, our crimes, all spring from the failure to recognize it. We must go very deep in order to remove the moral evils in our midst — deep as the naked heart of man. We must touch that chord that binds all humanity in one sacred relationship, we must make the sense of that relationship active and practical. — The removal of the evils alluded to is dreamy only so far as the practical recognition of the truth of Human Brotherhood is dreamy. Wake up this dull indifferentism, melt away this selfishness, infuse into these rocky hearts a spirit of forbearance, mercy and love, and it must take place. At least, if the work cannot be done, let us see what should be done, that we attempt no fruitless labor — rely upon no impotent scheme. Be assured that the evils of society will be removed and the blessings we hope for secured, not until the spirit of Human Brotherhood becomes diffused, active, omnipotent. Wealth will not regenerate society, successful trade and far-reaching commerce will not do it. As vain will be our sinews of war, our memories of old and blood-stained renown. These only perpetuate vanity and strife, whose selfish and gory hands can never unbar the gates of earth's millenium. *The Practical Recognition of Human Broth-*

erhood, by every altar and upon every shore, in the mart and at the hearth-stone, in the public eye, and the private hour, in the dungeon and the street — this, and this alone, reigning in every besom, drawn from Christianity and upheld by God, this alone can truly elevate society, and give it peace and safety, the force of moral power, and the beauty of virtue. And this is the great end to which as denizens of this world we look forward. The old ages call for this from their crumbling sepulchres. The hope and the prospect of this brighten the horizon of the future.

UNION DEGREE LODGE. — It appears to us that a Lodge should be formed in this city for the purpose of conferring degrees. We look upon it as one of the most important and essential duties of the Order, that the various degrees should be as uniformly conferred as possible ; but this uniformity cannot be brought about, where the degrees are conferred by the respective Lodges — especially when this duty devolves upon the present N. G. of the Lodge. It follows not, because the Grand Lodge of the State gives the *right* to the various subordinate Lodges to confer degrees, that they cannot unite and form a Lodge for the express purpose of giving degrees. A communication to form a Union Degree Lodge, has been addressed to the Lodges in the city, requesting a committee be appointed from the various bodies to confer and to see if something of the kind might not be brought about. But we regret that in some of the Lodges a disposition has been manifested to oppose such a measure. One great benefit we think resulting from the establishment of a Union Degree Lodge, would be the small amount which members would have to pay in taking their degrees. It is proposed that the various Lodges pay to the U. D. Lodge, twelve and a half cents for each degree

conferred. This would enable every one to take their degrees, which certainly is a very important item. Many other reasons may be urged in favor of the formation of a Union Lodge. We hope, therefore, without further delay, the subject will be taken hold of in good earnest ; and that all may join heart and hand in carrying the proposed object into effect.

WARREN LODGE, No. 18. — We have inadvertently omitted to mention the establishment of this Lodge at Roxbury. — It was installed August 11th, in this city, by P. G. S. Albert Guild. From the long and well known experience in Lodge matters, of most of the brothers composing said Lodge, it will not be doubted that the good of the Order will be very materially advanced by the exertions of our Roxbury friends. They have taken hold of the matter in good earnest, and their labors will not prove unsuccessful. The brothers for the present hold their meetings in Bascom's building, near the Post Office, on Tuesday evenings.

BEAUTIES OF CORRECT PUNCTUATION. — We were somewhat edified a few evenings since, while walking behind a young man who appeared to be "pretty considerably" inspired, to hear the line from Addison,

"It must be so, — Plato, thou reasonest well,"

divided and enunciated in the following lucid manner, with a felicity of *accent* of which it were useless to attempt a description :

It must be. So, Plato? — thou reasonest. — *Well!*

The last word pronounced after a long pause, with great exultation.

☞ We are under the necessity of omitting several articles prepared for our present number. Several notices of literary works which should appear, we are obliged to lay over till our next.

A RICH TREAT.—Since our last publication we have received *four* numbers of that most excellent family newspaper—the Philadelphia Saturday Museum,—which will keep us in good spirits for at least a month to come. We had well-nigh concluded that that our brothers of the Museum thought we were too *odd* to be noticed longer by them. But their explanation is sufficient. We believe the Museum has been regularly mailed, as stated; but that through the manœvering of Uncle Sam or some of his family, it was not received for four or five weeks.

Mem.—The Museum is about commencing a new volume, and we would take this opportunity of saying to any of our readers who wish to supply themselves with one of the largest, most interesting and handsomest printed paper in the world, to subscribe for the Museum. Long winter evenings are at hand, and it will be just the thing to read in your families. Published weekly at two dollars per year, by Fairman & Vandyk—Redding & Co. 8 State street, have it for sale.

THE Odd Fellows of Portland are multiplying like sands on the sea shore.—They are skimming the cream of the city.—*Portland American.*

And in the “skimming,” we are happy to learn, the editor of the American is included. We understand that, including the propositions for membership, the Lodge at Portland numbers upwards of *one hundred and fifty members!* In has been installed but little over a month.

THE SPECTATOR.—We admire the freedom with which “Anna” tells her story, and her determination that “Harry” shall understand the principles of Odd Fellowship, or she will cut his acquaintance. We think he will take the hint *this time.*

☞ A worthy teacher of youth, who occupies a room beneath the Covenant Hall, recently destroyed by fire, returned the following humorous answers, to the accompanying official questions from the Fire Department, in relation to the matters therein named. By the way, we are happy to inform the worthy pedagogues, that the “gridiron” he refers to, escaped unharmed, and is in readiness to broil any queer *Fowl* that may wish to test its virtues.

What was your loss in Furniture? If insured, to what amount, and at what Office?

My *direct* loss was about \$200, not insured. My loss resulting from our dispersion among the Gentiles, was considerable, because all the ten tribes have not returned.

What was your loss of Stock in Trade? If insured, at what office?

My stock in trade, &c. I bear upon my shoulders, and it luckily was light enough to float clear of the deluge with which I was favored.

What was the *origin of the Fire?*

I know nothing of the origin of the fire, except that the Odd Fellows refer it to the spontaneous combustion of their gridiron.

ERRATA.—In No. 3 of the Symbol, page 62, last line of the first Stanzas of lines “To my Daughter” for “hermitage,” read “heritage.” Our friend R. called on us, and says the next time that we make such a mistake, he shall “blow us up sky high.” To avoid such a perpendicular hoist, we shall be amazing careful hereafter.

THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW.—The October number of this highly talented magazine, devoted to Odd Fellowship, has been received. Its contents are of the most interesting character. We look upon this publication as being just the

kind that is wanted at the South, and we sincerely hope that the enterprising publisher meets with that encouragement and support from the Order to which he is so justly entitled. Under the editorial head of this number is an exceedingly able and interesting article in relation to a circular sent by the Grand Lodge of Connecticut to the various Grand Encampments and Grand Lodges of the United States. A resolution of said Grand Lodge, respecting the publication of magazines devoted to Odd Fellowship, other than the *Covenant*, or "official," is probably, the most tyrannical and arbitrary that could well be conceived and emanate from a body of men professing to be governed by the principles of Charity and Brotherly Love. We shall publish the Resolution in our next number.

☞ The Lowell Morning Herald is decidedly one of the most spicy and interesting dailies published in this quarter, and we are happy to learn the publisher is well supported. With its present editor at its head, the Herald need not fear of being out-done in point of interest by any of its cotemporaries. By the last number we perceive the price of single copies,—as we at first predicted must be the case in order to ensure a more complete success, has been reduced to *one cent*.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN GREAT BRITAIN.—We see it stated in a late English paper, that the accredited number of members is 400,000; capital invested in government securities, £200,000; floating capital £20,000, exclusive of buildings, printing machinery, foundry, library, &c, 10,000.

☞ The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts will hold its quarterly session in this city on the first Thursday of November, at Encampment Hall.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

PICTORAL HISTORY OF THE U. STATES.—By John Frost, A. M.—Saxton Pierce & Co. Boston, Publishers.

This work is the best of the several standard works of the season, and the well earned reputation of the author will ensure the Pictorial U. S. a ready passport to the centre table and drawing-room, while the unique and valuable illustrations, so profusely scattered throughout the work, will afford both instruction and amusement for many "New-England" firesides for many hours together. The discovery of America by the Northmen, will be found highly interesting. The embellishments, are sufficiently numerous of themselves to enable the historical reader to pass from event to event by simply turning over the leaves, while the young student of history will find the ideas contained in the text impressed with a greater fidelity upon the mind, than by the most graphic delineation of the pen. We recommend this work as worthy the support and patronage of the whole American reading public. This work is to be completed in twenty monthly parts at 25 cents per number.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER, Jordan & Co., Boston, Agents.

This is a course of six lessons, on the French language, upon the Robertsonian method, and from a hasty glance at its contents we should think it of much benefit to new beginners, as a knowledge of the language may be readily obtained by a careful perusal of the same. — Price 25 cents.

THE GIFT.—A Christmas and New-Year's present for 1844. — Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

We have not seen an American annual that will at all compare with this "Gift" of remembrance, so handsomely got up by the enterprising publishers, Carey & Hart. In a literary point of view it stands in the front rank by a richly deserved pre-eminence. The illustrations are not only got up at a great expense, but they are the most finished specimens of American art and perseverance we have yet seen. The names of the engravers Cheney, Pease, and Humphries, are always a recommendation to something "particularly worthy of remark,"—and if the reader does not think so in this instance, we refer him to the "Gift" itself.—Beatrice is a perfect picture—it is admirable.

CHARITY.—Let us endeavor to have the same charity for the failings of others, that we have for our own.

VARIETY.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—Two young men, "with a humming in their heads," returned late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguished the light, they, both, instead of taking a bed a piece, get back to back into one, which begins to sink under them and come round at intervals in a manner every way circum-biant, but quite impossible of explication. Presently one observes to the other:

"I say, Tom somebody's in my bed."

"Is there?" says the other; "so there is in mine, d——n him! Let's us kick him out."

The next remark was:

"Tom, I've kicked my man overboard."

"Good!" says his fellow toper; "better luck than I, my man has kicked me out—right on the floor."

Their "relative positions, were not apparent until the next morning.

HEREDITARY NOBILITY.—A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an *hereditary* nobility. "Is it not right," said he, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their services to the country that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them, as a reward for such services."

"By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeed, all his posterity should be hanged too."

TOO BAD.—A Western printer was lately robbed of a jack-knife, a wooden comb, a brass rule, and five cents. He was ruined.

EXPLICIT.—"If I give you an office," said a man in power to an applicant for place, "will you aid the party in carrying out its principles?" "I should most willingly," said the other, "but I do n't believe the party has got any principles!"

A modest young lady left the table at a Hotel, the other day, because one of the waiters had the immodesty to place salad before her, without first properly *dressing* it.

"Is your watch a lever?" "Lever? yes, I have to leave her at the watch-maker's once a week for repairs."

STRANGE.—Some folks turn up their noses at a man because he works in a black-smith's shop, and swings the sledge-hammer. Yet these same people will go home and eat a piece of toast that is toasted in an iron made by a Vulcan! Men are strange mortals—and *women* too.

"What do you ask for this article?" said Obadiah; to a modest young Miss in one of our shops. "Fifteen shillings Sir—it is a superb article." "You are a *little dear*, are you not?" said Obadiah. "Why, all the young men tell me so," she replied dropping her eyes and blushing.—Obadiah came straight away.

"I say, Jim are you going to see the man hung to-morrow?" "I do n't know, Dick; wat's he to be hung for?" "Vy, bless you, for 'orse-stealing." "For stealing a 'orse?—vat a fool! Vy did'n't he buy one on trust, and never pay for him?"

A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began—"Know one woman by these presents."—"You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be, 'Know all men.'" "Very well," answered the other, "if one woman knows it, all the men will, of course."

True goodness of heart is like the purest gold, the smallest portion is capable of being spread over an almost incredible surface.

A person calling on a sick friend asked him how he felt. "I feel," he answered, "as though every minute *would be the next*."

We have ascertained that there are times when a man feels as well as he does at other times—but it does n't last long.

GONE CRAZY.—The editor of a Western newspaper. Caused by suddenly coming into possession of *three dollars*, all at once!

A crack-brained fellow, who was slighted by the fair sex, once asked a lady if she would consent to his spending the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied, "that I won't."

"Why you needn't be so fussy: I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I couldn't go any where else!"



THE SYMBOL.

We have a few copies of the first volume of the Symbol on hand which, together with the second volume, now publishing, we will put at *one dollar and fifty cents*!—making in all *five hundred and seventy-six pages*! New subscribers who have commenced with the second volume, can be supplied with the first volume on the same terms.

☞ "Call soon, or you will lose the chance."

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NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Union Degree Lodge, Covenant Hall, Friday.

Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tu. do do Monday.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics', No. 11, " Friday.

Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Bascom's building near the Post Office, Tuesday.

Maine Lodge, No. 1, Portland, Union st., over the Canal Bank.

Saco Lodge, No. 2, Main street, Central Hall.

Granite Lodge, No. 1, Nashua, N. H., meets at Harmony Hall, Tuesday.

MARRIED,

In Charlestown, on Wednesday evening, 6th inst., by Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin, Gardiner R. Welch, Esq., Scribe of Bunker Hill Encampment, to Sarah B., daughter of James K. Frothingham, Esq., all of Charlestown.

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
 Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
 Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
 Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
 En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
 Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
 United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
 Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
 Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
 Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
 Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
 Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
 Dutchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
 Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
 Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
 Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
 Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10 do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 13, do do	Fri.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28 do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	
Grove, 58, do do	Thur.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64, do	Tues.
Croton, 78, do	
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do do	Mon.
Meridian, 42, do do	Wed.
Chelsea 84, do do	Fri.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.	
United Brothers, 52 do	Tues.
Howard, 60, do	Wed.
Marion 34, do	Thurs.
Fidelity 87, do	Fri.
Commercial, 67, do	Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22, do	Thurs.
Mercantile, 47, do	Tues.
Olive Branch, 81, do	Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 78, do	Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues.
Nassau, 39, do do	Thurs.
Atlantic, 50, do do	Mon.
Fulton, 66, do do	Wed.
Long Island, 68, Wallabout, do	Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg,	Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62, do	Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co.,	Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do do	
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co.,	Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekakill, Westchester Co.	Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co.,	Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do	Mon.
Dutchess, 59, do do	Wed.
Fireman's, 19, Albany,	Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16, do.	Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5, do.	
Union, 8, do	
American, 32, do	Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy,	Mon.
Spartan, 62, do	Fri.
Phoenix, 41, Albany,	Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy,	Wednes.
Trojan, 27, do	Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh,	Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy,	Thurs.
Halcyon, 56, do	Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo,	Mon.
Buffalo, 37, do	Tues.
Tehosseroron, 48, do	Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester,	Fri.
Teoronto, 69, do	
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,	Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithica,	
Rockland County, 76, Thurs.	
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,	Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.	
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.	
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.	

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequannock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatonic 6, Derby	do
Thames 9, New London	
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	

Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	—
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME 2.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1843.

NUMBER 6.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Independent Order of Old Fellows, at the celebration of Columbus (Ohio) Lodge, No. 9, July 4th, 1843.

BY REV. ISAAC N. WALTER.

In every age of the world, and among the different nations of the earth, attention has been paid to perpetuate the memory of important events.

The birthdays of kings and princes have been celebrated; the great principles upon which societies and associations are based have been exhibited in all their original simplicity and splendor, and deep impressions of their intrinsic worth stamped upon the minds of multitudes on their returning anniversaries. Conquering heroes have been deified, and the achievements of the mighty in battle have been commemorated to hand down to posterity the glory and fame of martial deeds.

And there is nothing better calculated to excite to noble works than such commemorations, when men gather together, at stated periods, to celebrate important epochs in national history; to recount the virtues of the wise and good; to listen to practical demonstrations of their principles, and to make public manifestations of their attachment to systems that have their respect and confidence.

This is the testimony of all history, and so it will ever be; there is implanted, in greater or less degree, in every human bosom feelings of veneration for the great, and love and admiration of the

good and beautiful; and almost as universal is the impulse to give expression to those feelings by public acknowledgment and ceremonial rights.

We read in Jewish history that the people of that nation were accustomed to assemble at Jerusalem — men, women and children, from all parts of the dominion came in thronging thousands to keep, in the "holy city," the solemn festival enjoined by their religion; and having there united with one heart in grateful thanksgiving to the Almighty for their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, they returned again to their several homes, their piety and patriotism increased, and all the best feelings of their natures renewed and strengthened. From a small and insignificant beginning that people rose with unexampled rapidity until they stood first among the nations — the twelve tribes — acknowledged as the chosen people of God. This proud distinction they forfeited by their ungrateful disobedience. Corruption and crime succeeded to the pious simplicity of the ancient Hebrews; and while good men were mourning over the degeneracy, and looking with longing eyes for the advent of a promised Messiah, in the fulness of time, as foretold by prophets and seers, our Divine Teacher appeared, as commis-

raising a pair of radiant dark eyes to his face.

"Then why do you not fall at my feet and ask your life?"

"It is not worth the trouble."

"You are a daughter of Frangistan, as I perceive by your rebellious spirit?"

"I am."

"And a Christian?"

Camilla made a sign of the cross. — Achmet spit on the ground.

"It must be confessed," said Camilla, reddening indignantly, "that you Turks are the most disgusting people under the sun."

"Slave!" cried Achmet, "if your anger did not become you so well, I would command my black eunuch Puffim to chastise you for your insolence."

"And even if you were to commit such an outrage, I could hardly think worse of you than I do at present," returned Camilla, bursting into tears.

"What is it that you think of me?" asked the Pacha.

"That you are an unmanly ruffian, whom I hate, but do not fear!" replied the fair Castilian, her eyes flashing through her tears as she spoke.

Achmet knew not how to answer the beautiful vixen. To conceal his perplexity, he turned to Antonia and Beatrice Manzares, her fellow captives.

And ye, whom I perceive to be the countrywomen of this contumacious slave, are ye of a like spirit?"

They looked in great embarrassment from the Pacha to Camilla, and remained silent.

"How," exclaimed Achmet, angrily, "when I speak to the meanest of my slaves, am I not deemed worthy of a reply?"

"My cousins do not understand the odious jargon in which you address them, and are, therefore, unable to appreciate your courteous and obliging speeches," replied Camilla, drily.

"How comes it, then, that you not only comprehend every word that I say, but are so ready with your provoking replies?"

"Because I have labored indefatigably to attain fluency in the Turkish language while in captivity."

"And what, my princess, might be your motive for taking so much trouble?"

"Merely that I might have the satisfaction of speaking my mind on occasion," replied Camilla, with the sauciest glance imaginable.

"It must be owned that you have enjoyed that pleasure very fully to-night," said the Pacha, laughing. "But did you ever reply to Suli Bey in this daring manner?"

"He never gave me an opportunity by pestering me with his conversation and company."

"How then did he comport himself?"

"Positively, I am weary of your eternal questions, and I will answer you no more to-night."

"Am I not your master, wayward thing? Can I not force you to do any thing I choose?"

"No, you cannot make me talk, unless it pleases me. My head aches with the uproar you have made in battering the Dervent about our ears, and I am fatigued with your conversation. I wish you would leave me and attend to those ladies who are taking such pains to attract your notice."

"Oh, Prophet! is it come to this? Is the conqueror of the warlike Suli Bey dictated to by one of his slaves?"

"More extraordinary things than that happen every day, mighty Pacha," replied Camilla, with the utmost composure."

"Do not think, perverse one, that your charms are to excuse your impertinence. Most of these fair Circassians are more beautiful than yourself, yet they extol me above all the heroes of the east, and rejoice in the good fortune that has transferred them from Suli Bey to Achmet."

"And did you believe one word they said?"

"Why should I not?" demanded Achmet, much mortified.

"Do you think the ladies of your own harem could be sincere in praising and caressing a man who had murdered you an hour before?" said Camilla.

"Mighty Prophet! no; but there is no difference between Suli Bey and Achmet?"

"Yes — a very great difference: Suli Bey was a much handsomer man," said Camilla, with a provoking smile.

"This is past bearing!" exclaimed Achmet, stamping; "I will teach you that you have a master!" So saying, he withdrew, darting at her an angry glance.

"Ah, imprudent Camilla! what have you been saying to put that terrible turkey man in such a fury?" cried Antonia, in great alarm. "Though I could not understand a word of your conversation, I knew by the sparkling of your eyes that you were exasperating him, and trembled lest you should go too far. How could you venture to coquet with Achmet after the fate of Suli Bey? (who was, by the by, just such another tiger as himself.) For my part, I felt as if I were being strangled, all the time Achmet stood so near us."

"I expect nothing less than that he will cause you to be sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the river," cried Beatrice, weeping.

"Never fear, my gentle coz, this bloody-minded Pacha will do us no harm, though I doubt not that he will attempt to frighten me into submission."

"Dearest Camilla, I tremble for you. Oh, what a sad, sad day it was, that threw us into the hands of that villainous corsair."

"Who sold us to Suli Bey with as little remorse as if we had been three pullets," answered Camilla. "Come," continued she, "cheer you, dear Beatrice. I will venture to pledge my word that

through my means you will be restored to your native country and to Henriquez, and Antonia to Diego."

"Fine things to be offered by a damsel in your predicament!" sobbed Beatrice, weeping and hanging about Camilla, as Puffim approached to separate her from them.

"Courage! sweet cousins, fear not for me — I have no fears for myself," said she, embracing them: "and now, my good old soul! whither are you going to take me?" continued she, as Puffim proceeded to lead her from the apartment.

Puffim rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, as he replied, "where I would not go for all the pearls in Lalla Oella's necklace. But if you offend my lord, it is meet you take the consequence."

Camilla, who expected something terrible from the prelude, was not so much shocked as Puffim expected, on being conducted into a gloomy, vaulted chamber, lighted by a small grating near the roof, and containing no other furniture than a wretched sofa. Puffim pointed to a pitcher of water and a platter of rice, which was placed in a corner, and withdrew.

During Camilla's imprisonment it was in vain that Achmet sought the society of the ladies of his harem. The spirited and charming Castilian had made an impression on his heart and fancy that he never before experienced; restless and discontented, he could know no happiness but in the presence of her who had captivated him. At the end of the third day he could not forbear visiting her. As he approached her cell, he heard her sighing, in a voice of touching melody, one of the exquisite airs of her native land. The lovely captive raised her eyes as Achmet entered, and her cheek flushed with a brighter vermilion as he approached her.

"Suli Bey was a man of a liberal tem-

per compared to you," said she, pointing to the pitcher and rice.

"Achmet's brow darkened — "Always Suli Rey!" cried he, angrily; "I could find it in my heart to send you to follow that accursed dead dog."

"Nay, mighty Pacha, that is a little farther than your power extends. You may follow him yourself, peradventure; but I, as a good Christian, hope to go to a very different place from that which I trust is prepared for such wretched mis-believers as Suli Bey and you."

"I see your intemperance of speech is nowise tamed," said the Pacha; "nevertheless I will forgive all your perverseness, if you will sing me that sweet song once more."

"The prisoned bird doth oft-times sing, it is true, but never at the bidding of its jailer," replied Camilla, looking up between smiles and tears.

The Pacha felt the magic of her smile, and the power of her tears; but he knew not how to dismiss the tone of mastership when speaking to a woman.

"Come, my Peri," he said, "it is my pleasure that you follow me to the banquet — nay, it is useless offering resistance to my will"

He, then, with a sort of gentle violence, drew her from the darksome cell, into an apartment richly carpeted, glittering with eastern magnificence, and fragrant with burning spices, flowers and essences.

"Come, my princess, let us eat, drink, and be merry," said the Pacha, placing her beside him on an embroidered sofa opposite to the banquet.

"I shall neither eat nor drink, for it is the vigil of St. Peter; nor am I disposed to sing or be merry," returned Camilla.

"Do you forget that I can force you you to do as I command you?" returned Achmet, frowning.

"No; you can neither force me to sing, nor to be merry; but I will tell you what you can do — you can order your Aga

and black slaves to put a bowstring about my neck, and strangle me as they did poor Suli Bey."

"Suli Bey, again!" exclaimed the Pacha, furiously — "answer me one question — did you love that wretched rebel?"

"No, I did not."

"Why then do you torment me with his name?"

"Because he is frequently in my thoughts."

"The other ladies of the harem have forgotten him, and I have succeeded to their love."

"Love, call you it?" exclaimed Camilla; "slaves that they are in mind, as in person, — they know not the meaning of the word!"

"Perhaps I am as ignorant of your sort of love as you seem to consider my women," replied Achmet, thoughtfully.

"Oh! I doubt it not. I never heard of a Turk who had the least idea of what love meant."

"You shall tell me, then, fair creature, what it signifies, according your ideas."

"It is," said Camilla, raising her bewitching eyes to his, "an interest so absorbing, that a lover will always prefer the happiness of his beloved to his own. All passions are swallowed up in this one engrossing emotion. He exists but for the happiness of loving, and would prefer dying with her, to living without her."

"I certainly never have been loved after this fashion," said the Pacha, after a long pause; "yet, nothing less will content me now. And you Camilla, — have you a lover in your own country?"

"Oh, many."

"One that you love thus?"

"No, I have not."

"I fear you are deceiving me."

"Holy Virgin! what a man is this that will not be satisfied with sincerity and plain dealing."

"Nay, Camilla, if you loved me" —

"My good Pacha, you must not flatter yourself into such a supposition. What title have you to my love?"

"I will strive to deserve it. I will restore your cousins to their liberty."

"For which I shall feel most grateful. But it is not one compliance, or two, or even twenty, that will entitle a man to my love."

"Oh, that you would teach me how to obtain it!" said Achmet, passionately.

"Come, I will encourage you a little!" you are behaving pretty well, at present. Yesterday I detested your very name — to-day you are almost endurable; and if you wish to leave an agreeable impression, you will permit me to retire."

"No, I cannot part with you, beautiful Camilla; you shall stay and enchant me with your presence."

"I shall do no such thing. If you force me to remain with you against my will, I shall say very disobliging things, and then we shall quarrel."

"Go, then, my Peri; but in your dreams to-night, remember your adoring Achmet."

I hope, if I dream at all, to be favored with a sweet vision of my native land, and return in slumber to the fair hills of Castile."

"Is your country, then, so dear to you?" asked Achmet, mournfully.

"My country?" said Camilla, her lovely eyes suffusing with tears, as the thought of home passed over her mind — "and shall I never behold your orange groves again, nor hear the rush of your mighty streams, but die like a transplanted flower in a foreign soil?"

Such scenes as these were of daily occurrence during the time that preparations were making for the departure of Antonia and Beatrice; sometimes they did not end so placably.

"It is I that am the slave," would Achmet say, when the fair Spaniard made him feel, too severely, the chains that

bound him — "the slave of your caprices, Camilla. Would that I had never seen you."

"Surely, Achmet, that was my misfortune, since I had not the slightest wish to become the victim of the lawless traffic in women that prevails in this disgusting country."

"By Mahomet, you never open your lips but with the design of saying something vexatious. Till I saw you, I was happy; but you have made me the most miserable of men! I am wretched when absent from you; and when I am near you, your whole study is to torment me."

At other times Achmet would sit in Camilla's apartment, listening to her guitar — his whole soul entranced in the pleasure of hearing and seeing her. One day he was thus occupied, Beatrice and Antonia entered, to bid farewell, as all things were ready for their departure.

When they offered their thanks to Achmet, he said, "Your gratitude is due to Camilla, who, when she might have used her boundless influence over me to obtain her own liberty, preferred making you happy."

"Because my love for them prevailed over every selfish consideration," said Camilla, with a significant glance.

"Ah, Camilla, I understand your allusion. Go; you are free. Return to Spain — that beloved country, which you prefer to Achmet."

His voice faltered as he spoke — Camilla looked up — their eyes met — they both burst into tears.

"Ah!" exclaimed Beatrice, you love one another; wherefore, then, should you part?"

The Pacha threw himself at Camilla's feet.

"Light of my eyes! will you leave me?"

"Achmet, I cannot share a divided heart."

"I swear to you, by Allah, that my

harem shall be dismissed, and you shall be my only wife."

"Ah, Achmet, there is another thought," said Camilla, weeping; you are a follower of the False Prophet, and I am a believer in the only faith whereby we may have eternal life."

"Camilla, you speak dark things, and hard to be understood; but only promise to be mine and I will hear you patiently on these matters; and if convinced, I will not cling to error."

It may be easily imagined, that Beatrice and Antonia departed for Spain without Camilla, who became Achmet Pacha's bride; and who, ere long, had the happiness of informing her cousins, by letter, that he had become a secret but decided proselyte to Christianity.

THE ODD PAPERS, OR KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER XII.

How shall our Institution be preserved, and handed down with increased stability, and additional lustre to generations yet to come?

A short extract from an Oration by P. G. L. Wyman, Jr.

BRETHREN—By pursuing the above suggestions, we shall be enabled to go on in the very front of opposition, nay, in the very midst of "expose,"—for all good men must our work approve; the eternal God will ever bless us in our labors of love. Will he my brethren, who said unto the sick with the palsy, "take up thy bed and walk;" will he not, I repeat, support and sustain us in our attempts to lighten human woe, and meliorate the condition of a sin-stricken humanity? The answer comes to us from a thousand tongues, "go on," the blessings of the widow and the fatherless are upon thee, they of whom the ever-blessed God, once spake in accents of love most tender,

"I will not leave thee comfortless,"

are our witnesses, and daily as they kneel around their hearthstones, made cheerful and bright by thy bounty and love, they fail not to remember with gratitude, that "mystic brotherhood" whose ministering hand sheds the light of hope and consolation upon the darkness of their blighted expectations.

Again, there is a reward in doing good. The most depraved among men, stand in speechless awe before the silent reproof of the all powerful, yet noiseless messenger of peace; there is a monitor within the human heart that will be heard, whose admonitions none can silence, whether upon the bosom of the trackless and unknown ocean, rising as a true testimony of the goodness of our God, within the breast of the hardy sons of the ocean, or the refined inhabitant of the green and peaceful shores of Italy or America.—So long as there beats a human heart, within a human breast, so long the bright-eyed angel of hope lingers around him, ever and anon, cheering his weary pilgrimage through the earth with a glimpse of that fruition which awaiteth the pure in heart.

My Brethren, would ye comprehend the fulness of your mission on earth—would ye ask as an humble Brahmin did, of the missionary of old, "Sir, tell me of your heavenly home. I would fain walk in its flowery paths;" you need not journey with the pilgrim, laden with a heavy burden, whose imaginary weight is bearing you prematurely to the earth; you need not unroll the old Egyptian manuscripts—nor with persevering diligence, day after day, strive to decypher the mysterious meaning of their cabalistic character—neither need you, blessed be God, name yourself the disciple of any creed, or call yourself the apostle of an unknown master. You walk in the very midst of a burning and shining light, a light too, which sheds its peace-giving beams far as the ruins of the fall, your

symbol is the Shepherd's sign—your song the song of Bethlehem's plains.

"Peace on earth and good will towards men."

And what a glorious song,—what a beautiful simile of divine goodness—Peace—

"Peace with her olive-branch descends,
While white rob'd innocence attends,"
Her mission through the earth is Love
Commission'd from the realms above.
On Angel wings a spirit given
To guide our footsteps up to heaven.

Go forth in Friendship, Love and Truth,
This gospel preach—this flag of Truce
Bear fearless on, the battle's van,
For Love shall conquer earth and man.

AUTUMN.

THIS is the season of the year best calculated of all to put man in remembrance of his mutability. The Spring, fit emblem of youthfulness, when the asperities of Winter—cold and dreary winter—have given place to the brightness and greenness of its succeeding season, is a happy era in life:

"The fresh, buoyant sense of being,
That bounds in Youth's yet careless breast,
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright."

In this happy season, when the toils of life have not been entered upon—and the coldness of the world has not been discovered—when the brightness of the sun o'erhead is equalled by the gladness of the spirit within—when the heart beats in unison with the uprising verdure—oh! happy they who breathe the spirit of the poet's effusion:—

"I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance. I would plant rich seeds
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old."

Then comes the Summer, when the crops are fast ripening and all nature is adorned in her robes of sunlight; how emblematic of manhood! Strong in health—ardent and passionate in love—hot-tempered with the heat of boiling

blood—even as the thunder-storm, so sudden and wild, is he with passion convulsed—then shines forth a smile and all is forgotten.

Now has come the Autumn, when all nature reminds man that life is drawing to a close. The trees are being stripped of their verdure—they have been robbed of their fruit, and now barren and desolate, they resemble the man advanced in years. The falling of the dry and withered leaf should remind man that his strength is to decay—that the weight of years is soon to weigh him to the earth. How plainly does it speak in tones not to be mistaken, that there is to be a time in life when the eye will grow dim—the strength fail—and the snows of age crown the head with white. And happy shall they be, who, when the winter of age shall overtake them, can say that a Spring, a Summer, and an Autumn have passed, and each season has been properly improved. Oh! happy they, who can exclaim, I sowed the rich seeds of virtue in the Spring time of life—in the Summer of existence, I reaped a plentiful harvest of righteousness—in the Autumn I enjoyed the fruits of my labor; and when the frosts of Winter shall have chilled his blood, the cold and icy hand of death shall be stretched forth to lead him through the valley of the shadow of death, to green pastures and by still waters, where the presence of the Lord shall make an eternal Spring. — *Oasis*.

PASSING AWAY. — The following beautiful thought from Goethe is peculiarly appropriate to the present season: "The year is going away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail call up the thought, that *in the dry and falling years lies so much nourishment and life.*"

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Has it come, the time to fade?"
 And with a murmuring sigh
 The maple in its motley robe,
 Was the first to reply;
 And the queen Dahlias drooped
 Upon their thrones of State,
 For the frost king with his baneful kiss,
 Had well forestalled their fate.

Hydrangia, on her telegraph,
 A hurried signal traced
 Of treason dark, that fain would lay
 Bright Summer's region waste.
 Then quick the proud exotic peers
 In consummation fled,
 And refuge in their greenhouse sought,
 Before the day of dread.

The Vine that o'er my casement climbed,
 And clustered day by day,
 I count its leaflets every morn?
 See how they fade away!
 And as they, withering, one by one,
 Forsake their parent tree,
 I call each sear and yellow leaf
 A buried friend to me.

"Put on thy mourning," said my soul,
 "And with a tearful eye,
 Walk softly mid the many graves
 Where thy companions lie;
 The violet, like a loving babe,
 When the vernal suns were new,
 That met thee with a soft blue eye,
 And lip all bathed in dew.

The Lily, as a timid bride,
 While summer suns were fair,
 That put her snowy hand in thine,
 To bless thee for thy care,
 The trim and proud Anemone;—
 The Daisy from the Vale;—
 The purple Lilac tow'ring high,
 To guard its sister pale.

The ripened Rose—where are they now?"
 But from the rifted bower
 There came a voice—"Take heed to note
 Thine own receding hour;
 And let the strange and silver hair,
 That o'er thy temple strays,
 Be as a monitor to tell
 The Autumn of thy days."

"I AM CONTENT TO DIE."

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow!
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say:
 "I am content to die—but oh, not now
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing,
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
 wreath,
 Spare me, great God;—lift up my drooping
 brow:—

I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time—
 The season's viewless boundary is past;
 The glorious sun has reached his burning prime;
 "Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
 Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
 With silent steps the Lord of light moves on;
 Nor while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greet's my dull ear, with music in its tone.
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
 I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; and Autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn;
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
 "Spare me awhile, to wender forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows and the quiet stream;
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam;
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
 I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers far and
 near,
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
 Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound;
 Yet still that prayer ascends: "Oh! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
 Our home-fire blazes broad and bright and high,
 And the roof rings with voices tight and loud;
 Spare me awhile—raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die!—but oh! not now?"

ADVICE GRATIS.—Shut your eyes to the
 faults of your neighbors, and open them very wide
 to your own.

Stop your ears while gossips and slanderers are
 speaking of others; take your fingers away to
 listen to the voice of friendly admonition.

Open your mouth but seldom, and never but to
 the point and purpose. Shut it close when mis-
 judging friendship holds the glass to your lips.

BEAUTIES OF THE ORDER.

ANOTHER beautiful trait in our Order is the provision made for an Odd Fellow's widow. There is in the very sound of the word, from our ideas of the loss she has sustained, some magic power when connected with her distress, that touches the softest chord of the heart, and gives an outlet to the feelings by laying our nature more open as by a secret power, of the strongest intensity. Her helpless condition in the midst of her sorrows, when no solace seems left her but to weep in secret over the tablets of memory, until every bright picture they bore is washed away, and nothing left for meditation but illegible lines of uncertainty and doubt, and when her means of dependence have, at an unexpected hour, been wrested from her, how sublime, how noble, how inexpressibly beautiful is it to see the condolence poured upon her wounded spirit by the Odd Fellow's protection; bringing comfort and tranquility to her agitated heart, and soothing her aching pangs; and leaving serenity where it had found anguish and despair. Such protection offers her an arm for support and a shield to ward off the shafts of adversity and neglect, which endure so long as they are needed and deserved. When enveloped in the clouds of despondency, and whilst gazing upon the gathering storm of adversity that threatens to drive her from her very hearth, such protection beams through the midst of loneliness, giving light to her darkened prospects, and through her tears she beholds the rainbow of sincerity, which tells her that her hopes will not be drowned in sorrow. The joy that dries up her flowing tears, and the smothered expression of her quivering lip and sobbing breast, prove that the Odd Fellow has done his duty well.

Nor is the orphan forgotten. When manhood blooms upon him, he can tell of the nurturing care of an Odd Fellow,

when no parent was near to shield his tender years and watch over his growing frame. His mind, trained to virtue and truth, shows the fostering aid of an Odd Fellow; and the calm, happy expression of his grateful smile, tells the world his path has not been trodden without an eye to watch his course and avert the calamities which engrave the deep furrows of care with a rough hand upon the brow of the neglected child of sorrow.

When sudden pestilence has spread its dark shroud over the land with a power so dreadful, and presenting an aspect so hideous as almost to destroy the common ties of humanity, and when the living seem forgetful of their duty to the dead, from the terror of its wide-spread contagion, is the brother neglected? Far different has always been found the result. On occasions when the popular members of a community have been borne to their long homes with scarcely an eye accompanying them to moisten the earth with a tear, and barely a friend to mark the hillock beneath which they were deposited by the stranger's hand, the Odd-Fellow has been watched over in his sickness, through the day and night, with all the solitude and kindness his home could bestow; and if health crowned their hopes, the moment his eyes acquire the power of vision again, he sees around him on every side Odd-Fellows, and an Odd-Fellow's arm it is on which he leans when first he quits his long kept couch. Should death triumph over their cares and anxiety, his funeral cannot but convince the world that an Odd-Fellow's duty dies not with the expiring groan of the sojourner, but that it clings to him with feelings almost as deep and fully as pure as those of a kinsman, until all that man can do is done, and the last respect paid to what remains, when the spirit seeks where its joys are meted out. His grave, silent and obscure though it be, is pointed out as that of an Odd-Fellow, and the

grass that grows upon it is not more lively in its verdure, than are the remembrances associated with the spot, in the bosoms of those who saw it filled when the evergreen was dropped sadly upon the lid of his coffin.

Our system of work, as it is familiarly called, is attractive from many circumstances. Precluding as it does all persons from a participation who are not like ourselves duly initiated, it leaves it more open for the exercise of good-will and friendship. The moment a Lodge is opened, from the knowledge that there is no longer a necessity for that caution and circumspection which prudence forces every one to observe in his intercourse with the world at large, an air of social confidence and a spirit of accommodation soon disperses itself around the room, filling the thoughts of those present with a benign gratulation, alienated from the more worldly considerations and rules of action, thus generating a cordiality of sentiment which prevents that ill feeling, prejudice, and selfishness, which too often predominates in most societies under the best regulations. — When conducted in the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship a Lodge presents to the view of the moralist and philosopher a beautiful and an instructive picture. Its object is the carrying out and the practice of principles the most laudable and beneficial, bearing in their current benefits that reach over the whole world, and disseminating joy and happiness every hour. And the member whilst exercising his privilege of attendance, often obtains rudiments of correct precepts that can never be effaced. I know of no greater proof that can be adduced of the stability of our principles, or stronger evidence of our future usefulness, than an insight into the harmony, peace and good-will that reigns on such occasions. May innovation's power ne'er be able to change the fabric from its present basis.

The conferring of degrees and the ceremonies usual on such occasions, so far as I have advanced, are so imposing and attractive that it is only necessary for an allusion in order that they should impress the mind with their sublime beauty. The different virtues portrayed seem so firmly impressed upon the imagination by the surrounding incidents presented at the time by the precepts inculcated, and from the novelty of the position when first they are received, that they become indelibly stamped upon the memory, and are joined with the happiest of our reminiscences.

Our modes of recognition too may well claim the attention. Handed down to us as they are from the most ancient times, they have a venerable antiquity about them by which, as though associated by a sainted relick, we feel tied to the patriarchs by a new-bound chain, and are borne back to the early years of the world. Containing so much of the *antique* in their simplicity, purity and selection as they do, to violate or expose them would seem like destroying the staff of an aged pilgrim which supports his venerable frame, and keeps his form erect. An unnoticed motion, apparently accidental to the uninitiated, without further form or ceremony tells one where a friend may be found worthy of the name, though born in a different land and perhaps unable to speak in a similar language.

These are some of the more prominent beauties that present themselves to our consideration, and which claim our admiration from their intrinsic beauty. All that is necessary to make them permanent, is to carry out the principles of our Order. Let them be ever borne in mind as a guide to our practical life, and Friendship, Love and Truth will then prevail. — *Bro. S. D. Mullonny, of St. Louis.*

Most men know what they hate — few what they hate.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 5.

Under this head we shall reserve a page of each number of our magazine for communications on "matters and things in general," which, if free from personalities, may find a ready admission.

I HAVE been constrained sometimes to admire the wonderful sympathy, and the *disinterested* feelings which warm the hearts, and actuate the movements of some of our rich men. If they speak the truth, (and who has the hardihood to whisper any thing derogatory to a rich man's character,) they possess the most benevolent and kind-hearted *principles*, but it is next to impossible to reduce them to *practice*. I would not wish to convey the impression that there are many of this class in this city, for I am proud to affirm that there *are* many wealthy gentlemen in Boston, who are *ever* ready to render assistance to the deserving and the unfortunate; and to bestow with that generous liberality, which has caused the hearts of many "to sing for joy." Yes, there are *many* who have aided and befriended the widow and the fatherless, and provided for the wants of the orphan. For these, the blessings of many who were "ready to perish," will not fail to arise, and the memory of such benefactors will be deeply cherished, and held in grateful remembrance, when the memory of the sordid and the selfish shall descend, with them, to the land of silence.

I would proceed to introduce to the courteous reader some facts, which were recently related by a friend who has reaped the benefit of an acquaintance with one of these would-be philanthropists. He informed me that some years since he was unfortunate in business, owing principally to the prodigality and mismanagement of his partner. As he had always been esteemed industrious and prudent, he was soon able by great exertions, to make a beginning in business,

without the pecuniary assistance of any of his friends. Soon after he had resumed business, the quarterly payment became due for rent of his house. As he had occupied the same for a number of years, and paid the rent punctually to a day, he indulged the hope that if necessary, the demand might remain unpaid a few days, until he could collect some money which was then due him. On the second day the landlord called at his shop, and my friend frankly mentioned to him his circumstances, requesting a few days indulgence. To this the landlord replied, "You *have* always paid me punctually, but I *must* have my money—I cannot afford to lose one cent." My friend then enumerated further particulars, and stated fairly what his prospects were, and what he could rationally depend upon receiving from the profits of his business if he could obtain but a little assistance to enable him to enlarge the same.

The rich man heard the narrative, after which he remarked, "Well, Mr.—, I really believe you are an honest an industrious man,—I have no doubt but your business would be profitable if you could enlarge it. I am *very sorry* you have not some wealthy friend or acquaintance to assist you in this emergency,—I wish that I *could* do something myself, but it is impossible; I must have my rent!" Yes, it was *impossible* for this merchant who had half a million of dollars laid by, to assist an honest, industrious citizen, by loaning him one or two hundred dollars. And why? Because he could not give him the most ample collateral security, and because it would not sound large enough to help a poor man. No—he must give up his business, his chance of providing for his young and interesting family, because he could not give what may be termed *first rate security* among the votaries of Mammon.

I fear, Mr. Spectator, that this is not the only instance which might be spoken of as occurring in our goodly city. But as *truth* is of late becoming so unfashionable, I hope I may be excused in presuming to occupy so much space in your columns.

Very truly yours,
JOTHAM.

MRS. CHILDS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

[By the politeness of a friend we have been favored with a perusal of Mrs. L. M. CHILD's "Letters from New York," and have derived much pleasure therefrom. They are written in a most familiar and finished style, and cannot fail of being read with interest and instruction by every one. The following extract, under the head of Letter XXXI, on Capital Punishment, was written on the day that John C. Colt was to be executed for the murder of Mr. Adams. The first part of the Letter is occupied in giving the particulars relating to the preparations made for the execution, and the excitement caused by the self-destruction of the criminal, before the appointed time of execution. The close of the Letter, or that portion of it which relates to the law of Capital Punishment, we take pleasure in transcribing to our pages. We ask the reader to give it an attentive reading.]

"The testimony from all parts of the world is invariable and conclusive, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness of the laws. The *real* danger is in having laws on the statute-book at variance with universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion. The *evasion*, even of a bad law, is attended with many mischievous results; its *abolition* is always safe,

"In looking at Capital Punishment in its practical bearings on the operation of

justice, an observing mind is at once struck with the extreme *uncertainty* attending it. The balance swings hither and thither, and settles, as it were, by chance. The strong instincts of the heart teach juries extreme reluctance to convict for capital offences. They will avail themselves of every loophole in the evidence, to avoid the bloody responsibility imposed upon them. In this way, undoubted criminals escape all punishment, until society becomes alarmed for its own safety, and insists that the next victim *shall* be sacrificed. It was the misfortune of John C. Colt to be arrested at the time when the popular wave of indignation had been swelling higher and higher, in consequence of the impunity with which Robinson, White, and Jewell, had escaped. The wrath and jealousy which they had excited was visited upon him, and his chance for a merciful verdict was greatly diminished. The scale now turns the other way; and the next offender will probably receive very lenient treatment, though he should not have half so many extenuating circumstances in his favour.

"Another thought which forces itself upon the mind in consideration of this subject is the danger of convicting the innocent. Murder is a crime which must of course be committed in secret, and therefore the proof must be mainly circumstantial. This kind of evidence is in its nature so precarious, that men have learned great timidity in trusting to it. In Scotland, it led to so many terrible mistakes, that they long ago refused to convict any man of capital offence, upon circumstantial evidence.

"A few years ago, a poor German came to New York, and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day, the German came into the kitchen with a clasp knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his

dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual; but he sat with his back toward them, and being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it in her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street, and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and the blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation, or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that from that day to this, he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event, the woman died, and, on her death-bed, confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from his tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

"Many of my readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded,

which still circulates in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family, in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but unfortunately, her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited, her family were proud, and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this false popular sentiment, and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery to death. But she kept her secret so well, that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practised with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favourable opportunity, and shot her betrayer, when no one was near, to witness the horrible death. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity, he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution, he endeavoured to cut his throat; but his life was saved, for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a *Christian* community.

"The guilty cause of this all was al-

most frantic, when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs, and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honor was in accordance with public sentiment, her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated, excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.

"Few know how numerous are the cases where it has subsequently been discovered that the innocent suffered instead of the guilty. Yet one such case in an age is surely enough to make legislators pause before they cast a vote against the abolition of Capital Punishment.

"But many say, 'the Old Testament requires blood for blood.' So it requires that a woman should be put to death for adultery; and men for doing work on the Sabbath; and children for cursing their parents; and 'If an ox were to push with his horn, in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he had not kept him in, but that he had killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put death.' The commands given to the Jews, in the old dispensation, do not form the basis of any legal code in Christendom. They *could* not form the basis of any civilization code. If *one* command is binding on our conscience, *all* are binding; for they all rest on the same authority. They who feel bound to advocate capital punishment for murder, on account of the law given to Moses, ought, for the same reason, to insist that children should be executed for striking or cursing their parents.

"'It was said by them of *old* time, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you resist not evil.' If our 'eyes were lifted up,' we should see, not Moses and Elias, but *Jesus* only."

[The following remarks on Odd Fellowship, we copy from "The Oasis," published at Nashua, N.H. We do n't know whether the Editor is a member of the Order or not; at any rate he should be, for one who has at heart so strongly the principles of our institution, should be an Odd Fellow in name also.]

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

AMONGST the various agencies that are at work, aiming at the amelioration of the condition of our race, there is none deserving of more attention than the institution of Odd Fellowship. It claims our attention, because it is founded upon truth, and the spirit of all its doctrine is that which if carried into effect cannot fail to bless mankind; and amongst all organizations of human origin, there is none so admirably adapted to bring into recognition the great truth of *human Brotherhood*, and to carry into practice the divine commandment which teaches us to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us." It is an institution whose foundation is benevolence and charity, and while it urges upon its subjects a due observance of religious forms, and the maintenance of a spirit of reverence and devotion, still it calls with a louder voice for performance of *acts* such as the world is too seldom blessed with, and which would cause the soul of the relieved sufferer to arise in gratitude for assistance rendered in the hour of need. The widow in her bereavement — the orphan in its loneliness — are objects over which its sheltering wings are extended; — the Brother, whom misfortune has reduced to destitution and want, receives from its treasury that which will procure the means of relief, and in the hour of sickness the kind watchings and care of a beloved fraternity. We know of nothing more lovely, more beautiful, or more in accordance with the religion of the Savior than this, and we cannot find it in our heart to say else than bid them onward, always *doing* as their principles require,

and to preserve their ranks free from those whose unworthiness shall prove a barrier to its progress and usefulness.

LINES

Written after listening to the farewell discourse of the REV. T. M. CLARK, at Grace Church, Boston, Nov. 29th.

—
BY D. RUSSELL.
—

It was a solemn scene. No common tie
Impelled the crowded throng who came to hear
For the *last* time the word of truth from him,
Whom all had learnt to love, — for he had been
A faithful servant in the cause of Christ,
A faithful soldier of the King of kings. —
He loved his flock, — for them with steadfast zeal
He long had labored, and with watchful care
Had strove that *all* who heard him might become
The followers of the Savior he adored :
Now he had come to bid that flock farewell,
And to deliver them his parting charge;
To urge them to be faithful, that their souls
With joy might greet him at the final day.

THE CHARGE.

“The Cross of Christ — his boundless love
They are my parting theme;
May you life's fleeting hours improve
The gospel to esteem;
O may you learn by Faith to view
A Savior crucified for you.

“The Cross of Christ — tis this alone
Bids every sorrow cease;
This the great mystery makes known,
This is the bow of peace
To the lost sinner, — o'er his soul
The waves of wrath no longer roll.

“Be this *your* hope — be this *your* trust,
His promises are ever sure;
Soon shall he come — to bid the just
To bid the holy and the pure
To join the bright angelic throng
And raise in heaven their joyous song.”

“PRESS ON.” — This is a speech brief
but full of inspiration, and opening the
way to all victory. The mystery of
Napoleon's career was this; under all diffi-
culties and discouragements — “PRESS

ON.” It solves the problem of all heroes
— it is the rule by which to weigh all
wonderful success and triumphal marches
of fortune and genius. It should be the
motto of old and young, high and low,
fortunate or unfortunate, so called.

“PRESS ON!” never despair; never be
discouraged, however stormy the heavens,
however dark the way; however great
the difficulties, or repeated the failures,
“PRESS ON!”

If fortune has played false with thee
to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-
morrow. If thy riches have taken wings
and left thee, do not weep thy life away,
but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss
happy new energy and action. If an un-
happy bargain derange thy business, do not
fold thy arms and give up all for lost, but
stir thyself and work more vigorously.

THE CLOCK STRUCK FIRST. — George
III. was extremely punctual, and expect-
ed punctuality from every one else. The
late Lord H. was the most punctual per-
son who attended on his majesty: — he
never was a second behind his time. He
had an appointment one day with a King
at Windsor at twelve o'clock; on passing
the hall the clock struck twelve, on which
his lordship, being in a great rage at be-
ing a minute too late, raised his cane and
broke the face of the clock. The King
reminded him that he was a little beyond
his time, which he excused as well as he
could. At the next audience the King,
as he entered the room exclaimed —

“Why Lord H.! how came you to
strike the clock?”

“The clock struck first your majesty.”

The King laughed heartily at the grave
manner in which Lord H. justified him-
self; the mock solemnity of the answer
adding zest to the *bon mot*.

GRANT graciously what you cannot re-
fuse safely, and conciliate those you can-
not conquer.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE OBJECTS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WE should not do justice to the institution of Odd Fellowship, if we stopped with its agency in administering *relief*. It likewise nourishes the *social principle*, which is eminently calculated to develop our common relationship. Men will love each other better, and minister to each other more faithfully, and desist from the frauds and the violence that have torn and disunited society so long, in proportion as they *know* each other—as they come into full communion one with another. Men have conducted towards each other like *enemies*—like sharpers—like beings disposed to take every advantage, and secure only selfish ends. They have worn masks in their common intercourse. They have set up artificial distinctions. They have considered the *outward* and the *arbitrary*, more than the *living soul* that is in every man. Their philanthropy has extended but a little way—their affections have been narrowed too much by selfishness, or pride, and limited to the *family*, or the *nation*. How few of the acts that stand out in history have been for human welfare—for social melioration! How many of them have been in direct contradiction to these interests! Men have perilled their lives—has it chiefly been for other men's benefit, or their own? Men have fallen bravely in battle—has it been chiefly for the good of humanity at large, or for national aggrandizement? Every one knows the answer to these questions.

Now we make this claim for Odd Fellowship—that it helps to develop the *social sentiment*, whereby our common brotherhood is manifested and cherished.

In the regular meetings which it prescribes, men are brought together in intimate communion. They see each other in more friendly aspects, than those which are evinced in the busy, feverish excitement, and the selfish cares of the world. We meet, in the Lodge-room, in friendship and equality. We lay aside the various utensils of our labor. We come out from our several departments of toil. We emerge from the rush and roar of every-day life, and amid the sanctities of our Order, in peace and harmony we meet. We exchange kind sentiments—we nourish acquaintanceship, and we go forth to our labor again, with the social spirit quickened and deepened in us. And even though this feeling should not extend beyond a single town, or community, it is a benefit to have it extend thus far. It does *something* towards abolishing the selfishness and the unkindness that are so apt to prevail.

But this is not all. Let a brother leave his particular Lodge, and go, a *stranger*, to the far West, or the distant South.—In ordinary circumstances, he must enter a community that is entirely *new* to him. He must struggle into acquaintanceship. It will be long before his communion with the strange faces around him ripens into friendship. And weary days and months of that sad home-sickness, that desolate consciousness of *being alone*, must pass over him. But when he goes as an *Odd Fellow*, he bears a symbol of Brotherhood that introduces him at once to acquaintance and to friendship. He enters the Lodge in that far West, or distant South, and finds that there he is a welcome guest—that there the same

principles are in operation — the same great law of Love is at work — that controlled the meetings of his familiar friends, in that distant home.

Or he may be laid low by the hand of sickness. The fever may throb in his brow, or course in fire through his veins, and there, in a distant and stranger region, he shall lie, smitten and alone. No face that he knew in boyhood shall come before his dim eyes. No hand that he has pressed in familiar communion shall raise his head, or minister the healing draught. In the pauses of his wild and fitful trance, he shall hear voices, but not the voices of the long-loved and remembered. And yet they shall be *kind* voices, voices of deep and earnest sympathy. — There shall be faces that glow with generous zeal for his restoration — hands that are untiring for his welfare. *The spirit of Odd Fellowship* — a spirit which, if it cannot fully equal, can at least in some degree supply the place of the sister's watching, and the brother's strength — the spirit of Odd Fellowship has brought these friends around the sick stranger's couch, and quickened the their efforts for his healing. He is sick, but not alone — he is a stranger, but not uncared for. He is helpless, but he is not thrown upon the uncertain charities of the world.

And if he must die, that fraternal spirit will summon around him the loving and the true. To die from *home*! Oh! this is hard in any case. To feel that there are dear faces upon which we shall look, this side the grave, no more — to feel that they cannot see the last glance which we give to earth — to feel that our dying grasp must press the hand of a stranger — to know that we cannot, *ourselves*, say our farewell words to the ears that most of all should hear them, but must give them, in sacred deposit, to others — to know that there is a group eagerly waiting for tidings, that when they come shall

be tidings of the dead — to know that at the grave where we must lie no familiar footsteps may ever linger — to know that while, in that distant home, the sunshine shall sleep pleasantly upon the tombstones of all our kindred, *here*, where the moss will grow thick and the wild grass over-run, the passer-by shall point to "*the stranger's grave*;" these are thoughts for the dying that make death far more bitter! And we do not say that anything can wholly remove this bitterness. But something can, at least, partly, alleviate. The ties of our Brotherhood shall surely be a better bond between the dying and the bed-side watchers, than would be the communion between him and those who are connected with him by no special bond. Affectionately will they comply with his last requests. Reverently, and with tenderness, will they lay him in his grave — and rude hands, and cold, unfeeling hearts shall not perform the last offices, where there are Odd Fellows to minister to an Odd Fellow.

In its cultivation of the social sentiment, then, our institution nourishes the principle of Human Brotherhood. And we rejoice in the practical development of this principle, wherever and by whomsoever manifested. We believe that development is becoming more general in our age. We believe that men are beginning to have more regard for one another, as *men* — that the bulwarks of *sect* and *caste* are crumbling away somewhat, and that the rime of selfishness is melting before the light and power that are going abroad. We know that it must be long ere love and social union shall prevail through the wide world — long, ere the final note of discord shall die, — and the sword be sheathed forever, — and the chain of oppression be broken, and the crushed raised up, and the wronged righted. Still, for a time, will men meet in hostile array. Still will the harmony of this beautiful universe

be shaken by the thunders of battle — still will the pure wave be crimsoned with the life-blood of brethren — still will crime and ancient wrong prevail in the midst of communities, and in the hearts of individuals. A mightier power than any that is embodied in human institutions — a power that is robed with heaven's own beauty, and girded with God's own Omnipotence, — a power of Truth and Love, even uncorrupted Christianity, must penetrate and subdue the souls of men, ere the blessed consummation can be reached, and the waters of this deluge shall roll from the face of the chafed and troubled earth. Meanwhile let us hail with pleasure that which embodies any portion of this power — let us hail Odd Fellowship that embodies so much of it!

We have thus endeavored, in this and our preceding article, to declare the objects of Odd Fellowship. We hope that we have entered into no extravagant panegyric, nor strained our style beyond the intrinsic importance of the theme. We do not say that Odd Fellowship is the *best* institution of the age — we do not say there is no institution that does as much good — we do not say that it inculcates any *new* duties. But this we do say, that in its fundamental objects, it is a good institution, and fills a good place. It supplies the craving of man for relief that shall come in the spirit of brotherly love, wherever he may be, and in whatever hands he may fall — it supplies the wants which would drive him into utter destitution, unless he applied for succor to public charity. This place Odd Fellowship fills, and it is a useful and important place. And when we see the manner in which it cherishes the social relations — when we see the practical application which it makes of the truth of Human Brotherhood, we say — Let its banner float — let its rainbow-signal be unfurled — let it accomplish its legitimate work!

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN MAINE. — It has been scarcely two months since the institution of the first Lodge in Maine. Now there are four, all of which are in a flourishing state. In Portland where, three months ago, there was not *one* Odd Fellow, we believe, there are now upwards of two hundred! and what is better, they are of the right stamp, — each and every one evidently striving to promote the welfare of the Order. The Maine Lodge numbers upwards of one hundred and fifty members, and the Ancient Brothers' fifty, or more. And we understand another petition has been forwarded for a third Lodge in Portland. While on a visit at P. a few weeks since, we were indeed gratified in witnessing the interest taken by the brothers in the work of the Order, particularly in relation to conferring of the degrees, which we look upon as being of the utmost importance. To study well the lectures and charges of the several degrees, with their application to the work of the Order, should be the duty of every Odd Fellow. To our brethren East we would say, persevere in the cause you have so zealously and faithfully taken hold of; study well its principles and carry them with you into your every day's transactions, that the world may know and appreciate them; be careful in the admission of new members into your Lodges, as on this depends the perpetuity of our institution: in a word, live and act like true Odd Fellows, and the blessings of thousands will rest upon you.

RATHER COOL. — We received a "Circular" through the Post Office a few days since, from Baltimore, on which we had to pay 18 3-4 cents postage. In connection with the "circular," was a prospectus of the "Official." We thought at first it was wrong for us to pay the postage; but what right have *we* to think differently from the "great official?"

Communicated.

INSTALLATION AT SALEM.

BRO. PRINCE.—On Monday, November 6th, in company with a numerous deputation of brothers (about one hundred) from our goodly city, I had the pleasure of attending the installation of Essex Lodge, No. 26, at Salem, by G. M. CHAPIN. Thirteen good men and true were initiated. And the installation services were of the most interesting character.—The address by G. M. Chapin, was a burst of eloquence, beautiful and impressive in the highest degree—and the remarks made by Brother Durant, were in every way worthy of the man and the occasion. Previous to the commencement of the services, the brothers partook of a most bountiful repast at the Essex Coffee House, provided by the liberality of the members of the Essex Lodge. The Brothers were highly pleased with their visit, and there is no doubt that the seed thus sown in the fruitful soil of Old Essex, will bring forth fruit honorable to the Order and beneficial to the citizens.

W. E. P. H.

[A list of the officers elect will be found under the appropriate head.]

Extract of a letter dated

NORWICH, (Ct.) Oct. 31, 1843.

BRO. PRINCE,—I send you a list of the officers of "Uncas Lodge, I. O. O. F.," of this place. This Lodge was established the 10th of March last. We now have one hundred and thirty-five members, and I believe, I can say, without very much boasting, that for respectability of character, we are not very far behind the best of New England Lodges. Our brothers seem, all of them, to take great interest in promoting the good of the Order, not only by their general conduct, but by adding worthy members to it.

I hear of Lodges springing up all about us, and I think in the course of a

few months, there will be from six to ten more in this State.

In F. L. and T.

J. D. MOWRY.

"MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1."

—It gives us pleasure to mention the institution of this Encampment at Portland, Maine. The installation took place on Tuesday evening last, and the several degrees conferred by H. P. ROB'T L. ROBBINS, of Massasoit Encampment of this city, assisted by D. G. S. CHURCHILL, of Maine. Twenty-two brothers were initiated, all of whom received the R. P. degree. The following named brothers were elected and installed into their respective offices:

JAMES WINSLOW, C. P.

DAVID ROBINSON, JR., H. P.

EDW'D WHEELER, JR., S. W.

JOS. T. MITCHELL, J. W.

JOHN D. KINSMAN, Scribe.

THEOPHILUS C. HERSEY, Treasurer.

The Encampment holds its meetings in Union st., over Canal Bank, Saturday evenings.

UNION DEGREE LODGE.—The following named Lodges of this city have united and formed themselves into a Union Degree Lodge: Massachusetts, Suffolk, Siloam, Oriental, Covenant and Franklin. The officers elected for the present term, are—

ROB'T L. ROBBINS, Mass. Lodge, D. M.

JOHN R. MULLIN, Siloam, D. G. M.

EDWIN ADAMS, Covenant, A. D. G. M.

N. A. THOMPSON, Suffolk, P. G.

WM. HILLIARD, Oriental, V. G.

J. A. CUMMINGS, Covenant, Sec'y.

ATKINS A. CLARKE, Franklin, Treas.

Regular time of meeting, Saturday evening of each week, at Covenant Hall.

☞ The "Citizen Soldier," published at Philadelphia, by I. R. & A. H. DILLER, should be well patronized. Every soldier,—to whose interest it is more par-

ticularly devoted,—should certainly subscribe for it. The greater part of its contents are original, and for the most part are written with much talent and ability. The last two numbers contain a story entitled "Battle Day of German-town," which in point of interest it would be difficult to excel. It is written by GEO. LIPPARD, Esq., one of the best writers of the day.

☞ The Odd Fellows hold their meetings in a hall directly over our office. They generally roll a ball, about the size we should think of a twelve pound shot, across the floor, sing "Auld Lang Syne," and then retire. Isn't there something extremely "odd" in all this? The Order is in a very flourishing condition here—odd as they are; and they have many fine young fellows among them too. — *Hartford Times*.

Do you know what those balls are for? — We'll tell you. The candidates are arranged like ten pins—the offices roll—and as fast as they drop they are pronounced initiated. This is in strict confidence—don't repeat it as coming from us. — *Portland American*.

Brothers, you hear the remarks of Bro. Kingsbury, of the American. Those in favor of his being forthwith "Morganized," will answer "yea"; contra minded, "nay." The yeas have it. Oh, scissors!

"RURAL REPOSITORY." — We have received the 5th number of a semi-monthly publication, with the above title, published at Hudson, N. Y., by WM. B. STODDARD. It is a perfect paragon of neatness. In point of typography,—excepting of course, the Symbol,—the "Repository" will stand first on the list. It is well filled with useful and entertaining matter, and for the low price at which it is published, (\$1 per year, quarto,) should have an extensive circulation. Will the publisher favor us with the back numbers of the present volume?

☞ We have on hand a few copies of Rev. Bro. J. McLEISH's excellent Address delivered before Nazarene Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F., at Ware Village, on the 23d June last. This Address should be in the hands of every Odd Fellow.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

The Mysteries of Paris.

This is an intensely interesting work, translated from the French of Eugene Sue. The scenes are at once graphic and startling, and show an intimate knowledge of the "Mysteries" of this great city of pleasure. It is a work which will be eagerly sought and attentively read. We should like to make extracts from the same, but we know not where to begin or where to leave off, so absorbing is the interest of this work. — Harper's edition, is decidedly the best edition we have seen. — *Saxton & Pierce, Boston* — have it for sale.

Saxton, Pierce & Co.

Have Sears' Family Magazine for November and December. We notice an excellent article on Ruined Cities, in this number, worthy an attentive perusal; the numerous illustrations which embellish this work, are well executed.

Miss Leslie's Magazine.

Publishers, Morton McMichael, Philadelphia — Jordan & Co., Boston. — October number, is beautifully illustrated by "Sympathy" and Thompson's Seasons. The idea of sympathy is in keeping with the other spirited engravings, which, from time to time, adorn this amusing miscellany. Contents of this number, "Orphelina" part first, by the editress, so far interesting, which is a guaranty for the remainder — "Cecilia Howard" and "The Peri's Ransom." This is an Eastern tale, embracing the imagery of oriental climes; it is, at the same time, both amusing and novel. "Renting a

House," is an excellent tale — of domestic life, and should be read by (particularly) the ladies. Here are several other amusing papers in the number of this work which we shall take occasion to notice hereafter.

Etiquette, or a Guide to the usages of Society.
Redding & Co.

When we first looked into this little monitor, we thought, to find but little to interest, and nothing to amuse; but we found before we arrived at the end, *we* had a "bad habit" of judging superficially; for we find the work a monitor for all classes of society — and should be read by all (as it *can be* with profit). — Much misconstruction and unpleasant feeling arise, especially in country towns, (not confined by the way to country towns exclusively) from not knowing what is to be "expected or necessary to be done on certain occasions." So says the work, *so say we*. And this little book will be a pretty present from a beau of the city to his friend (or cousin) in the country, and may be the means of mutual improvement in the manners of both. A delicate hint at a certain habit, may be conveyed in a marked paragraph, from him of the city to him of the country — for example, pp 45, paragraph first, "If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part*, to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate." Your friend may in return (equally polite) mark for your inspection and improvement, p. 16, "*on tooth-picking*," or, p. 46, on *meeting a friend in the street*.

We shall have some familiar remarks to make upon Etiquette, by and bye; for the time being, we recommend the careful perusal of this little truth teller to A. B. C. and the public.

Earnest Harcourt.

An interesting tale; we wish there was as good a moral contained in every tale

as there is found in this — we should then praise *more* and blame *less*. This romance of the Revolution is written with truth and fidelity, the incidents for the most part but slightly colored — exhibiting a lesson of charity and forbearance worthy the imitation of all men. — Redding & Co., Boston.

The Game of Life; Or, the Chess Players.

This valuable design is by RETZSCH, and is a design which requires a long and deep study, without the key, — there is displayed upon this chess-board, matter for much reflection, and minute scrutiny — no one can lay aside this game of life without feeling, *he* has a deep and personal interest in the progress of this game — this beautiful allegory will form the basis of several papers which will hereafter be found in the pages of the Symbol, as it is impossible to do anything like justice to this beautiful etching in a short review. The readers of the Symbol are requested to look at the same; it may be found at Jordan & Co., 121 Washington street, and should be in the possession of every *Student* and every *Artist*.

VARIETY.

GETTING USED TO IT. — Matrimony, said a lady, on taking a third husband, is like a cold bath, very formidable the first time, but when you have tried it often, you become used to it.

What word of ten letters can be spelt with five?
Ans. X P D N C. (Expediency.)

An exchange paper says that instead of saying to a young lady — "Please to take my arm," you should say — "Will you condescend so far to sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure, as to insert the five digitals and part of the extremity of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular portion of my animal frame!"

Jim, do you believe in ghosts?" asked a fellow yesterday of another, who was taking a brandy julep, at a rum shop. "No," replied Jim, "but I do in *spirits*."

"Master, this gal keeps saying I'm a thief!" —
 "What does she say you have stolen?" "She says that I stole her character." At this juncture a little girl jumped up and said — "I geth he did — I geth he did — for I theen him behind the thoolhouth a eatin thumthing."

What essence is most pleasant to a gentleman popping the question? Why, *acquiescence*, to be sure.

A servant girl, in the town of A —, whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street heard one of them exclaim to his fellows: — "By Heaven, she's painted!"

"Yes, Sir, and by heaven only!" she very quietly replied, turning round.

The officer acknowledged the force of the rebuke and apologised.

TRUE. — Those who pretend to know more than others, are sometimes more ignorant than those who pretend to know nothing.

SLANDER. — As soon as a person takes pleasure in hearing slander, he is to be ranked in the number of slanderers.

I hope I've made a mistake (Miss-take) as the fellow said, when he offered his heart to a young lady.

The infant daughter of the Queen of Portugal is to be baptized Donna Maria Anna Fernanda Leopoldina Michaela Rafaela Gabriella Carlota Antonia Julia Victoria, Praxedes Gonzaga de Braganza e Bourbon Saxe Coburg e Gotha.

If those whom thou hast trusted have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged nor idly weep, but still "PRESS ON;" find others, or what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out as water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst, but "PRESS ON" — a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thyself. Do not say, The world has lost all its poetry and beauty; 't is not so: but even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty, by a brave and true life.

A necssitous man, who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

MARRIED,

At Welfleet, Oct. 1st, by Rev. Mr. Dods, Mr. Joshua Y. Pierce, of Welfleet, to Miss Rebecca C., daughter of Bro. Charles Burgess, of Kingston.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

Massachusetts.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
 T. R. B. Edmands, "
 A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
 Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
 John Schouler, "
 John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
 Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
 L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.
 E. H. Smith, Woburn.
 Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.

Maine.

David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland.
 Jos. L. Smith, Portland.
 Jeremiah Mason, Saco.
 George Prince, Thomaston.

Connecticut.

Safford & Park, Norwich.
 Charles Ball, New Haven,

Horace Warren, Ithica, (N.Y.)
 D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y.
 City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
 Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
 Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
 Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
 En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
 Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
 United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
 Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
 Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
 Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
 Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
 Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
 Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
 Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
 Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
 Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
 Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10 do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 13, do do	Fri.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28 do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	
Grove, 58, do do	Thur.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64, do do	Tues.
Croton, 78, do do	
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do do	Mon.
Meridian, 42, do do	Wed.
Chelsea 84, do do	Fri.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.	
United Brothers, 52 do Tues.	
Howard, 60, do Wed.	
Marion 34, do Thurs.	
Fidelity 87, do Fri.	
Commercial, 67, do Fri.	
Knickerbocker, 22, do Thurs.	
Mercantile, 47, do Tues.	
Olive Branch, 31, do Wednes.	
Mount Vernon, 73, do Fri.	

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues. -
Nassau, 39, do do	Thurs.
Atlantic, 50, do do	Mon.
Fulton, 66, do do	Wed.
Long Island, 63, Wallabout, do	Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.	
Williamsburg, 62, do Tues.	
Whitehall, 64, Washington Co., Thurs.	
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do do	
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co., Thurs.	
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co. Tue.	
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co., Thu.	
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do Mon.	
Dutchess, 59, do do	Wed.
Fireman's, 19, Albany, Thurs.	
German, Colonial, 16, do. Mon.	
City Philanthropic, 5, do.	
Union, 8, do	
American, 32, do	Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy, Mon.	
Spartan, 62, do	Fri.
Phoenix, 41, Albany, Wednes.	
Franklin, 24, Troy, Wednes.	
Trojan, 27, do Mon.	
Star, 29, Lansingburgh, Tues.	
Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Thurs.	
Halcyon, 56, do Thurs.	
Niagara, 25, Buffalo, Mon.	
Puffalo, 37, do Tues.	
Tehosoron, 48, do Thurs.	

Genesee, 51, Rochester,	Fri.
Teoronto, 69, do	
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,	Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithaca,	
Rockland County, 76,	Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,	Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.	
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.	
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.	

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequannock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatonic 6, Derby	do
Thames 9, New London	
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Uncas, — Norwich,	Mon.
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	

Maine.

Maine, 1, Portland, Union st.,	Mon.
Ancient Brothers, 3, do.	
Saco, 2, Saco, Central Hall,	Mon.
Georgian, 4, West Thomaston,	

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall,	Tues.
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Kentucky.

Poone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

THE SYMBOL,

AND

ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE

EDITED BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN,

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JOB PRINTING,

Of every description, neatly and promptly executed.

DRS. A. GUILD & R. L. ROBBINS,
SURGEON DENTISTS,58 Hanover Street, corner of Portland Street,
BOSTON.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Hez'h Prince, C. P. Robert L. Robbins, H. P. Wm. H. Jones, S. W. Cha's A. Smith, J. W. John Mears, Jr, Scribe. Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Edward Tyler, C. P. Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—D. Dodge, CP: J. C. Waldo, HP: John Schouler, SW: J. Vaughton, JW: J. P. Patee, Scribe: J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP: James M. Stone, HP: Hargraves Lord, SW: Job H. Cole, JW: Alex'r Grene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Sam'l R. Slack, C. P. John S. Ludd, HP: Asa D. Patee, SW: Lester Leland, JW: Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe: Isaac Kendall, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—E. H. Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F. Norris, RWVGM: J. Henry Brown, RWGW: William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: H-zekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Jos. L. Drew, P. G.—Geo. T. Carruth, N. G. Benja. H. Brown, V. G. Oliver B. Hill, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y.—Joseph Barnard, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

SUFFOLK LODGE, No. 8.—Newell A. Thompson, NG; A. B. Wheeler, VG: H. B. Evans, Rec. Sec.; Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y; H. D. Storer, Treasurer; F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

SILKOM LODGE, No. 2.—Raymond Cole, N. G. Thacher Beal, VG. C. R. Ransom, Rec. Sec'y. John McClellan, Per. Sec'y. A. Stuart, Treas. O. A. Skinner, Chaplain.

ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Josiah Daniell, P. G. Goodhue Ambrose, N. G. Geo. L. Montague, V. G. J. J. Whiting, Rec. Sec'y. F. H. Bowers, Permanent Sec'y. Henry Keith, Treas'r. J. S. I. T. Coudige, Chaplain. J. T. Sergeant, assistant Chaplain.

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BETHEL, No. 12.—J. C. Waldo, P. G. Ichabod Fessenden, N. G. Paul F. Dodge, V. G. John Jarvis, Rec. Sec'y. Michael Kenny, Per. Sec'y. Jesse P. Patee, Treasurer.

CHRYSAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—Wm. G. Alley, PG. Willard Adams, N. G.: Cyrus C. Atwell, V. G.: Alvan Hussey, Sec'y.; Sumner Young, Treas'r.; Wm. B. Randolph, Chaplain.

BUNKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—Isaac Kendall, P. G. Jacob Hoyt, N. G. Sam'l Woodbridge, V. G. Perez R. Jacobs, Rec. Sec'y. Jos. Burrill, Permanent Sec'y. A. W. Crowningshield, Treasurer. E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.

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MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—A. Rolfe, P. G.; J. H. Cole, NG: A. R. Brown, VG. J. S. Morse, Sec'y.: H. S. Orange, Per. Sec'y. S. D. Emerson, Treas. A. A. Minor, Chaplain.

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WARREN LODGE, No. 18.—Benj. F. Cottine, P. G. m Al len, NG: A. J. P. Whitcomb, V. G.; Robert Seaver, Sec'y.: E. G. Sott, Treasurer.

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FRIENDSHIP LODGE, No. 20.—George B. Lathrop, NG; Benjamin F. Nourse, VG; Charles H. Morse, Sec'y. John J. Eaton, Treas.

HOWARD LODGE, No. 22.—Caleb Rand, NG: Wm. W. Pierce, VG: George H. Childs, Sec'y; Thos. R. B. Edmunds, Treasurer.

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WINNIMMET LODGE, No. 24.—Eben W. Lathrop, N. G.; John Low, VG; John Lathrop, Sec'y; Wm. Munroe, Treasurer.

BOSTON LODGE, No. 25.—William H. Hill, N. G.; Samuel Adams, V. G.; George Rand, Sec'y, Moses A. Dow, Treasurer.

ESSEX LODGE, No. 26.—Wm. Durant, NG. C. C. Hayden, VG. George Russell, Sec'y. Adrian Low, Treas'r. J. P. Atkinson, Chaplain.

Maine.

MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—David Robinson, Jr, N. G.: J. N. Winslow, VG: Edw'd Wheeler, Jr, Sec'y: A. P. Pratt, Treas.

SACO LODGE, No. 2.—George C. Churchill, PG: Geo. A. Warren, NG: James Smith, VG: Stephen Webster, Sec'y: Jeremiah Mason, Treasurer.

GEORGIAN LODGE, No. 3.—Lucius H. Chandler, N. G.: George Prince, V. G.; C. Prince, Sec'y; Michael Libby, Treasurer.

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New Hampshire.

GRANITE LODGE, No. 1, Nashua.—David Phibbrick, NG: Charles T. Gill, VG: Edwin P. Hill, Sec'y: John L. Pollard, Treasurer.

Connecticut.

UCAS LODGE—Norwich.—James E. Mowry, NG: Cha's A. Converse, VG. R. O. Williams, Sec'y. Philo M. Judson, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.

GRAND LODGE, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, West Cambridge, semi monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly: 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, Covenant Hall, Friday, Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

TREMONT, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

FRANKLIN, 23, do do Tuesday.

BOSTON, 25, do do Saturday.

SUFFOLK, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tu. Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

SILKOM, No. 2, do do Thursday.

ORIENTAL, No. 10, do Wednesday.

NEW ENGLAND, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

BETHEL, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

NAZARENE, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

CHRYSAL FOUNT, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

BUNKER HILL, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

HOWARD, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.

MERRIMAC, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.

MECHANIC, No. 11, do. do. Friday.

MIDDLESEX, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

WARREN, No. 18, Roxbury, do. do. ding near the Post Office Tuesday.

MONUMENT, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

FRIENDSHIP, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Tuesday.

WINNIMMET, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.

ESSEX, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

We have received a communication over the signature of "Publicola." We cannot for the life of us decipher the *scrawl*, and are therefore compelled to "lay it on the table."

THE SYMBOL.

VOLUME 2.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1843.

NUMBER 8.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT

Of the M. W. Grand Sire, to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Sept. 18, 1843.

THE stated assembling of the Grand Representatives of the Order brings with it the necessity for the Grand Sire to make report in conformity with the requirements of the constitution. The peculiar fitness of such an occasion for offering, one to the other, gratulations on our continued and increasing success, also admonishes of that higher duty which requires of those who feel a lively and grateful sense of obligation to make audible expression to the author of all good, who has during the whole of our existence in a land, and under a government of singular adaptation to the frame and objects of our institution, and especially during the year which has just past, vouched to us a cherishing support. — "Strength, harmony and brotherly love" continue to be the characteristics of our progress. Nearly all parts of the jurisdiction give forth, by an unity of expression, their exultation on the prosperity which has resulted from our labors. And at the present session we are enabled to ascertain the highly gratifying fact, that but two States of the entire extent of our wide domain now remain in which Odd Fellowship has not been successfully

established: and in each of these we have satisfactory evidence that progress is making, which will within a few months include them also in our social compact: when will be presented the pleasing spectacle of every portion of a great nation having united in rendering a benefaction to humanity unsurpassed by any former moral effort.

Although every thing within offers such flattering evidence of present prosperity, and holds up so high our future hopes, the large fund of gratification we enjoy is in no small degree diminished by the absence of advance having been made toward an amicable settlement of foreign relations. Very soon after the adjournment of the last session, notification was made to the Board at Manchester of the proceedings had by the Grand Lodge in the premises. No official acknowledgement has been received, that the communication reached its destination, or of what nature were the acts of the A. M. C. at Bradford in June last; but sufficient has come to hand of an unofficial, though eminently authentic form to satisfy us that all previous aggressive mandates against the universality of Odd Fellowship had been reiterated and more active efforts had been directed to be made. Already we have the proof of their being engaged in collecting for obvious use the names of all members who have emigrated within a few years to the

United States, and we may with reason expect a hostile demonstration upon the heretofore conceded limits of our jurisdiction at a very early day.

Meanwhile, during the recess, much anxious enquiry has continued to be made relative to the establishment of the Order under the ancient work, throughout various parts of Europe. The brethren in England are impatient for action, and stand ready to forward applications for Lodges from various parts, immediately on the contingency arising under which charters are granted, viz: when "the authority of the Manchester Unity of Great Britain persist in carrying into effect the powers conferred on them by the Annual Moveable Committee at the Isle of Man in 1841, and reiterated at the Wigan Annual Moveable Committee of 1842, to *establish Lodges within the United States.*" In the absence of an overt act on the part of the authorities adverted to, the Grand Officers have felt themselves restrained from counselling the brethren, or holding out to them any encouragement not justified by the letter of the resolution of last session. Otherwise applications would be presented in due form with this Report. Not only is it in England, but in other parts of Europe that the brethren are fully alive to the importance of a permanent and universal work. Among the communications herewith presented are those on the subject of establishing the Order in Germany which merits special attention;—these communications do not emanate from persons ignorant of our institution, but from brethren who have had ample experience, both in our work and mode of business, by connexion with German Lodges in Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia, to render them capable of judging of the adaptation of the Order to their native country. The devotion and zeal of these brethren is fully evinced, by their willingness to incur the expense

of time and money in visiting the United States, should that course be deemed necessary to the successful establishment of the Order according to the principles which distinguish it in this country.

It is not only in England and Germany that we expect to be enabled to give immediate spread to Universal Odd Fellowship, but in other remote countries the fields are ripe for the harvest, and it is only necessary that we should enter in to possess them. The period has nearly arrived, if indeed it is not already at hand, when (let the ultimate action of the A. M. C. be what it may) it will be our work, as it will be our pleasure, to plant Odd Fellowship throughout the earth.—So well disseminated has the Order become among all classes of the people of this country, that wherever they go, Odd Fellowship goes with them, and the acknowledged intelligence of American travellers will afford them a preponderating influence co-extensive with our commerce. Let us then make wise provision for the future, nor wait until the present shall overtake it and render more difficult that which even now is not without its perplexities.

The imperious assumption of power on the part of the Manchester dynasty, to which the dignity of manhood and a just sense of the true principles of the fraternity, would not suffer us to succumb, should operate in season on ourselves by awaking within us a determination to build universal Odd Fellowship on a foundation from which it cannot be removed, and where its yield will be perennial. To accomplish so desirable an end, it is merely necessary that the maxim should influence our every act which teaches; whatever would be wrong in us to submit to, would as clearly be improper for us to assert on our own behalf toward others. Would it not then be adding to the already high reputation of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to make pro-

vision in time for the independence of the Order in foreign countries, so soon as a Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment are established in any civil division; and for the holding of a Universal Convocation, periodically, represented on a basis of numerical strength of membership. — Let such general convocation have exclusive and entire power over the Work of the Order, so as to inhibit all infringement or change without the approbation or knowledge of the entire fraternity; bestow upon it complete jurisdiction in all matters partaking of the character of intercommunication, and let its sessions be sufficiently remote to ensure permanency in both work and regulation. By such fundamental provision we should establish on enduring principles a Universal Order, and secure for ourselves the respect of the world by the evidence of our sincerity while making a demand on the authorities of the Manchester Unity.

The first advance toward an external spread of the Order occurred at the session of 1838, when Lone Star Lodge, No. 1, was authorised to be established at Houston, in the Republic of Texas; since which time, excepting the institution of two other Lodges and the Grand Lodge in Texas, no movement has been made on the part of the Grand Lodge of the U. States for similar extension. Brethren who are resident in various other foreign places have evinced much solicitude to have the advantages of the Order extended to them. Among whom may be enumerated those of the several republics of the South and neighboring Colonies on the North, who have from time to time exhibited much eagerness on the subject; but from a desire not to embarrass the pending negotiations with our former contemporary, their solicitations had not been received with decided approbation. The position in which affairs stood at the close of last session, however, warranted

the Grand Sire in holding out to such brothers every proper encouragement. It has already resulted in the opening of one Lodge at Montreal, in the Province of Canada, as hereinafter more circumstantially reported, and the assurance that within a very short time the number will be swelled by several other applications from the same and adjoining Provinces. The astonishing success attendant on the first colonial effort is evidence of the discrimination of its inhabitants, and conclusive proof of the abiding prosperity which awaits its progress among them.

It has ever been a source of unalloyed satisfaction to contemplate the progressive advancement of the Order in our own land; tracing it from its small beginnings until as at present it is spread over twenty-four of the twenty-six States of the Union, two Territories and one separate District. Every city and considerable town in its range have their Lodges, and the Patriarchal tent is nearly co-extensively set up. Our system of government has been proven by twenty years' experience to be just such as is suited to ensure our internal prosperity. Grand Lodges are in successful operation supervising the subordinates within their several limits of jurisdiction in the States of Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Louisiana, Ohio, New Jersey, Kentucky, Virginia, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Connecticut, Tennessee, S. Carolina, Alabama, N. Carolina, and in the D. of Columbia and the Republic of Texas; and subordinate Lodges are permanently established in Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, and the province of Canada. Grand Encampments also are employed in the charge of Encampments in the several States of Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, Connecticut, New Jersey, and S. Carolina; while subordinate Encampments have their tents

pitched in the district of Columbia, and in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, N. Carolina, Tennessee, Massachusetts, and Georgia. The subordinates alluded to are at present under the immediate jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States; but in several districts rapid preparations are in progress for the organization of Grand Lodges and G. Encampments, and very few have not attained a highly flourishing condition. Among the number of Subordinates here alluded to, those in Canada, Maine and New Hampshire are on newly acquired territory for Lodges, while Rhode Island is a revival from a dormancy of some twelve years' standing. The new ground taken by Encampments is in N. Carolina, Tennessee, Massachusetts and Georgia. It might be deemed neglect to pass over the rapid and healthy success which has attended the Order in Massachusetts, where after it had slept the sound sleep of death for upwards of ten years, it suddenly awoke invigorated by its long repose, and in the short space of two years has increased from two weakly Lodges and a handful of distrusting though indomitable veterans, to a G. Lodge with fourteen Lodges, nineteen hundred members and five Encampments.

The number of Dispensations which have been issued by the Grand Officer's in the recess just closed is uncommonly large, if not the greatest that has been so issued in the same space of time. Embracing three for Grand Encampments, thirteen for Subordinate Encampments and twelve for Subordinate Lodges, and leaving several applications entirely at the disposal of the Grand Lodge.

It is respectfully suggested to the Representatives to adopt measures for ascertaining the date of instituting the several Subordinates which have been opened since the establishment of the Grand Lodge of the United States, whether by

the authority of this Grand Lodge, or that of the the States, and to have the same registered in formal manner, Lodges and Encampments separately, and to provide for the preservation of a perfect register hereafter; so that a complete chronological record of the past and future progress of the whole Order may be preserved in the archives. A measure of this kind would not interrupt the mode of preserving numerical registry under the State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments as at present practised; each State and country could continue the use of local numbering; but it would provide for additional registration on general books. In view of a more extended operation than has heretofore limited our efforts, these preparations are the more essentially necessary at the present time. Nothing can be more serviceable in preserving the welfare and purity of the Order at large than the exercise of proper care in the selection of persons for admission to membership. Among remaining practices in various parts of the jurisdiction requiring correction by general regulation, and which is legitimately within the province of the Grand Lodge of the United States, may be enumerated that of initiating persons at places remote from their permanent residences, while Lodges and Encampments are known to be located in their immediate neighborhood. Constant complaints are being made that highly improper persons have been thus admitted to membership, who in many cases have been refused admission by those to whom they were known, and admitted to the Order by those who had opportunity to be nothing but strangers to their true reputation. Would it not be well in such cases for the Grand Lodge to protect one portion of the Order from the inconsiderate action of another part of it?

Notwithstanding the very clear manner in which our regulations on regalia

define the mode of distinguishing the various ranks, there still appears to exist some little misapprehension on a few minor points; should time permit, your attention to the subject is requested. — The Grand Lodge will not fail to observe that while legislating on the denoting emblems of advancement and office in the Order, it has heretofore neglected to define the appropriate jewels for its officers, as well as for every other grade of office. By providing for Jewels suited to each office in the Order, the Grand Officers will be much relieved and assisted, as at present they are obliged to refer to the enactments of the several State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments which are as various as they are numerous.

[From the G. Secretary's Report, it appears that the receipts of the Grand Lodge, during the last year, for Books, Charters, &c., were \$2746 54.]

In relation to the "English Correspondence," the G. S. says: —

"By direction of the M. W. Grand Sire, an official communication was addressed to the Manchester Unity early after the adjournment of the last session, accompanying which several copies of the Journal were transmitted containing the legislation of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States upon the subject of her relations with that body. The communication from this office briefly, but respectfully referred to the report of the Committee on Foreign relations and your action thereon. No official acknowledgement of the letter of the undersigned has been since received — herewith however is presented a copy of the Minutes of the Board of Directors at Manchester and abstracts from the Journal of Proceedings of the A. M. C. which assembled at Bradford on Whitsunday last. It will appear from the former Document that our official communication had been received by the Board of Directors, and was referred to the consideration of the A. M. C.,

which body so far as we are informed have as yet not retraced the steps heretofore unadvisably taken upon the subject of the universality of Odd Fellowship. Further information will be presented to you from private sources which will no doubt determine the final and absolute divorcement of the two bodies, in the two hemispheres and upon the Representatives of the present session will devolve the important responsibility of devising the scheme and means of scattering the blessings of Odd Fellowship as understood and practised in the United States, throughout the world. If our Brothers abroad are content to remain stationary while the world around them is in progress in all that concerns the elevation of human character, if they will sleep in composure, content to circumscribe the benefits of an Institution to their own soil which is destined under proper auspices to fill the earth, let us press onward to the attainment of a far higher moral and intellectual victory. There is a rich heritage before us—it is not to be attained by the spear or sword, it is a moral conquest, it is a mission of humanity, the extension of relief, succor, education and moral culture upon principles of association congenial to the most refined sensibility throughout the earth; a material universe alone should be the limit of our labors, and all the energies at our command should be strung to this noble enterprise.

SOME read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are common; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not frequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, they treat books as some do lords; they inform themselves of their *titles*, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD.—"Shade of Kemble! ejaculated Ward, at the time manager for Jefferson Mackenzie, Baltimore; "here it is past 7 o'clock; and crook'd backed Richard not in his dressing room.

"My dear sir!" said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas W. Gardner, do not be precipitate, when the late Daniel Reed——"

"And you love me, Hal," interrupted the stage manager, "go to the devil," and then the poor manager *chazzeed*, as was his wont—with his hands clasped in an agony, from one side of the Holiday street stage to the other.

"Ring in the first music, sir?" inquired the call boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of the manager.

"Ring? You red headed imp of Satan—you juvenile Caliban, get out of my sight or I'll wring your neck off."

Away went the call boy and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre, for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay loft in Front street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder, he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there he saw the object of his search seated on a rafter, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown.

"Booth!" said the manager imploringly, "for Heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces?"

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth,

"I am seated on my throne?
As proud a one, as yon distant mountain,
Where the sun makes his last stand."

"Come, my good fellow, let's go, we'll have a glass of brandy and a supper, and all that. Come please come."

Booth descended gracefully from his yellow pine throne, and kissing the tips of his fingers replied with a smile, "I attend you with all becoming grace. Lead on, my lord of Essex. To the Tower—to the Tower."

After a little persuasion, Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed. the curtain rose, and the play went on. Just as the second act was about to commence, a messenger covered with dust, rushed behind the stage, and before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth as he pressed his long fingers on his broad, white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath; "dead, say you?" My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one?"—And then seeing the curtain rise, he rushed on, commencing—

"She was in health to progress far as Chertsey, Though not to bear the sight of me," &c.

The beautiful scene between Anna and Gloucester were never better played. The actor, "the noblest of them all," when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect; but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told his mind was not upon the character. Still the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on; but Booth was nowhere to be found!

* * * * *

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie, as he saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak, which as it opened disclosed a glittering dress beneath, ride rapidly past him.

It was Booth in his Richard costume! Madness had seized him, and regardless of every thing, at the still hour of midnight,

he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword, and throwing the jewelled hat from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon, until the animal snorted in pain. The tall dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver frosted branches, and thinking they were men sent in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with his sword, and cursed them as he fled rapidly by.

At last after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country grave-yard, and as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage, like snowy crests upon the bosom of the black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their still graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment, (and the insane are cunning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the child were glued to the mad actor's!

The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open and Booth was discovered lying on his bed gibbering in idiotic madness, and carressing the corpse of his little one!

"BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY." — So say we. There's no use rubbing one's eyes and blubbering over all "the ills that flesh is heir to." Red eyes caused by any thing but grief or its kindred are scandalous looking affairs. The best way is to "stand up to the rack," and take the good things and the evil as they come along, without repining; always cheering yourself with that philosophical ejaculation, "better luck next time!"

Is dame fortune as shy as a weasel? Tell her to go to — and laugh her in the face. The happiest fellow we ever saw, slept upon a plank — and had'n't a shilling in his pocket, nor a coat to his back.

Do you find "disappointment lurking in many a prize?" Then throw it away and laugh at your own folly for so long pursuing it.

Does fortune elude your grasp? Then laugh at the fools that are so often her votaries. She's of no consequence any how, and never buttered a piece of bread nor furnished a man a clean dickey.

Is your heart broken by

"Some maiden fair,
Of bright blue eyes and auburn hair?"

Then thank your stars that you have escaped with your neck, and make the welkin ring with a hearty laugh. It lightens the weight of one's heart amazingly.

Take our advice under all our circumstances; "laugh dull care away?" Don't be in a hurry to get out of the world, considering the creatures who inhabit it, and it is just about as full of fun as it can be. You never saw a man cut his throat with a broad grin on his face; it's a grand preventative of suicide. There's philosophy, and religion too, in laughing; it shows a clear conscience and gratitude for the good things of life, and elevates us above the brute creation. So here goes for fun — and we'll put in for our share while the ball is rolling.

AVOID QUARRELLING. — There is much good sense in the following, which, though old, deserves to be repeated at least once a year:

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one; it

degrades him in the eyes of all ; and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace, on the one hand, and increases his temper and passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better — the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, quit dealing with him ; if he be abusive, quit his company ; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is just to let him alone ; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

SOUND DOCTRINE. — All nations that have reached the highest point of civilization, may from that hour assume for their motto, "*to seem, rather than to be.*" And whenever and wherever we see ostentation substituted for happiness, profession for friendship, formality for religion, pedantry for learning, buffoonery for wit, artifice for nature, and hypocrisy for every thing ; these are the signs of the times which he that runs may read, and which will enable the philosopher to date the commencement of national decay, from the consummation of national refinement.

If a man will but glance over his yesterday, he will at once see how foolish it is to fret one's self about the time to come ; for he will find in his yesterday, a miniature grave, as it were, dug by too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness. Men slight the good they have, in their anxiety for the good to come. They waste their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that He who replenishes the cruise is inexhaustible.

"OUR ORDER."

SHALL we be told Odd Fellowship
Is but a transient flame ?
The dazzling pageant of an hour —
Doomed but to leave a name ?
No ! Long as Love and Truth remain,
And Friendship hallows earth,
Shall virtue wear its triple chain,
And sorrow feels its worth.

Its ties are not those selfish ties
As quickly rent as formed —
Its love is not like fashion's love —
As quickly chilled as warm'd ;
Nor is its friendship some frail flower,
That prosperous suns must woo —
For in adversity's dark hour
It shows its fairest hue.

Its truth is high and holy truth,
Whose light knows not decay,
But brightens with misfortune's blast,
And lends its cheering ray
To soothe man's thorny road of care,
To cheer his aching heart,
And strives with emblems pure and fair
Her teachings to impart.

And when our Order first arose,
In Eden's blooming youth,
The triple chain, that bound the whole,
Was FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.
Then be those "bright odd links" preserv'd,
As pearls of greatest price —
The richest gems that man reserv'd,
When he left Paradise.

W. E. P. H.

Boston, Nov. 1843.

THE character of a people is raised, when little bickerings at home are made to give way to great events that are developing themselves abroad ; but the character of a people is degraded, when they are blind as to measures of the greatest moment abroad, by paltry jealousies at home.

As the next thing to, having wisdom ourselves, is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves, is to take care that the meritorious profit by us ; for he that rewards the deserving, makes himself one of the number.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER IX.

You are a turnkey? Heh? Turn round, and let us see thy back. — There speed thee — go.

Old Manuscripts.

HERE Turnkey, said Count M. — take this silver and buy the value thereof in cognac, Gin No. 1, Swan brand — and stop, one bunch of the real Havana's, be quick, d'y'e hear, such a specimen of dry mortality as I am you never saw — egad I am as dry as a graven image; what do you stand there, gazing up into heaven, after, like a duck in a thunder-shower? O! I, ah! must see you, you hungry fellow, must I. So it would be with the common hangman — nothing but fees, fees, here take the bit, (offering a franc,) and be off after the "stuff."

The Turnkey took the proffered money, and departed to purchase the required liquor from one of the many gin palaces, of Paris, — having gained which, we behold him seated very much at his ease, before a little table, upon which, was placed a bottle of gin, and half a dozen "choice sixes," of the finest flavor and brand.

Here he sat, emptying glass after glass, of the soul-inspiring beverage, regardless of time, and forgetful of the errand upon which he came. Turning at last his halt addled pate to the bar, lined with a long array of cut-glass decanters, blushing with every hue, of rich and varied temptation under the name of Legion, and adulteration — drawing a well filled pouch from his pocket, he drew me forth as the price of his purchase, *I, the Five Franc Piece*, received of Count Marango, and placed me upon the marble slab before the Dame do Comptor; — I am again at liberty, the brightly flashing lights, as they glittered and danced in the thousand

prismatic reflections of the giriandoles and chandelebras of this splendid drinking room, sent unwonted thrill (I had almost said) through my sterling frame, and I (as silver does sometimes) almost danced for joy. But alas! for happiness, fate, fate, fate, — held me in her leading strings, and I became again a machine passive beneath the wand of destiny. — From an elevated situation upon a shelf in the rear of this *spiritual* array of bottled impressions, — I can look forth and behold the "mysteries of Paris," and if I do not *now* reveal the dark sayings, and still darker doings, of this living morgue of crime — it is because, they are written in the sequel to the history of the Five Franc Piece, and may be seen under the head of those papers, familiarly called Tales of the "CONFSSIONAL," or the "SILVER CROSS."

The presiding genius of this palace, for the dispensation of spirits, the priestess who ministered at its shrine, was a young female, of genteel appearance, whose aim and dress at once bespoke her occupation as Dame do Comptor. She favored all alike with her smiles, and seemed desirous of pleasing all with her politeness and valubility. Crowds thronged the saloons or lounged upon the sofas, and couches, all partook of its sparkling fountains, and man, quaffed for the last time, its bitter waters, and the siene received them beneath its waters, or the morgue, faithful to its ancient trust, revealed the lifeless lineaments of another, and another of the victims of a damning cup. Life went teeming on, — and from its ever open doors, there went forth, a tide of life, which diverging as thought-struck, each sought his own gratification, for the present alike regardless of the morrow. Many sought the theatre, and many the gaming house, alas, how few their firesides. The Gin Palaces of Paris, may well excite surprise, they are indeed a wonder. In order to realize the truth of such scenes

and their influence upon society, you should visit them when in full operation, approach them on a summer's evening, and on Sunday — then to their numerous portals, as did the strangers to old Rome,

—— “Cast round thine eye, and see what conflux issuing forth, or entering in: in different habits,” —

fill the very streets. The scandal of the times finds here ready listeners, and all news is eagerly devoured; here the true inspiration unlocks the lips of the taciturn, and gives a new impulse to the talkative. Secrets of state, intrigue or amours, villany and fraud, speculation, and murders, are freely discussed, and freely listened to, all visitors having a like object in view, and a similar end to gain, i. e. a glass of aqua vitæ, or a “*bad job*” well off their hands. Some there are, however, who come here solely for the sake of the latest news, and are comparatively harmless. Here, old and young, entered and departed, from dawn to latest noon — and myriads of pleasure-seekers sacrificed wealth, health, and happiness upon this gilded shrine of Bacchus.

But let us return to the Turnkey, whom we left sleeping off the fumes of his potations upon one of the stone benches, oblivious to every thing around him, save his own blissful dream.

THE ODD PAPERS, OR KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER XIII.

An extract from the “Chronicles of Menotomy.”

I'm a very old man, and have long passed my prime,
But alas! what I've seen, heard, and known in my time!
Let youngsters “run on” of the quick march of mind;
For my part I'm glad they have left me behind.
Lay of the Peculiar Minstrel.

SOME seven or eight miles from the city of B——n, stood a lofty brick house called par excellence, a house of entertainment, which unlike many others of the present day, is not known by the

name of the present occupant, but for several years past, has retained and still retains the name of its former *maistre de'hote*, which for certain reasons we shall call Come Again Once More Hotel; some there are, however, who being fond of rural names and country appellatives, have called it in times past, the “Old Spy Pond House,” from its being in the near vicinity of a broad sheet of water, known sometimes by the name of “Spy Pond,” but which Indian orthography pronounces to be the euphonious and still beautiful Menotomy.*

In early times upon the site of the present imposing and substantial brick edifice, stood an old and venerable building, whose worm-eaten beams, and cracked windows are now numbered among the things which were, and are not. I have often thought upon that old building and the thick crowding reminiscences of those olden memories, connected with the Come Again Once More House, and I have only to carry the mind back again over the lapse of a few years to the stirring events of the ever memorable 19th of April, 1775 — to find many ready and attentive readers of the “once familiar countenances” — under which head I propose from time to time, to discourse from the past, the passing, and the present — and to compare old times with the new, — and exhibit old coats of 1660, — with the new coats of 1843. I write upon a quaint subject; tinged with the hues of antiquity, dry, crumbling, and old, I may at least claim a benison from my gentle reader, (by asking an author's privilege) to speak as I please, provided I speak truly, and pleasantly.

In these olden times, when the old house of entertainment stood beneath the wide spreading branches of a vener-

* An interesting account of which will be found in the “Chronicles of Menotomy,” a work nearly ready for the press, from whose interesting pages we shall make copious extracts.

able elm, doubtless, recollected by many readers, and possibly remembered well by some few even, whose frosty locks bespeak them near the end of their lengthened pilgrimage — the white-haired pensioner upon the bounty of a grateful country, for whose freedom he fought in the days of his early manhood, forgets not his services in the defence of domestic liberty, and social freedom — and as he recounts again and again, to the bright-haired urcain seated upon his knee, the loved memories of old, how does the thoughts of Lexington, and Concord, reawaken the long enacted, yet not forgotten scenery of the battlefield. Who would deny to him the solace of a second childhood, or reproach him with the gravity of age? Who would not rather say bravo, old man, shoulder your crutch again, and show your listening grandchild how this field was gained — this battle won? Who would not leave the old man one half hour of unalloyed joy — that brief space in which

He holds the heart, twixt memory and hope,
Blessed in the present moment's narrow scope!

But, digression aside. Time was when upon the front of the old house, just beside the inner door, for portico it boasted not, might be read upon the long worn black board, in characters large as a modern theatre bill, "Flip," a long concocted beverage, whose ancient "half mugs" are fast giving place to the more refined "Tom and Jerry," and lest the draughty enquirer should not know the true meaning of liquors, the long necks of sundry well filled decanters, was adorned with an oblong plate of gilded metal, engraven with the words, "gin," "brandy," "whiskey," "cherry," and "old Jamaica," while the "New England" boasting no aristocracy of title save "rum," was set aside in kegs and demijohns, beneath the bar. Perhaps some of my aged readers may still remember —

A lengthening score behind the door,
Of white chalk marks set down before
This last drained glass, just marked to him
Who smacked his lips as we came in.

If so, there is no need of this doggrel of the times of "flip and gingerbread;" if not, why he will look upon the same in the same light as he would upon an epitaph of the last century, quaint but true. Of the former proprietor, the late Mr. Freelove, I have but little to say, otherwise, than he was known by the words *upright* and *honest*, words much perverted from their original meaning in this backsliding generation of ours; — and as I shall have occasion to speak of *customers* and *patrons*, rather than of hotels and landlords, I shall introduce them only as occasionally necessary to the development of the incidents which I may hereafter relate, promising, however, that much good might be said of Come Again Once, the immediate predecessor of the present landlord, of the "Old Spy House." But, however, much might be said of him, it would avail nought; as a gentleman, he is well known, and very little good could come of open flattery, and I have no right to prejudice, vested interest. Of his facetia, and fur-cap, then I shall say absolutely nothing. Reader! you have kindly followed me through this zig-zag introduction, for which I thank thee. Say, would you like a peep at Chapter II, or shall we say, "let the end of this be the end of all?"

AN honest Hibernian while passing with his friend through a church-yard, at dark, came in contact with a grave stone, which unceremoniously barked his shins. "Zounds!" he exclaimed, and was on the point of saying something stronger, when his comrade instantly interposed. "Hush!" said he, — "*dead folks live here.*"

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Two general principles I will mention, then, at this time; and these are, the **SOCIAL PRINCIPLE**; and the principle of **CHARITY**. I might, were I disposed to be rigorous in my classification, resolve the last, as a *species*, into the former, as the *genus*; but, as separated they form two convenient topics, and as I am *not* disposed to be thus rigorous, we will proceed in the manner which I have pointed out.

I. The *social principle*, then, is adopted and cherished as essential to Odd Fellowship. What is the social principle? It is that deep and natural feeling in the bosom of man which glows with pleasure in the society of his fellow, and sympathizes with the various degrees of his joy and sorrow. It is of all ages. — The source of empires and nations, it existed long before rock-built kingdoms were founded; long ere peopled marts had lifted their glittering pinnacles to the sun. Before human skill had reared the mighty pillars of Tadmor, or moulded the brazen gates of Thebes, the social spirit was abroad, linking hearts together, shedding new beauty upon earth's loveliness, and making glad its solitary places. The *Penates* had sat by house-hold hearths long before mythology had placed its gods upon Olympus, and light was kindled upon domestic altars ages back, from the time when first the prayers of the Egyptian priests went up before the shrines of Isis. When earth lay in the freshness of its youthful beauty — when the rocks, the streams and the forests were all new — when the mountains were unscathed by the marks of time, and ocean was young in its wooing of the stars — this principle had bound the children of men into families; the patriarch had pitched his tents, and gathered his kindred around him in the desert, and

the shepherd-groups, by night, were watching their flocks, and studying "Mazzaroth in his season," and "the Pleiades with their sweet influences." — And this principle has gone forth in power and in triumph through the universal humanity. The dark forest has passed away before it, and the lair of the wild beast has been converted into a sanctuary for the hearth and the altar. — It has built cities in waste places, and filled them with the roar of busy labor, and the tumult of voices, and reared its thousand homes in mountain glens and by rushing waters. It has spread glistening harvests upon hill-top and valley, and strewn its white natives across the heaving deep. It has civilized the savage, and checked theft, and rapine, and bloodshed. It has established the excellence of law, and the beauty of order; and has given supremacy to the tribunal of the magistrate, and surrounded it with solemn sanctions. It has knit tribes together, indissoluble, in the bonds of national compact, and has bestowed upon every man the benefits of mutual support, and, at the same time, the freedom of enjoying his own vine and fig-tree. — It is all abroad, upon the face of the wide earth — in its remotest corner — among its rudest children. Where the avalanche thunders, and the torrent shouts and is frozen, and where the red Indian sleeps by the hoarse music of Oregon. It kindles in the snow-covered hut of the Esquimaux, and breathes among the palms that cast their shadows over the golden fountains in far islands of the sea. And all round you are the movings of this spirit. Its monuments exist, innumerable, wherever you turn your eyes. Its living evidences are in your own hearts!

But, ancient and universal as this spirit is, still it exists in degrees. Its emotions are graduated. We sympathize more readily and warmly with those to whom we are intimately connected, or with

whom we are associated, than with those at a distance and to whom we bear no peculiar relation. True, the heart of the philanthropist glows with *universal* love—the bared blade of the patriot is lifted for his *whole* country. Yet, it is natural to the human soul to love certain individuals more than others—individuals to whom we are bound by bright and special bonds—whose glances meet our glances more kindly, whose hands grasp our hands closer than those of others.

There is one spot of earth, for instance, which is dearer in our affections than any other—which lives in memory among the last of earthly things, and which is ever ready to the mind's vision. That sunny spot of earth! where the woodland, forest and the hill-side are more pleasant than woodland, forest and hill-side elsewhere—where the leaves twine so greenly around the porch, and the stream flows by, haunted with old, familiar memories. Where we gathered the ripe fruit, and laughed among the flowers, when the heart was young, and never a care had come to darken our brows, or to stir, save for a moment, the deep and bitter fountain of tears—

“Home, sweet home!”

It rises before us among all the distant lands, and glows the brightest object in our dreams. The pilgrim of earth, whose heart has been scarred with sorrow, and whose eyes ache and are heavy with weeping, looks back, amid all his wanderings, to this as the green oasis upon the waste of life, and sighs—“home, sweet home!”

And what is it that makes home thus the centre of our earthly affection? What gives it its charm and its beauty? It is the *social principle*, operating deeply there. There heart communes with heart, and we meet in sweet association with others, in the kindred circle, around the threshold, the altar and the hearth.

There the ties which bind to man are the strongest and the holiest, and are strengthened by intercourse; and to that, therefore, of all the places upon earth is it natural that our fondest thoughts should turn. We may meet other friends with joy, we may love the stranger whom we greet, but it is natural that, *in proportion to the pleasant association which we have had with others*, should our affection for and our interest in them be.

The social principle needs to be cherished and developed, and seizing upon this idea, Odd Fellowship erects its Lodges and establishes its fraternity.—It cannot, perhaps, make the Lodge-room in all respects like that home, of which we have spoken as being the sphere for the strongest operation of human sympathy, because an innate feeling of kindred, also operates there; but it can do much, much towards causing men to meet

———“As children meet
Around a loved hearth-stone.”

It can do much, by frequent communion and by an extensive organization, in forming *special ties*, and much towards mutual aid by a fund created from mutual contributions. Odd Fellowship feels the force of the truth, that man has naturally within him, social capacities; and from the degrees in which these are manifested, she learns that they are capable of cultivation and development. She believes that *association* is the power which is capable of performing this cultivation—of effecting this development. She believes by frequent communion *strangers* will be made *friends*; they will come to know each other, and, out in the world, will feel a relationship which has been engendered by action in concert upon one set of principles, and which is cherished and respected by the consciousness of peculiar ties. Thus, in the midst of this great world, amid its busy interests and selfish cares, the lonely and friendless may ever have a *second home* within

the walls of a *Lodge-room*, and a brother, ready to greet and succor him, in the person of a *true Odd Fellow*. Odd Fellowship acts upon the admitted doctrine that *mutual* force and *mutual* aid are far more efficient for the benefit of *all*, than the means which contribute to that force, and that aid would be *singly* in the hands of the individuals who thus act in unison. *MUTUAL RELIEF* is the main-pillar of Odd Fellowship, and it is based upon the *social principle*. We profess to alleviate (no human power can wholly remove) the distresses of all in our fraternity. To this end we meet periodically in our several Lodges, and by communion and interchange of sympathies we contract a relationship with one another — we hail one another as *brothers*, and can recognize and be recognized as such, “by certain well-known signs and tokens.” in any portion of the world. A contribution, consisting of a small sum from each of us, is formed in our several Lodges, into a general fund, which, deducting the expenses of our establishment, is reserved for the purpose of relieving sick and distressed brethren. We show no respect to persons in the distribution of these benefits. The rich man when sick has the allowed sum tendered him as well as the poor — the poor man is as promptly regarded as the rich. There is, therefore, no delicate feeling wounded — there is excited no keen consciousness that we are living upon *Charity* — but, sick and poor and sorrowing, we feel that we are but partaking of those benefits to which we have lent our aid, and that around us are no cold and heart-wrung performances of duty, but the warm sympathies of brethren, and those services which belong to us and are our right. But money to the distressed and sick brother, is not the only tribute which Odd Fellowship requires us to render. We are called upon to succor him in peril — to watch over his lawful interests — to keep the

night-vigil at his sick-bed — to follow him in mourning to his last resting-place; to cast the evergreen into his grave; to cherish by a suitable token his memory, and to remember and to relieve his widow and his orphan. The social principle, then, cultivated and manifested in fraternal forms—unity in the bonds of love, and the performance of mutual good, are tendencies of Odd Fellowship.

II. I present *Charity*, as the other general principle of Odd Fellowship. What is Charity? I would define it as that principle which prompts us to *give* when suffering humanity requires. This comprehends its operation not only in bestowing the pittance and the loaf upon beggary and hunger, but in granting the boon of pity to the erring, and casting the glance of mercy upon the faults of our fellows. It is a lovely principle! It stands among the desolate homes of men, and by the poor and the neglected, an angel, whose wings, untarnished by its passage through scenes of misery and pollution, are all bright with hues of heaven. It is a principle which may not shine as prominently, which may not sparkle like some. But it is not of earth. Its trophies are immortal. They will live when the weapons of victorious battle have been broken, and the sound of the poet's lyre has died for ever — when green wreaths have faded, and glorious monuments of human skill have perished; nay, when ancient earth itself shall have toppled into primeval chaos, and when stars cease to burn, they will be numbered among the jewels worn in heaven

“——Beside the chrysal waters.

For oh! grievously have the children of men suffered at the hands of their own brethren. Wo and war and wasting have sprung from the dark depths of human crime — from the innermost recesses of the human heart — and have gone forth upon this green and beautiful earth to blight and to destroy. Cities have

been buried in bloody and smouldering ashes, and by the cheerless hearth and the blackening roof-tree weeping women and destitute children have bent around the dying and the slain. Fraud has triumphed with its innumerable arts — unholy passions have shed abroad pollution, and avarice with its cold hand, has crushed bright flowers of hope and happiness in its grasp. But, as on Horeb, when the tempest, the flame and the earthquake had passed by, there came a still small voice ; so when the whirlwind of passion and desolating crime have swept on, kind-hearted and sympathising beings, all secretly and silently, have followed in their track — have stooped to caress the orphan, have dried the tears of the widow, sundered the chains of the captive, restored peace to the erring, healed the broken heart, and, by the exhibition of the pure principle of charity, have caused us to behold gleams of virtue — of heaven — amid the darkness and the iniquity of earth.

But there are evils which are often above human agency and human control and which amid our fair, bright world, with all its music and its sunshine, come to darken and distress. Oh ! there is, at this very moment, beneath many a roof, wasting sickness, with its palsying influences, and the sufferer lies upon his bed of pain with hot and fevered brow, or with white and quivering lip, or

“Anxious friends are softly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper’s bed,”

and hearts are bursting with keen stifling agony.

In yonder hut is poverty, with its cheerless aspect add its stern and bitter deprivations — the last scanty crust has been taken from the board, the last faggot is upon the hearth, and, clad in garments that poorly defend from the storm and the cold, shuddering and crouching together, in the midst of all the fulness and the bounty of this universe, human creat-

ures are there, perishing with neglect and hunger.

And all around us is misfortune, with its train of various ills. The midnight flame has enwrapped the peaceful dwelling — the flood has swept the green fields — blight has fallen on the golden harvest, and mildew on the ripening fruit !

But in all these evils and sorrows, what principle is abroad, alleviating and giving peace ? What is it that raises up the drooping head of sickness, and gives to the parched lips the healing moisture ? What is it that pours balm into the bleeding heart, and lights up the tears of the sorrowing ? What bright form is it that moves in the hut of poverty, reviving the perishing flame, clothing the destitute, kindling the cheerful fire upon the cold hearth, and placing the savory nourishment upon the empty board ? What is it that is speaking in kindness to the calamity-smitten, until he smiles amid his desolation — that replenishes his scanty garner, and gives him wherewith to replace his lost treasures ? Oh ! amid all life’s ills — wherever broods human woe, wherever human tears are shed, or human groans uttered — there is charity, radiant, heaven-born CHARITY.”

FATE OF THE APOSTLES. — St. Mathew. This Apostle and Evangelist is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or to have been slain with a sword at a city in Ethiopia. St. Mark was dragged in the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, and escaped death ; he afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus. St. Peter was crucified at Rome, his head downwards, at his own request, thinking himself unworthy to die in the same posture and manner as his blessed Master.

St. James the less was thrown from a

pinnacle or wing of the Temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king. St. Andrew was hanged to a cross, whence he preached to the people until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies. St. Jude was shot to death with arrows. St. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia. St. Mathias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabus of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonia. St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero. — *Friendly Visitor.*

THE BURIAL OF CAPT. JOSIAH CLEVELAND.

It will be recollected that this veteran of the Revolution died at Charlestown, soon after the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. Just before he expired, he remarked that being permitted to die in the shadow of that monument, afforded him great satisfaction.

SAD strains, like ocean's music low and sweet,
And sighs of grass impressed by many feet,
Steal through sweet Auburn's shades ;
And a long line of faces, bowed and sad,
And manly forms, in mourning drapery clad,
Move o'er its chequered glades ;
And plumes are nodding to the drum's slow roll,
And flutters, in the breeze, the sacred stole.

Who bear they to his calmly beauteous home,
Where wild-wood zephyrs by his couch may roam
And kiss the graceful spray ;
And silvery moonbeams, on his marble hall,
Like the still smiles of pensive friends, may fall,
And softened sunbeams stray ?
Who bear they, with their slow and measured tread,
To dwell within the rural village of the dead ?

A veteran warrior, to his rest is borne,
While o'er him, grateful hearts sincerely mourn
And raise the grieving strain ;
They weep but have a solemn, noble pride
That he, to them, his ashes should confide
To lay in earth again ;
That from a sister state he travelled here
To lay himself with gladness on their bier.

The rising sun of his eventful life
Was shadowed by the gloomy clouds of strife ;
But, persevering still
In duty's path, he soon dispelled that gloom,
And love and joy as beauteous flowers did bloom—
Watered by Peace's rill ;
Now, round his setting sun, bright clouds of fame
Have gathered and made glorious his name.

A soldier of fair Freedom and the Cross,
Defeat by death he counted not a loss.
'Twas but a stratagem—
To yield — by which to join his Chief on high,
And swell the shout of sacred victory,
And joyfully meet them,
Who, from his side before were snatched away
When the dark war-clouds hid the fate-fraught day.

Let us his noble virtues imitate,
That when our suns shall sink in silent state,
We leave, without a sigh,
This fallen world, for one calm, pure and bright,
Where no dark shadow dims its holy light,
Where none can tear descry,
Or trace of fear or sorrow, sin or wo ;
Where crystal streams of bliss forever flow.

SARAH.

Charlestown, Nov. 1843.

A NECDOTE.

AN anecdote is related concerning Dr. Strong and a Physician named Bacon, who relished a good joke about as well as himself.

He had been out one evening and called at a store, and purchased a couple of brooms, and was walking home with the same on his shoulder. Dr. Bacon saw him, and came near, pretending not to know him. He addressed him thus—“Halloo, Mr., what is the price of your brooms ?” Dr. Strong stopped, and surveying his acquaintance, asked him what he meant, — “O, I beg your pardon,” replied he, (the Dr. was of a very dark complexion,) “I took you for an *Indian*, peddling brooms.” The old man shook his sides and passed on.

LEVITY is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OBJECTIONS TO ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WE have specified, in our last two numbers, some of the benefits of Odd Fellowship. We propose now to examine some of the objections that are made against the institution. Perhaps some sage and very philanthropic individual will say—"Why, you do no more than your *duty*, after all, why should your institution have any *peculiar* praise? These obligations to mutual relief—to the practical recognition of human brotherhood, are as old as the eternal hills; what special need is there of Odd Fellowship?" To this we reply—that we do not pretend that Odd Fellowship inculcates any thing new—but that it aids in giving to eternal facts speed and force among men. This is a very common cry against institutions,—that they teach nothing new, and that there is no need of any organization for this or that specific purpose, if we will only diffuse among men the great general principle that lies behind and nourishes all specific forms. For instance: men will say, "Why organize temperance societies, and preach up thus constantly one thing—preach the Gospel—make all men Christians; and then all will be temperate." Ay, this is very true—if we could only Christianize humanity, universally, and to the heart's core, we should need no specific organizations—all men would be temperate, and benevolent, and chaste, and just.—But then we should need no pulpits, no teachers saying to all men "Know ye the Lord, for all would know the Lord from the least to the greatest." The work of

teaching would be finished, so far as moral conduct is concerned, and men would spontaneously do right, and do all that is right. But alas! this result seems far off. We believe that Christianity, and nothing but Christianity can accomplish it—nor do we expect to draw true moral force from any other system—we do not expect that any grand scheme of philanthropy, or philosophy, can supersede it or be independent of it. Still, what objection is there, applying Christianity to specific forms of evil—to diverting streams from the main flood for the purpose of irrigating this or that moral waste? What objection to bringing all its force to bear upon intemperance, for instance, so long as we do not neglect its other applications—so long as we do not draw off attention from other objects, or fail to acknowledge the source from which we derive our argument? Modern tactics, in the field of battle, have demonstrated, if we mistake not, that the best way to secure a victory is to concentrate our forces against one particular portion of the enemy's line, and to break and scatter that—instead of extending our strength over the whole ground, and perhaps bringing no efficient power to bear upon any point. So in moral warfare—if we make Christianity only an abstraction, and wield it against the united force of evil without any particular designation, while the whole fabric must to some extent feel the shock, it will be able to stand longer than if we select one point at a time, designate it, destroy it, and leave old sin and error without the leagued

strength of which this was a portion, and of the aid of which they are now deprived forever. Far are we from that narrow-sighted fanaticism that imagines every interest to be centered in one favorite scheme—or from thinking that men can be made temperate, or chaste, or just, without a deep implanting of inner and Christian principle. Preach up that Christian principle—so long as there is a guilty and needy soul that requires it—preach it, with ten-fold more zeal and power than human lips have ever yet employed—but while using the *lips*, let us also use the *hands*—while earnestly propagating the general principle, let us likewise carry it out into practical efforts—let us embody it in distinct organizations, for distinct purposes—and while piercing the heart of evil, let us also smite, individually, its many forms that walk abroad in this every-day world, and in broad noon-tide, under specific names.—Let us rely without fear upon that living spirit of Christianity that is the life and the power of every moral movement, but having imbibed that spirit, made strong with it, let us go forth to grapple with evil, whatever its designation may be—intemperance, licentiousness, or selfishness. We are afraid that some who make this charge against our modern reforms, that they are unnecessary, and that all we have to do is to preach up the general principle, sit very quietly under that preaching, waiting for it to be universally received and acted upon, ere they wake up from some of their individual sins. That in waiting for all men to be temperate by becoming Christianized, they still cling to the wine-cup, and in admiring the charitable *theory* of the Gospel they forget that the poor, and the maimed, and the ragged, who daily pass them, need present and *practical* help.—Hand in hand, say we—side by side, let us have preaching and practice—let us have the great heart of all reforms,

alive and mighty, as it throbbed in the bosom of Jesus, but let us also have those specific organizations, those distinct arteries and nerves, one to grapple this evil, and another to minister that good, by which the whole practical life of Christianity may be developed, and accomplish its work.

Here, then, in answering the objection that is made against all specific moral or charitable organizations of the day, we reply to the question—"What is the use of Odd Fellowship, so long as it only inculcates eternal obligations—obligations that men were bound to discharge long before Odd Fellowship came into existence, and which they will equally be bound to discharge long after it may have passed away?" We repeat our reply, that Odd Fellowship aids in giving circulation to these obligations, it is a specific form through which these obligations are rendered peculiarly prominent and effective. The duty of temperance is no new thing—the duty of reclaiming the intemperate is no new thing—yet who does not hail the specific and organized action that is operating so widely for these great ends? So, as we have endeavored to show, Odd Fellowship aids in drawing men together in the bonds of union, and in administering relief to the needy. The duties are old enough, but the mode of practical action upon those duties may be new, or *efficacious*—which is far better.

But the grand—the radical objection against Odd Fellowship, is this—"It is a *secret* institution." To many, this is enough to clothe it with a vague honor—or to make it assume the appearance of a magnificent deception. We would say, then, in the first place, that the main object of our Order is not *secret*. "*Secret*!"—stress is laid upon this, as though, in reality, there *was* a great secret, which is the central idea of our association—the relic of our shrine—

the gem of our casket — that gives to Odd Fellowship all the value and significance that pertain to it. We hope we may be allowed to dissipate this error. *We have no secret as an end!* We have declared in our preceding articles the end, and *the sole end* of Odd Fellowship. Our secrecy lies in some of the means which we use in order to secure efficacy to our organization. We wish to render our plan of social communion and benefit practical, in all parts of the globe — to men of every nation and every language. The tongue of an individual may be able to speak only *one* language — but the children of men have *many*. How shall we know our brother — he who has peculiar claims upon us — everywhere, under all circumstances? Plainly, by *signs* and *tokens*, which can speak to the *eye*, when language cannot be employed as the medium of communication. These signs and tokens, and the mode in which they are inculcated, constitute our only secrecy.

But we must break in here upon our consideration of this objection, to answer another which will be suggested by remarks just made. It will be said — “you speak of your *brother* — he who has *peculiar claims* upon you — is not every man your brother — has not every man peculiar claims upon you?” To this question we answer — yes; but some men have more claims upon us than others. The great principle of brotherly-love teaches us charity and kindness to all — but, if over and above these duties, we see fit to enter into special obligations that, we solemnly affirm, compromit none of these duties nor any other, if we see fit to enter into special obligations with others to succor and relieve one another, we cannot perceive how we infringe the great obligation to universal benevolence, or are liable to the charge of *selfishness*.

Proceeding, then, with the objection

made to the *secrecy* of Odd Fellowship, we ask — what if there *was* a secret — some mysterious and important fact? Why should it be held in such dread? The feeling that exists upon the subject appears to us unwarrantable. But perhaps it is natural in some respects. We have an itching desire to know what is peculiarly hidden from us. We must look into the hidden chamber of Blue Beard's house. If a man has an arm in a sling, we must know *why* he holds it there. If he sits up very late, or rises very early in the morning we must know *why* he does so. And if there is anything that we cannot know, and that remains a mystery still — why, then we come at once to the conclusion that it is something *bad*, something *horrible*, something that one is afraid or ashamed to tell. This conclusion however does not follow from the premises. We ask, then, even if there was in Odd Fellowship a central and important secret, (which we explicitly deny) to what would it amount? Would it follow that it is something bad — should it therefore cast odium upon the society, until the society *does* something wrong? When we see in the ranks of Odd Fellowship men whom we would trust anywhere — men of indisputable integrity, virtue, religion — can we believe that whatever is secret in the society is bad? What if there was a secret? Individuals have a right to secrets — societies have a right to secrets.

But it is hardly worth the while for us to reply to the various charges, or to encounter every whim, or vague fear, that may be hatched in a mind predisposed to dislike secret societies. Suffice it to repeat that we have no secret as an *end* — but only as the *means* of carrying forward the objects of our institution, which objects we have already explained. In the midst of our Lodge-rooms is nothing that compromits duty, patriotism, domestic or social obligations, religion — but, on

the contrary, influences that are calculated greatly to promote these. There God's Name and Nature are held in reverence and devoutly acknowledged. No revellings are there — no secret vices. We do the simple work of Friendship, Love, and Truth, and while we deprecate prejudice, we ask, as sheer justice, to be judged by our fruits.

☞ "An Odd Fellow" is informed, in answer to his question concerning Encampments, that at the revision of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, which took place in the year 1833, the control over Encampments, was identified, or declared to belong to that body, as being the head of the Order; and from which must emanate in future all charters, excepting those States which should have a Grand Encampment in operation. — Previous to which, the Encampment degrees were vested in Grand Lodges; but the rapid increase of subordinate Lodges, and their continually increasing business, made it impracticable to confer them upon the numerous applicants, without prolonging the sessions of Lodges to an unseasonable length of time. Many of the members of the G. L. not having received these degrees, it was made a ground of objection, or question of argument on part of those who had them, whether they should legislate upon what they knew nothing of — hence the Three Sublime Degrees of the Encampment (as they are called,) arose — and a separate body created under the jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S.

ERRATA. — In "Illustrated Papers," p. 179, first column, 12th line from top, for "urcain," read urchin. In same column, 18th line, for "gravity," read garrulity.

☞ An Odd Fellow's Lodge is about to be established at Augusta, Maine.

LIGONIA LODGE, No. 5, is the name of another new Lodge, of I. O. O. F., instituted at Portland, (Me.,) on the 21st ult. by D. D. G. S. Churchill. The officers are —

JOHN D. KINSMAN, N. G.
THOS. C. HERSEY, V. G.
JOS. T. MITCHELL, Sec'y.
RUFUS READ Treas.

Our Portland brethren seem determined not to rest satisfied until every *good* fellow in that city becomes an Odd Fellow; and at the rate which they are going on at present, this result will ere long be effected. Heaven speed them.

ODD FELLOWS. — The Massachusetts Grand Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows, met in this city at Encampment Hall, on Thursday, the 3d instant. It transacted its ordinary business, and gave Charters to eight new Lodges, viz; two in Boston, one each in Charlestown, Chelsea, Cambridge, Andover, Springfield and Salem. An elegant gold watch was given to the Past Grand Master, Daniel Hersey, as a token of their respect to him for his services to the Order whilst its presiding officer. Rev. E. H. Chapin was appointed a committee to deliver the Society's present, which he did, accompanied with a most excellent off-hand address, to which Bro. Hersey suitably responded. The inside case of the watch contained suitable inscriptions. — *Olive Branch.*

From the returns of the various subordinate Lodges, as published in the late Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of this State, the number initiated during the last quarter was, 331. Number of contributing members, 1792. Amount of receipts, \$4794 08.

☞ The next No. of the Symbol will contain the Editor's Address delivered at Baltimore on the 18th September.

We have received by the politeness of Mr. Coe, instructor of Drawing in all its branches; his series of drawing books, consisting of five parts. *First*, — the "Little Scholar's Drawing Book, designed as an introduction to writing. — "Easy Lessons in Drawing," for landscape practice, "Animals and Rustic Figures," with the use of the pencil and freedom of the hand. "Landscape and Animals," for pencil exercise, and a valuable "Drawing-book of Trees," exhibiting the whole process of sketches and shading the different kinds of foliage in the most familiar manner. We regret that our limits to-day will not permit us to notice as it deserves. The series of drawings and plan of instruction pursued by Mr. Coe — with so much success in this and many other places in which he has exhibited this most practical of all the arts — there is no one possessed of a taste for the ideal beautiful, who cannot in some degree, admire and appreciate the real and beautiful as it stands out from the canvass in all the beauty and perfection of drawing or painting. Drawing is but the embodiment of thought. Thompson, could create from the rich storehouse of his deep imaginings, but it was Nicholas Poussin that gave to his localities, a name upon the canvass.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

Graham's Magazine.

The December Number is as usual in its place — and is a rich and valuable bijou, for the centre table, or the drawing room. The embellishments of a superior order. Contents of this number will be found a sufficient inducement, at least, to secure it an attentive perusal. We notice a few of the papers — "Chamouny," concluded, a "Day in the Woods," — "Marriage A La Mort," "Truth," a fiction. The Moss Rose is worth the price of the number, &c. Redding & Co. 8 State st.

Poems on Man on his various Aspects, under the American Republic.

A name long enough for a commentary on Ten Languages. This great (?) work is from the pen of the author of Puffer Hopkins, a clever thing by the way, but a man's having done *one* good act, is no reason why he should imagine he can perpetrate evil, *ad limitum*, either in words — or books. This same great didactic *vide* preface, to poems, is by no means (in our humble opinion) so great as some may imagine from its high sounding title. It is in a literary point of view, infinitely inferior to some of his prose, which, with *some few* exceptions, are by no means good. We have neither time nor inclination to enter into, as a *learned critique*, a disquisition of this last poem — but lest our readers should think we reasoned unknowingly, we would say to all such, buy the book, read the book, — and finally, judge of the book, as the book deserves.

Gifts for the New Year and Christmas.

Saxton, Pierce & Co. — have on hand "The Gift," "The Opal," the "Winter Wreath," "Friendship's Offering," "Rose of Sharon," and many other rich and valuable works, designed for presents for the approaching holidays, which we shall take occasion to notice *more particularly* hereafter. And one great desideratum in these days, is to be found in their making the *price* suit the times. Call on Saxton, Pierce & Co., reader, and you will find our statement a statement of *facts*.

"The Present."

This is the title of a new magazine of the Transcendental Order, — edited by W. H. Channing. The first and second numbers are before us. We find in No. 2, a story and well written paper, entitled, "Social Re-organization. Saxton & Pierce, Boston — Agents.

The "Attache or Sam Slick in England."

One of the most amusing things we have lately seen — and there is more philosophy in Sam's sayings, than all are willing to admit. There are many good-natured satirical hard-hits at Johnny, by our friend Halliburton, which tell well — he drives a vigorous quill. Long may he live, and may his shadow never grow less. Numerous Readers, if you have an hour to spend in amusement and desire improvement also, purchase of *Redding & Co.*, Sam Slick, and our word for it, you will say it is worth more than all the *spurious* Paul De Kocks which fill the news-boy's hands.

National Magazine.

This is deservedly a popular favorite with the ladies, as it should be, and comes to us freighted with the choicest gems of literature and art. Letter Press, "Lilbournvilla," "Anna Taylor" "Village Life," "The Poetry of Love, Joy, and Grief," &c. &c. Embellishments, The Swiss Girl, a splendid engraving on steel; the Toilet, a vignette title, animated and life-like from the graver of G. B. Ellis — and Fashions for December. Redding & Co.

People's Own Book.

By Nathaniel Green, Esq., from the French of F. De La Mennais, — third edition. This is a pretty pocket edition, very neatly "got up," (as the publishers say) by Lewis and Sampson, Boston. — It is full of thoughts and sapient fragments, and should be in the hands of every young man. It is *much more* valuable than many of the huge octavos of the day, — and is a very pretty thing for a chep present.

Frost's Pictorial United States, No. 8.

Contains the Seven Year's War. — Washington's Expedition to Fort Du Quesne, — and the commencement of the Revolution; as far as Arbitray Acts of Parliament. Saxton, Pierce & Co.

VARIETY.

GOOD. — A humorous fellow, a carpenter being summoned as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow beating the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "just four feet five inches and a half." Pray thee, now," says the council, "how is it possible that you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "I thought," says the carpenter, "that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."


HOW TO CURE SCOLDING. — A gentleman cured his wife, who was complaining, by giving her a dollar a day for every day that she did not complain; if she uttered any complaint, her wages were stopped for that day.

A BOY'S ANSWER. — "Halloo, captain, stop!" shouted a little urchin on board one of the Sound steamboats.

"For what?" asked the captain.

"I've lost my apple overboard!"

BREVITY. — There is a boy in New Orleans so lazy that he spells Andrew Jackson thus — "&ru Jaxn." — [Picayune.

That is not equal to the way in which a fellow subscribed a letter to Mr. Peleg Handley, Utica. He did it thus: "2 Mr. Pleg  ly, U. T. K."

Two young lawyers were riding in the West, and passed by some farmers sowing seed. One of the lawyers said to them, "Well, o'd codgers, you sow, but we lawyers reap the benefit." "Aye aye, no doubt," says Hodge, "for we are sowing hemp!"

A travelling mesmerizer having said that he was ready to answer any question that might be put to him, a Kentuckian desired to know how much it cost per week to pasture Nebuchadnezzar during the time he was out to grass.

"Father, should we love our enemies?" "Certainly, child, the good book tells us so." — "Then of course, father, we must love the devil, for he is our greatest enemy." "Go to bed, child."

Willis says, "We love woman a little for what we do know of her and a great deal more for what we do not."

DRAWING AN INFERENCE. — An urchin from the country, being asked if he could draw an inference, said he did n't know how heavy an inference was; but he rather reckoned his dad had a yoke of oxen that would start it.

O. K. for the ladies. — The New Orleans Pica-yune says: The ladies, God bless them, have decided that O. K. means *only kissing*, nothing else in the world.

SQUABTOWN DEBATES. — Is pumpkin pize pison or am they holesum wittals? Decided in the negative.

Which is generally the easiest — to file a newspaper or a saw? Decided to be undecidable, any how.

Which is the most profitablest — to heel a corn or toe a boot? Answer — both.

If a man should see his father hanging himself, and his mother a stickin' of herself with a fork, which would he save first? Decided in the affirmative unanimously.

"HELP YOURSELF." — "Sally," said a lover to his intended, "give us a kiss, will you?"

"No, I shan't," said Sally, "help yourself!"

"Mother," said Ichabod, "I'm goin' to that nigger funeral, 'Tell father I'm gone a black-berryin'."

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIRE.

Brethren out of the State of Massachusetts, and in any of the New England States where there is no Grand Lodge, will apply for charters, &c. to Bro. ALBERT GUILD, D. D. G. Sire, and not to me.

E. H. CHAPIN,

G. M. of Massachusetts.

MARRIED,

At West Cambridge, on the 36th ult., by Rev. Caleb Stetson, of Medford, Bro. James A. Estabrook to Miss Louisa, daughter of Mr. James Hill, of the former place.

At Charlestown, 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Budington, Bro. James M. Gardner to Miss Emily S. Freeman.

DIED.

In Hartford, (Ct.) 13th ult., Bro. Joel Pratt, aged 25 years. Bro. P. has been a very active and useful member of the Order, and at the time of his decease, was D. D. G. M. His funeral was attended by about 150 members of the Charter Oak and Mercantile Lodges.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

Massachusetts.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmunds, "
A. C. Bag'ey, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luké Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John Schouler, "
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
L. Babcock, P. M., Ware Village.

E. H. Smith, Woburn.
Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.

Maine.

David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland.
Jos. L. Smith, Portland.
Jeremiah Mason, Saco.
George Prince, Thomaston.

Connecticut.

Safford & Park, Norwich.
Charles Ball, New Haven,

Horace Warren, Ithica, (N.Y.)
D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Hez'h Prince, C. P. Robert L. Robbins, H. P. Wm. H. Jones, S. W. Cha's A. Smith, J. W. John Mears, Jr, Scribe. Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Edward Tyler, C. P. Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—D. Dodge, CP: J. C. Waldo HP: John S. Schouler, SW: J. Vaughton, JW: J. P. Pattee, Scribe: J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMARK ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP: James M. Stone, HP: Hargraves Lord, SW: Job H. Cole, JW: Alex'r Greene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Sam'l R. Sack, C. P. John S. Ladd, HP: Asa D. Pattee, SW: Lester Leland, JW: Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe: Isaac Kendall, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—E. H. Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F. Norris RWGDM: J. Henry Browne, RWGW: William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—Rob't L. Robbins, DM: John R. Mullin, DGM: Edwin Adams, AIGM: N. A. Thompson, PG: Wm Hilliard, VG: J. A. Cummings, Sec'y: Atkins A. Clark, Treas.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Jos. L. Drew, P. G.—Geo. T. Carruth, N. G. Benja. H. Brown, V. G. Oliver B. Hill, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y.—Joseph Barnard, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

SILLOAM LODGE, No. 2.—Raymond Cole, N. G. Thacher Beal, VG. C. R. Ransom, Rec. Sec'y. John McClellan, Per. Sec'y. A. Stuart, Treas. O. A. Skinner, Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4.—Geo. L. Mitchell, N. G. John S. Ladd, VG. Edw'd G. Stevens, Sec'y. Wm. A. Hall, Treas'r. Elbridge G. Brooks, Chaplain.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, P. G. John Wright, NG: John Taft, VG: Dan'l McLennan, Secretary; A. Greene, Treas'r.

SUFFOLK LODGE, No. 8.—Newell A. Thompson, NG: A. B. Wheeler, VG: H. B. Evans, Rec. Sec'y: Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y; H. D. Storer, Treasurer; F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—Wm. G. Alley, PG. Wilard Adams, N. G.: Cyrus C. Atwell, V. G.: Alvan Hussey, Sec'y: Sumner Young, Treas'r; Wm. B. Randolph Chaplain.

ORIENTAL No. 10.—Josiah Daniell, P. G. Goodhue Adams, N. G. Geo. L. Montague, V. G. J. J. Whiting, Rec. Sec'y. F. H. Bowser, Permanent Sec'y. Henry Keith, Treas'r. Jos. L. T. Goodidge, Chaplain. J. T. Sargent, assistant Chaplain.

MERCHANT LODGE, No. 11.—A. Rolfe, P. G.; J. H. Cole, NG: A. R. Brown, V. G. J. S. Morse, Sec'y: H. S. Orange, Per. Sec'y. S. D. Emerson, Treas. A. A. Minor, Chaplain.

BETHEL No. 12.—J. C. Waldo, P. G. Ichabod Fessenden, N. G. Paul F. Dodge, V. G. John Lewis, Rec. Sec'y. Michael Kenny, Per. Sec'y. Jesse P. Pattae, Treasurer.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Chas. A. Stevens, PG; Ly-sander Barnes, NG; Geo. H. Hudson, VG; E. L. Brainard, Rec. Sec'y; S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y; Henry Lyon, Treasurer.

BENKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—Isaac Kendall, P. G. Jacob Hoyt, N. G. Sam'l Woodbridge, V. G. Perez R. Jacobs, Rec. Sec'y. Jos. Burrill, Permanent Sec'y. A. W. Crowningshield, Treasurer. E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.

TREMONT LODGE, No. 15.—S. M. Allen, P. G.—E. S. Williams, N. G. J. C. Bartlett, V. G. Charles Rice, Rec. Sec'y. C. B. Sawyer, Permanent Sec'y. Wm. F. Lethbridge, Treasurer. F. T. Gray, Chaplain.

COVENANT LODGE, No. 16.—Henry A. Hall, N. G. F. O. Prince, V. G. J. A. Cummings, Rec. Sec'y. T. D. Chapman, Per. Sec'y. R. C. Lawrence, Treas. Chandler Robbins, Chaplain.

MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.—Wm. Tozer, P. G.: H. B. Odiorne, N. G.: G. T. Barney, V. G.: Augustus G. Barrett, Sec'y; Charles Baldwin, Treas.; John G. Adams, Chaplain.

WARREN LODGE, No. 18.—Benj. E. Cotting, P. G. Ira Allen, N. G.: A. J. P. Whitcomb, V. G.; Robert Seaver, Sec'y; E. G. Scott, Treasurer.

MONUMENT LODGE, No. 19.—Albert W. Bryant, N. G.—Cha's M. Wetherbee, V. G. W. E. Cogswell, Sec'y. George Stearns, Treas. J. M. Usher, Chaplain.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE, No. 20.—George B. Lathrop, NG; Benjamin F. Nourse, VG; Charles H. Morse, Sec'y. John J. Eaton, Treas.

HOWARD LODGE, No. 22.—Caleb Rand, NG; Wm. W. Pierce, VG; George H. Childs, Sec'y; Thos. R. B. Edmands, Treasurer.

FRANKLIN LODGE, No. 23.—Joseph H. Greene, N. G.; Wm. Pratt, V. G.; Otis H. Weed, Sec'y; R. P. Barry, Treasurer.

WINNISIMMET LODGE, No. 24.—Eben W. Lathrop, N. G.; John Low, V. G.; John Lathrop, Sec'y; Wm. Munroe, Treasurer.

BOSTON LODGE, No. 25.—William H. Hill, N. G.; Samuel Adams, V. G.; George Raud, Sec'y, Moses A. Dow, Treasurer.

ESSEX LODGE, No. 26.—Wm Durant, NG. C. C. Hayden, VG. George Russell, Sec'y. Adrian Low, Treas'r. J. P. Atkinson, Chaplain.

Maine.

MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—James Winslow, CP. David Robinson, Jr. HP. Edw'd Wheeler, Jr. SW. Jos T Mitchell, JW. John D Kinsman, Scribe. Theo. P Hersey, Treasurer.

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SACO LODGE, No. 2.—George C. Churchill PG; Geo A. Warren, NG; James Smith, VG; Stephen Webster, Sec'y; Jeremiah Mason, Treasurer.

GEORGIAN LODGE, No. 3.—Lucius H. Chandler, N. G.; George Prince, V. G.; C. Prince, Sec'y; Michael Libby, Treasurer.

ANCIENT BROTHERS' LODGE, No. 4.—Edward P. Banks, N. G.; Thomas O. Gould, V. G.; Andrew P. Osborne, Sec'y; Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., Treasurer.

New Hampshire.

GRANITE LODGE, No. 1, Nashua.—David Philbrick, NG; Charles T. Gill, VG; Edwin P. Hill, Sec'y; John L. Pollard, Treasurer.

Connecticut.

UCAS LODGE—Norwich.—James E. Mowry, NG. Cha's A. Converse, VG. R. O. Williams, Sec'y. Philo M. Judson, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, weekly—Saturday.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., &c., at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

Franklin, 23, do do Tuesday.
Boston, 25, do do Saturday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tu.
Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
Union Degree Lodge, do do Saturday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
Mechanics', No. 11, " Friday.
Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Bacon's building near the Post Office, Tuesday.
Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Tuesday.
Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
Essex, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequannock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatonic 6, Derby	do
Thames 9, New London	
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Uncas, — Norwich,	Mon.
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	

Maine.

Maine, 1, Portland, Union st.,	Mon.
Ancient Brothers, 3, do.	
Machigonne Encampment, 1, do.	Satur.
Saco, 2, Saco, Central Hall,	Mon.
Georgian, 4, West Thomaston,	

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall,	Tues.
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Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE

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THE SUPREMACY OF PRINCIPLE.

An Oration delivered at the Dedication of Odd Fellow's Hall, city of Baltimore, September 18th, 1843.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

THERE is nothing durable but PRINCIPLE. Nothing has permanent sway in the enlightened judgments and the unbiased affections of men, but virtue — something which is for God and for humanity. Forms and Institutions change and pass away; but the *Truth* which they were meant to propagate, lives and acts — for it is eternal. The Institution, the Form, belongs to the *body*, and like it, is gross, local, perishable; the Principle pertains to the *soul*, and is spiritual, unlimited, everlasting.

Men are apt to resist conscience, and are fearfully driven by passion. Too frequently they pluck "the specious evil, and shun the latent good," marring even the outward form that God has so curiously moulded, and still more deeply the divinity within them, by the violence of sin. Yet the worst man recognizes and reverences *goodness*, and, in his better moments, or in the long run, always decides for it. All men commend the *principle* — the right, the good, the true principle. The most abandoned sensualist, shameless and profane, who plays his stake of lust, or avarice, or ambition, on the very table of the Ten Commandments, approves it, even while he laughs at, or violates it. There never was a

good deed performed, that the deep heart of humanity would not say "Amen" to it — "It is right!" Displayed even in the fictitious colors of a novel, the thrill that acknowledges triumphant virtue is a genuine emotion — a genuine tribute to abstract goodness. The glow, or the tear, is not all *affected*, though distilled from the alembic of jaded sentimentality, or kindled in the heart of selfish worldliness. It demonstrates to us, that somewhere in that nature there is an approval of virtue. There never was a good man who did not excite respect in the most degraded witness — in his bitterest foe. All this may be transient, hidden, covered up with smiles and sneers. But, I repeat, Principle alone is permanently regarded — only Virtue is always revered and esteemed. Its radiance penetrates the most opaque ignorance; and Satan himself, high as he may hold his thunder-scarred crest, bows in spirit before it.

I know that it takes a long time for men to divest themselves of their prejudices, and that Truth must slowly burn away the mists that beset its early rising. Ages roll on ere justice is done. Time alone supplies the touchstone. The children have to build the tombs of the Prophets that their fathers slew. In the midst

midst of their daily life men are encompassed with deceit. They are prone prone to admire the mere show of things. They are attracted by dazzling externals. They are fettered by pernicious laws of etiquette. They act as they do not feel. They prize what they cannot approve. — They decide as they do not think; because they are pressed by immediate circumstances, and act from the appetite, the policy, or the exigency of the moment. But when the human heart pronounces its judgment, truly and freely—when it speaks concerning the Past, the Absent, and the Dead—when pride, and ignorance, and fear, are lifted from the reason, and the enlightened conscience utters its oracle; *then*, men always decide concerning the *Principle*: not whether the deed was done, or the word spoken, in this or that form; but whether it was essentially the right thing, the good thing, the true thing.

I am well aware that the immediate rewards of Truth and Goodness, have too frequently been the hatred of the wicked and the contempt of the scorers—the ignominy of the scaffold, or a bed of fagots, with the hiss of malice rising above the crackling fire. But by and by, when humanity has progressed to a higher vision, and an age is yearning for better things, the neglected bones are canonized. Freedom catches new inducements, and Religion stronger arguments, from the rank grass of the patriot's grave, and the bright blood-spot of the martyr. What a noble name in English history has his become to us, who, but a few generations since, died upon Tower-Hill, stained with the reproach of treason! We may not approve of every individual element in his character. But we cannot forget that calm fortitude, and that resolute self-sacrifice. We cannot forget that he died for liberty—that he was a martyr for principle. The words of his dying prayer echo now in our hearts. "Grant that I may die glorifying Thee for all thy mer-

cies; and that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of Thy Truth, and even by the confession of my opposers, for that OLD CAUSE in which I was from my youth engaged, and for which Thou hast so often and wonderfully declared Thyself." These are the words of conscious virtue, and their tones can never die. Even his own age repealed, when he was dead and gone, the blighting attainder. But other ages shall estimate the place of his sacrifice as more regal than a throne. Time and the human heart reverse all false decisions, and determine for the true. The memory of Jeffries shall blacken in scorn; the generations of the free shall cherish the name of ALGERNON SIDNEY close with that good 'Old Cause,' which breathed upon by his dying prayer, and sprinkled with his blood, he commended to the world.

I would most earnestly impress upon you, then, the *supremacy of Principle*—the momentous fact that any deed, or institution, is valuable, and will secure perpetuity and esteem, only as it is based upon Truth and Goodness. It is only in the childhood of the individual, or the race, that men attach essential value to mere forms, or appearances. To the boy, the king must wear a crown, and be clad in jewelry and ermine—to the unreflecting, he must be consecrated by hereditary descent, and rule by constituted power. But the informed and liberal mind says,—"not so—*these* are our truly royal men," and points to Howard in the lazar house, and Cincinnatus at his plough.—"What is the deed worth to man?" "What good has it accomplished?" are the questions which search the acts of the Past, and investigate the claims of venerable institutions. No matter how much it has dazzled the world—no matter by what means it has been upheld. If it was done wickedly—if it enshrines falsehood; it will one day be stripped of all its brilliant accompaniments, and the voice,

and the heart of humanity will condemn it. When the age of Reformation comes, and the torch of reason is brandished about, illuminating dark crannies, and consuming dry abominations with its quick fire—wo then to all falsehoods with which it comes in contact—wo to all shams—wo to all fabrics, whether of individual glory or public concern, that have been founded on the ignorance of men, or cemented with their blood and their tears! But *Virtue* abides the scrutiny. She appears more beautiful in the investigation; and from the smouldering ashes and the dust of old systems, she rises with a celestial birth-song, and in a new phasis, vindicates her immortality.

If we consider the standard literature, the old and cherished books of a people, we shall find in them, some philanthropic element, some spirit of Goodness and Truth, which constitutes their conservative and popular efficacy. It is not merely a defect of style, or lack of wit, that consigns the productions of intellect to oblivion. What has become of scores of the poets of Elizabeth's reign, who charmed their contemporaries with their pleasant fancies, and wove their "Garlands of dainty devices?" They are only known to the curious antiquary. But he who drew from the deep springs of thought, and held intimate communion with nature—who made the great soul of man his instrument, and touched each chord of joy and tears with mighty mastery—who gave a tongue to every passion and a voice to deep emotion—who painted each well-known lineament of feeling, and made affection eloquent, and consecrated sorrow, and summoned all the beautiful of reality and of fancy to adorn the motly procession of human life—he—Shakespeare, is known, and read, and repeated, wherever civilization, and art, and genius, have their sway. And why? Because he sympathized with man. He spoke from the heart to the heart. He elevated vir-

tue, and stripped the regalia from vice, and pleaded for the good the true in maxims which are household words, and uttered on children's lips. The books of one age may be rejected in the next, because they are superficial, or full of vapid sentimentalism. But they are superficial, or vapidly sentimental, because they convey no principle, and utter no strong, true feeling. Neither shall licentiousness survive, nor profanity, nor the cold abstractions that have no bearing upon human welfare. They may live for their day, they may be cherished by a partial few; but genius, with all its power, cannot preserve them from popular oblivion. But the old songs and ballads of a people, that breathe something of a noble freedom, a simple worth and manly honesty, that the shepherds have chanted among the hills, and the workman at his task, and old crones have sung over cradle-beds, these shall be cherished, like familiar hearth-fires, amid the lights and shadows of men's homes. A grand objection has been justly made to the poetry of Byron. It is not the licentiousness that defiles his verse, nor even the blasphemy that makes us shudder. But it is his scepticism as to the reality of all Truth and Goodness. When he has arrayed *Virtue* in all the glory of his transcendent imagination, and delineated the beautiful affections of the human heart with all his master-power; he turns him around and laughs at all as false and hollow—as hypocritical forms and painted harlotry. And this is his poison, and his rebuke. Do not understand me as joining in the fashionable outcry against Lord Byron. In many respects in which he is condemned, probably he is not worse than others whose works are highly prized. There is in his verse a full vindication of his claims to the fame of a poet. But those claims rest upon passages that have the nerve of principle, that kindle with the fires of a lofty and generous freedom, and are filled

with sublime impression of Nature. But those efforts that make affection a cheat, and virtue a masque, and quench all pure and holy aspirations of the soul in the slime of sensuality, cannot live in the popular heart, and if they go down to future generations, will be transmitted because they are bound together with thoughts of genuine manliness, and energetic Truth. How different this mockery from that delineation of the great Master of Fiction, which threw sun-light upon the dark heart of Mid-Lothian, and revealed to us, beneath the simple garb of a Scottish peasant girl, a virtue unbiased and incorruptible, that shrunk not from peril, that yielded not to affection, and shone as beautiful in the glitter of a court, as it did in its unsullied lustre amid the heather of its native home. We must feel assured that there is such a thing as *Principle*—that *Virtue* is absolute and everlasting. Else, nature itself reels beneath our feet, and all things become chaotic. Let the darkness envelope us, let the storm descend—so that the foundations of the universe are unmoved. As the thunder rolls down the sky, it may shake the very ground on which we stand. But the red glare of the lightning shall reveal to us the tall mountain peaks—the pillars of the earth—lifting their foreheads through the tempest and up to heaven venerable and serene, as they did in the summer sun-shine, yesterday.—Truth and Goodness are eternal, and he who writes for truth and goodness, shall have the eye and the heart of the people, through the ages.

And that Holy Book, that our infant minds are taught to read and that is clasped like a shield to the bosoms of the dying! Had it no Divine Sanctions, were it not impressed with super-human authority, it still would be cherished. No violence could rend it from its sanctuary, no sophistry could cheat us of its influence. It is so full of humanity—it is so

pregnant with Truth—it is so intimate with our souls, in all their countless moods. By him who *feels*—who loves Principle and Virtue; even though he may disbelieve—the popularity of this Book will not be ascribed to blind prejudice, or to thoughtless custom. The truths of Job are as undeniable as “the bands of Orion.” The emotions of the human heart can find no sweeter, or sublimer expression than the Poetry of David. Roman orator and Grecian poet, cannot chain the attention, or stir the soul, like him whom “the common people heard gladly.” Their themes are not so great—so full of mighty interest.—The shivering oracles of Dodona are still, and the Sybil’s leaves are shut forever; but the weary and sad, the bowed and the fearful, come spontaneously to drink the stream of Life that trickles down the Rock of Ages. Abana and Pharpar are not so fresh and sweet as that.

As with Literature, so is it with the *deeds* of *individuals*, or of *communities*, when we look back upon them in the light of history. It is Principle—the reputation of Truth and Goodness—that imparts renown to ordinary names, and makes of some common thing a cherished relic. It is because of this that the mention of certain men salutes the ear like a peal of music. How eloquent is yon voiceless shaft, if you only pronounce the name of Washington! Consecrated places of the earth, shrines of human pilgrimage, are significant because they are associated with some memory of true greatness. The wide field, the surf-beaten rock, the quaint fabric, the humble cottage, the simple grave—these become land-marks to the world, and glow in the mellow light of story, and are instinct with inspiration. We may pass them by as unnoticeable matters, but let us know the fact that here a martyr fell, that there testimony was borne for a mighty truth, that upon that spot a nation achieved its

freedom, that yonder a good man was born, that beneath us some moral hero sleeps, and the object is quickly transformed to our eyes, and clothed with the grandeur of memorable recollection. — *Principle!* — this gives to objects a different value, where the outward aspect may be the same. This constitutes the difference between the strand of Hastings and the rock of Plymouth — between the fields of Agincourt and Lexington. We look back, through the ages, to an armed group, watching by night in one of the rugged defiles of Greece. It is the evening preceding a memorable battle, and the star-light glimmers on a scanty cluster of spears, that stand there unmoving through the silent hours. Their foe awaits them, an ocean-host, that can overwhelm them with billows of steel. — Dark treachery has woven its toils in their midst. An oracle has prophesied their certain death. Allies upon whom they relied have precipitately left them. Yet they are set to keep watch and ward for freedom — nor can any peril drive them back. They will die upon their shields. We know the issue. And it is not to the bloody extermination of that morrow — it is not to the crimson fight, it is not because of that sacrifice of men, “rather crushed by numbers than slain by swords” — it is not to these, the desolation and the wo, that we render the homage of our admiration. But it is to the brave and uncompromising Principle. In this light that spirit, rude and stern as it was, which would not shrink from duty, rises to moral sublimity. Long above the graves of that devoted band, stood this memorial — “Go stranger, and tell the Spartans, that we obeyed the law — and lie here.” That memorial has crumbled into dust. Yet the principle to which it bore its testimony, has made Thermopylae a universal watch-ward, and given to the undistinguished bones of those three hundred men, a name that cannot die.

Recently, I looked upon a production of one of our native artists — “The Embarkation of the Pilgrims.” And as I gazed upon the beautiful delineation of the painter, my heart was thrilled with a presence loftier even than his triumphant art, but which that had re-created, and brought before me. Upon those faces that stood out from the canvass, in the softened light of devotion were mingled unbending courage and high resolve. — There sat the feeble and devout matron, there knelt the old and pious minister, there reclined the demure child, there was uplifted the brow of beauty, there bent the iron man of war. But they were not as any other group. The presence of a mighty Principle was with them — and every pictured form was eloquent. My spirit could have swept with them far over the broad sea, and caught their Psalms thundering above the howling storm, and heard their prayers “amid the groaning pines,” and the tread of their feet on the crackling ice, and rustle of their garments in the winter blast, and could have seen their work amid the sifting snow, and felt how mighty is the truth that makes all circumstances royal — whose feeblest missionaries are stronger than enrolled armies — whose uttered word thrills the world’s deep heart like a trumpet — whose exile-graves become the foundations of unconquerable empires.

Nor would I forget your own cause for proud recollection. I would remember that here, by the waters of the rolling Chesapeake, there came with your first colonists, into the primitive forests of your land, a noble spirit of christian freedom. Protestant as I am, I honor the principle that was manifested by a Catholic, a principle caught not from the peculiarities of any sect, but fresh from the lips of Christ. Here, the old bigotry of Europe was rebuked by the flourishing triumphs of peace and love — here,

for the force of bloody proscription was substituted the mild charter of religious equality — and here, by practical demonstration, the world saw that the best security for the cherished faith of each is the recognition of the rights of conscience in all. And high as you may prize your growing city, sitting so queen-like above the waves — far as the white sails of your commerce may reach — successful as your industry may be, dauntless and generous as is your enterprise, you can have no nobler cause for pride, than that here was first practiced the great principle of Christian tolerance. And while I admire the names of Carver and Bradford, and Winslow and Standish — side by side with them, as also ennobled by principle — I place the liberal and tolerant CALVERT.

But we have quoted examples more than enough. It needs no illustration to convince you of the fact that principle — that truth and goodness — are alone esteemed; but the retrospection may serve to impress the fact upon you. I know that men often admire deeds that are blended with much evil, and characters that are even stained with crime. — In the glory of some dazzling success — in the splendor of some intellectual achievement — we may forget the smoking ruin, and the gory slaughter, and the violated affections that follow the one, or the moral poison that lurks beneath the other. In the antique grandeur of some institution — in its association with venerable memories, we may overlook its noxious errors, and its abuse of power. — And some may think that I should qualify my statement, by saying that there is the emotion of mere taste — that which we devote to the *beautiful*, abstracted from all other considerations. But I see no solid reason for such a qualification. I have been speaking of those things which are permanently cherished in the affections, and approved by the consciences of

men. I alluded to the mistakes and the sycophancies of the hour, and then went on to speak of those themes that stand for universal and perpetual admiration. And these, I say, only do thus stand, because they have in them an element of truth and goodness — because they are based on principle. Nor is the admiration which men give to the victor in his triumphant career — or to genius in its mid-day splendor — or to the institution overgrown with the excrescences of error — nor is this admiration indiscriminate. The mind selects the object of its admiration. There is something even there, that abstracted from surrounding circumstances, is good and true, and this and this alone is respected — else it would not be respected. The *evil* in it is not approved, if it becomes wholly evil and useless, it will be cherished no longer, it will perish from the hearts of the race. As to the abstract beautiful which men admire and cherish for ages in works of art, if it is a mere object of taste, of course it comes not within the scope of those *deeds* and *institutions*, that have relation to the *affections* and are under the jurisdiction of *conscience*. But there is nothing truly beautiful that is not good. Poetry, although it may draw its aliment from debasing and sensual objects, cannot rise into its legitimate atmosphere, and exert its proper influence, until it etherealizes its subject, and extracts some good from its evil. The sculptor may carve some group of wickedness; but if his work aspires to a triumph, it always elevates us by its tremendous moral. — No people ever cherished in their romances the memory of a wicked man — no poet ever found delight in celebrating vice and crime, but in portraying manly virtues and noble deeds. The numbers that the bards struck from their ringing chords, numbers that spoke of martial deeds and war, did not stir the Norseman's soul by their association with

slaughter and violence, but by their suggestions of generous *heroism* and devoted *patriotism*. Nothing, then, can be permanently esteemed—or truly cherished—that is not based on principle, on right, and good, and true principle. And even if my theory be false—even if the good is not permanently admired by men, even if virtue is often rejected unto the end—even if evil preserves its usurped dominion; this at least is true, that nothing is of real *worth* but principle—nothing is truly admired by the good men, or approved of God, but *that*. The bad man carries with him the bitterness of his deeds, under all the shows of outward honor—the nation, the institution, that stands upon falsehood, or is but a mere form, encloses the seeds of dissolution, and with all its glittering trophies of pride and wealth and power, with all its boasted claims, must decline, and fall, and pass away.

I have dwelt long upon this general topic—too long it may be; yet in the conclusion which I shall now proceed to draw from it, it will, I trust, be found appropriate to the present occasion. In saying what I have said this day, my brethren of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, I have endeavored to speak to you, rather than *for* you. There is a time when every cause needs earnest defence, frequent exposition, and labored argument. I do not say that that time has gone by with our fraternity. Indeed, in many sections of our country, I know that it has *not* gone by; but that the bitterest prejudice exists in regard to it, and the curiosity which it excites is often as malignant as it is active. Yet these defensive efforts have been so frequently and so ably made, and are so accessible to the popular eye, that I have thought best to select another phase of the subject. In the history of every cause, it is likewise the case, that it arrives at a certain point when its danger is greater

from internal errors, than from outward attacks; and the dominion which has been acquired by victorious conquest, needs to be administered by prudence, wisdom, and a liberal insight into its true ends and interests. I think that time has arrived, or is about arriving with us. And upon this point I would speak a word of caution, and bring the important truth that I have this day advocated, to bear. That truth—is the *supremacy of principle*—the infinite value of the *spirit* of a cause above all its modes of organization, or its forms of action. And what is the great truth upon which we have based our institution? The truth of man's *fraternity*—and hence the obligation to fair-dealing, to watchful sympathy, and to the broadest benevolence. And this is the principle upon which we shall stand.—We cannot fall, so long as we chiefly cling to that, and act upon it. Let the days of adversity lower around us—let the waves of popular prejudice beat against our walls—let the hand of reckless treachery tear aside the veils of our sanctuary—and let the world see what it is that we enshrine, and watch over.—I shall not be ashamed of it, if we only keep it bright and pure. It is the flame of *universal philanthropy*. Yes, all things should be made subservient to the welfare and the efficacy of our *sentiment*. We may bring the decorations of taste, the beauty of art, the solemnity of mystery, the awe of secrecy, and entwine them as the embossed work—or mould them as the gorgeous setting of our principles; but they are not the *principles themselves*. These principles are not external things, they are not forms, they are not mysteries; they are simple—*Friendship, Love and Truth*. I declare to you, that if this institution acted upon no deeper foundation than secrecy—if it consisted only of certain tokens, of peculiar ceremonies, and of progressive degrees—however apt and beautiful these might be—I would aban-

don it, as hollow uselessness, or shallow nonsense. For, without a central truth, without a practical application, it would have no significance, and no cause for being. With this fact before us, suffer me briefly to suggest two or three things as a fitting echo to the last stroke of labor which this day completes yon beautiful edifice.

In the first place, let each of my brethren realise, what it is to be a true Odd-Fellow. It is not merely to enter the Order, to pass through the degrees, to be prompt at Lodge meetings, to understand its work, or to become efficient in its legislative or pecuniary interests. These are well enough, and to those who would be useful in certain capacities, indispensable. Nor, again, is he of necessity a true Odd Fellow who is loud in his praises of the institution, who is zealous in its defence, and who makes it the constant theme of his conversation. Indeed, I conceive that one may run to excess in this matter, and breed disgust, by the pertinacity with which he bends every subject to this single idea. There are other matters to be seen to beside those of Odd Fellowship, and he is not true to the principles of which he boasts, who does not diligently attend to those matters. There are many circumstances under which it is not at all necessary that the world should know that a man is an Odd Fellow. Let every thing have its place, and let Odd Fellowship be carried out in the right way. Above all, he is not the true Odd Fellow who confines his charities and sympathies to members of the Order. This practice would at once declare the institution to be a system of mere selfishness. But the true Odd Fellow is he who imbibes the spirit that lies below all the forms and ceremonies of his Lodge-room — who detects the important *principle*, and adheres to that. Who goes forth with a fraternal sympathy into the world — and pursues with all, the

great rule of doing as he would have all men do to him. Such a man needs no regalia. He will shine in crowds. He requires no pictured symbol of hand and heart. He uses his own. Let him diligently study to know the meaning of the mystic emblems that blaze around him. But let him not stop with a mere achievement of memory. Let all these emblems be interpreted in his one honest, faithful, loving life.

Again: — let us diligently labor for the true welfare of the Order. Odd Fellowship has grown with unexampled rapidity. It is represented in every quarter of the Union. Members are pressing into it from the right hand and the left. And it must be a glad sight to him who sits here to-day, with the proud title of the Founder of Odd Fellowship in America — it must be a glad sight for him to look back and mark the difference between the laying of the corner stone, and the noble temple that has risen thereon. Banners inscribed with his name, are floating on the breeze. Wide-spread thousands are asserting those principles "which nobody can deny." From the consecrated soil of Virginia, from the rock-bound coast of New-England, from the bosom of the great Empire State, from the waters of the rolling Delaware and the beautiful Ohio, from the palmettos of the South, from the wild-flowers of the Prairies, the jewelled representatives of innumerable Lodges have come here to-day, to lay their hands upon the starting-point of that triple chain, which is every day lengthening, but which binds them all in one. But this very increase involves a great peril, even that of estimating our prosperity from our numerical force, rather than from our genuine accumulation of truth and virtue. We must beware of hasty growth — we must select our members. Let us not crowd indiscriminately into our ranks all who will join — let us plead with none for

their companionship. Let us commend our institution to the wise and good by a practical exhibition of its principle—let us shew by our lives that these principles are so strict and pure, that vice can hope for no indulgence, and will be shamed by the contrast. Depend upon it, this alone will secure our permanent welfare, and that true popularity which even the good may desire. To this end let us not set much value upon the outward pomp of regalia, or the bravery of crowded ranks. Let us not seek to uphold our institution by loud laudations, but by legitimate acts—let us not plead for it so much with declamation, as with the beautiful fruits of practical benevolence. Woman, whose heartfelt approbation is the sure seal of worth, will bless the cause that so closely imitates her spontaneous mercy, and these orphan children, whose very appearance is a great oration, shall plead our claims more eloquently than a gift of tongues. The good and the wise who may oppose our form, will approbate our spirit, and in the day of hostility and the event of violent attack, our institution shall find advocates in the reason and the consciences of men, which will decide for the right, the good, and the true.

One more word of caution. Let us not cling to forms, if we have any which the light and the spirit of the age may require to be changed. The only innovation which is to be dreaded by us, is that which overlooks the great principle upon which our Order was founded, and fixes its essential value in certain ceremonies. Let us fear nothing so much as this mistake. The spirit of the Order, its deep, elevated sentiment, let that be watched and guided like the Parsee's flame, immoveable and extinguishable.

MY BRETHREN OF MARYLAND:—I have now about completed in my own way the task with the performance of which you have honored me. I repeat I have not spoken so much *for* the Order, as *to* its

members. The seed, humble as it is, I have scattered in good faith, and with a loving purpose, into hearts that will bear it to many portions of our land. I wished to say what I have said, and I could not take a better occasion to do so. Brethren, I congratulate you—I participate in your joy at the completion of your truly beautiful work. It is an ornament to your city, so worthy of such an ornament. It will afford a beautiful shrine for *principles*, excellent enough for any shrine. I am glad that of all the order of architecture, you have selected the venerable, the glorious Gothic. It is a rich memento of the past, the crowded past, so eloquent with its memories. Every part of it is pregnant with thrilling associations. Its pillars remind us of old worshippers who bowed in simple faith among the forest oaks.—Its niches are hallowed with ideal forms of martyrs. Its draperies hang like consecrated banners that have led true men to deeds of noble daring. It is a wise act thus to select the beautiful forms of the past to enshrine the living spirit of the present. Let us ever thus unite and preserve all that is good in the changing ages. Let its outward shape commend to us that old stability and sturdy worth that lived even in ruder times. And as the morning-sunbeams stream through the gorgeous coloring of its windows, and meet and mingle within in softened hues, so let the active energies and the fervid excitements of life there blend in gentle influences of peace and love. And as you often gaze upon yon structure, remember this—that temple, beautiful and solid as it is, must moulder beneath the influence of slow decay. There is a cycle of years that shall run longer than the oldest pyramids. The hills themselves must perish. The granite ribs of earth shall crumble. All things material must pass away. But goodness, truth, love, these are imperishable, and shall outlast the morning-stars.

My Brethren, let it be our chief work to cherish the spirit of truth and love. — This alone shall be triumphant and lasting. This alone is true power. The banded legions of carnal might shall break and fail—the steel-girt hosts of violence shall be swept away, and their bones lie scattered like drifted snow. — But truth and love shall never die. They may be drowned awhile in the babbling discord of sin and falsehood, but they alone are the oracles of eternity, and shall be heard at the last. The spirit of truth and love! This is the spirit of our Order. Let it have full sway in our hearts. This too is the spirit of the age—the spirit of victory—the spirit of human generation. I feel it moving all around me. I hear it in the murmuring of the storm, and the roar of the mighty forest—I hear it in “the clank of armor giving note of preparation”—in the sound of trumpets calling to the march. I hear it in watchwords from prayerful lips on the summit of the mountains—I hear it in the thunder-shouts from the long, long host that sweeps below. Thrones shall crumble before it. Shackles shall fall. Humanity shall come up from its degradation and its bondage, in its coronation robes. And when the old ages have past—the iron ages—the ages of the sword, the gibbet, and the chain—the ages of sorrow and sin; a *new age* shall dawn upon the nations, and refresh the hearts of heart's weary millions. And that shall be an age of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

AURORA BOREALIS. — The beautiful play of rosy lights exhibited in the phenomenon has never been referred to any satisfactory cause. Mr. Rowall, in a paper read before the British Association, accounts for it substantially thus:—The vapor ascending from the earth, in the tropics, carries with it a large quantity of electricity, which, added to the action of

a vertical sun, buoys it up to the regions of the higher currents of the atmosphere, whence it is wafted by the superior trade winds towards the poles. The accumulated electricity on reaching the cooler temperature, again escapes to the earth, and returns along its surface to the equator, thus establishing a regular circulation of the electric current to which he refers the phenomenon of magnetism. When any disturbance occurs in this highly charged vapor in the polar atmosphere, as by the meeting of bodies of vapor differently charged, an instantaneous flash would pass through the whole mass by the rush of electricity to restore the equilibrium, thus producing the Aurora. — *Silliman's Journal.*

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 6.

Under this head we shall reserve a page of each number of our magazine for communications on “matters and things in general,” which, if free from personalities, may find a ready admission.

HAVING perused some remarks which appeared in the seventh number of the Symbol, respecting the unwillingness manifested by some of our rich men to aid others less fortunate than themselves, I beg leave to introduce some facts, bearing upon the same subject, illustrative of the happy effect which have attended the noble and high-minded of one of our citizens in the cause of doing good.

The gentleman above referred to, is not what many would denominate as rich, for he possesses only a moderate share of wealth. But it has been his constant study to improve this wealth for the best and most noble purposes; and his desire has been to embrace every opportunity to aid and encourage others; thus fulfilling the precept, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

This gentleman rented a house for a considerable length of time, to a person with whom he had no intimate acquaint-

ance, but regarded him as an honest and upright man; and he knew that he was depending upon his industry, and upon his success in his profession to enable him to defray the necessary expenses of a large family.

During the disastrous times of 1836 and 1837, his business was so seriously affected, that it was gradually diminished, until it seemed that every hope of obtaining a livelihood had departed. After patiently enduring much vexation and trouble, he was called to a more severe trial; thus proving the truth of the adage that misfortunes never come single. He was confined on the bed of sickness, and for the space of two months, was unable to leave his chamber.

After his fever had abated, and he was slowly recovering, he was distressed to find that among other demands, which at present he was unable to settle, his rent had become due; and he waited with painful anxiety for the presentation of his bill. But it was not sent as formerly, but the owner himself called; and was received by his wife with a trembling heart, as she well knew his errand, and their utter inability to pay him, as they had no kind friend to render them assistance in their hour of need.

But he quickly dispelled her fears, by informing her that this visit was made not for the purpose of collecting his rent, — but to ascertain if he could assist his tenant. He was shown into the sick room, where after addressing him in the kindest manner, and expressing his regret for his misfortunes, he added, "I have now called to offer my assistance to yourself and family. You must not let your mind be troubled, these times will not continue always. You will see brighter days. I had feared that you would be anxious about the rent, and therefore I have brought your bill receipted for the same. It is but a trifle, and you are perfectly welcome to it. I

esteem it a *favor* to assist you, and I repeat the assurance that it will give me pleasure to assist you in any way."

He then left him. His wife waited on him below, to offer him her thanks; he tenderly enquired respecting their circumstances, and found that in truth they were nearly destitute, although her modesty kept back that acknowledgment. In taking leave of her, he placed a "trifle," as he called it, in her hand, a bank note of one hundred dollars. The next morning a man called, and said he was ordered to leave a load of coal at that place. — Mrs H—— told him that it must be a mistake — it was probably for some of her neighbors, as there had been none ordered for her family. "Well," said he, "a gentleman called at the wharf yesterday and purchased two tons of coal and a cord of wood, and *paid* for them, and here 's the bill for them, ma'am. I believe that is your husband's name."

But I should be guilty of great injustice were I to neglect to mention the active part which others took in rendering their assistance in the case before us. — The ladies, as is always the case whenever any thing *good* is to be done, were "on hand." If he whom I have briefly noticed as a benefactor, possessed so many eminent qualities, his lady was equally deserving of remembrance, as possessing all those qualities which "are lovely, and of good report." She had been careful to visit the abode of the sick man, until every thing which was wanting to render his children, and the family comfortable, were supplied. And by her instrumentality many ladies who had never before heard of him were induced to patronize him, thus increasing his business to such an extent that he was able within a short period to discharge all demands he had contracted.

I would gladly introduce the name of this worthy benefactor, were it necessary. But already it is too well known, and too

much loved and revered to need any further praise from my humble pen. It was not for fame, nor the short-lived applause of the world, that these exertions were made or those gifts were dispensed. No,—they were done in private, and were known only to him “who seeth in secret,” and who has pledged himself to “reward openly” those who in like manner imitate the example of their blessed Redeemer, by distributing to the necessities of their brethren, and are desirous to advance the happiness of the great human Family.

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No. 7.
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STRANGE—BUT TRUE.

SICK of the world, in prime of days,
Constantia took a serious fit,
Resolved to shun all balls and plays,
And only read what saints had writ;
To a convent's cell she would repair,
And be a pensive sister there.

A sailor, loitering from his crew,
As chance would have it, pass'd along,
She told him what she had in view,
And he replied, “My dear, you're wrong;
Let withered dames to convents go,
Where kisses freeze, and love is snow.”

“No wandering seaman,” she replied,
“Can tempt me to forego my plan,
No barque that wafts him o'er the tide,
Nor many a better looking man;
Go, sailor, plough your gloomy sea,
Constantia must a sister be.”

“To gain so fair a flower as you,”
The tar returned, “who would not plead?
Nor shall you, nymph, to a convent go,
While love can write what you must read;
Come, to yon meadow, let us stray,
I have some handsome things to say.”

Love has his wish, when reason fails,
In vain she sighed, in vain she strove —
“Forsake,” said she, “those swelling sails,
If you would have me think of love;
Great merit has your sailing art,
But absence would distract my heart.”

What else was said, I secret keep, —
The tar, grown fonder of the shore,

Now quits his prospects on the deep,
And she of convents talks no more;
He slily quits the coasting trade,
She pities her who dies a maid!

TRISTRAM.

THE SYMBOL OF OMNIPOTENCE.

BY J. W. PATTERSON.

THE same bright orb rises here as elsewhere, and sets in the western horizon with the same majestic mien to us as to others. Through the day it dispenses light and heat as unsparingly to one part as another, and at night it leaves them all alike veiled in the same darkness. — The refreshing rains and sweet dews are scattered alike by heaven on the barren waste and rocky cliff, as on the flowery grove and verdant green. The piercing wind and chilly frost of winter falls with the same withering touch upon the tender flower with all its fragrance, as upon the vilest weed that cumbers the earth. The snows of winter clothes the stunted ditch in the same pure white robes as it clothes the loveliest bower, and in spring the wasting breath of the sun disrobes them both, bearing the former in its accustomed loathsomeness, and the latter in all its native loveliness. The beasts that roam unrestrained from forest to forest, enjoy the same sunshine and inhale alike the pure breezes of morning as freely as the noblest man of earth or the purest angel of heaven. Thus beautiful and equal are the provisions of nature, that all come under the pale of its benevolence; and in Odd Fellowship we find a symbol of this lovely picture a fitting emblem of that saint-like goodness. As nature's blessings are extended to all her creatures, so are the blessings of Odd Fellowship dispensed to all over which it has jurisdiction. It may be compared to our Master's table, ready for the feast, and spread to all who will come and partake in the spirit of the cause and form of the

Order. The odd name and the society, in themselves, are but tenements supported by a soul of omnipotence. It is omnipotence itself—a portion of God given for the amelioration of his creatures.—Like the mariner's compass that guides him across the trackless waters, it enables way-faring man to mark his course through life's tempestuous waste and baffle the waves of adversity that beset him. When the dark clouds of sorrow and distress rise in threatening aspect forboding evil standing ready to crush the victim, Odd Fellowship puts forth its sheltering arm and averts the dreaded doom. When the heart, bleeding and torn, weighed down and made desolate by the touch of the grim monster, then Odd Fellowship lends the sympathizing tear and calms the troubled soul. In adversity it soothes; in prosperity it nerves to more vigorous action. Would you but know the power of its principles, go read their motto and find it there—true worth more powerful than all the combined implements of war is the mighty engine by which it moves. If you question the efficacy of our means, let me say they are ample and effectual. Its soul comprehends all the virtues. It ministers to the sick; it finds means for the indigent; it relieves the distresses of the unfortunate; it drops the tear of sympathy over the departed, and like Joseph of old, pays the most sacred tribute in the great care of burying their departed friends and brothers. It warns of approaching evil and points out the way that makes life truly noble; awakens the sympathies for our fellow creatures, and in fine, it points to the terrestrial Lodge above which is the resting place of all true Odd Fellows. Its benevolent principles have lived and long shall live as monuments of worth. Like its author, of which it is a part, it shall stand till time shall be no more. Ages may succeed ages, until the sun shall lose its blazing splendor and cease to shine, the elements

to sink stagnant in the immensity of space, and the earth to tremble on its base at the sounding of the last trumpet that shall speak time from existence—even then, amid the universal doom, an angel shall be seen soaring aloft, pluming its bright pinions to heaven, waving as it flies, a scarlet banner bearing the true motto inscribed with golden letters, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.

TO THE RICH.—Can we do a better deed than to say a word to the rich upon the proper use of their wealth? But let us be understood at the outset. We do not mean exclusively *millionaires*—men worth \$100,000 or even \$50,000. That man we consider *rich* who has a competency. Now what is *his* duty? Is it to hoard up the drops that run over from his cup of blessing? Is it to let his surplus dollars rust in his coffers? No—the man who does it violates the intention of Heaven and does injustice to his own nature.

We shall not prose through a column on this matter, but come straight to the point;—and we ask the class we have described to read this article.

We are now in the midst of cold and blustering December, and constant premonitions that much suffering is at hand. We speak for the poor, therefore. They are God's jewels, and we "have them always with us." They are bequeathed to the protection of those who are provided with the means to take care of them.

In their behalf public appeals will soon be made. Are you, sir, ready to give a noble answer? Don't dole out your fifty cents, or your dollars, when the demand is made. Why, you have already accumulated enough to keep you comfortably, by ordinary investments, though you lived as long as old Joice Heath. Button not up your pocket then against the call of the philanthropist. Give!—Give liberally!—Give nobly!—Give like a man

and a Christian! Compared with your ability, all that will be asked of you will be but as a grain of sand from the seashore.

"It is a little ;

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
These blessings which the weak and poor can
scatter,

Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill
fall

Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted band
To know the bond of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels."

Portland American.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a star that beams on earth,
With tender lovely ray,
That lights the path of generous worth
And speaks a brighter day.

LOVE.

THERE is a tie, a golden chain,
That binds with stronger hand
Than iron shackles of the cell
Or all the arts of man.

TRUTH.

THERE is a gem, a pearl of worth,
As lasting as the skies,
More dazzling than the gems of earth —
Its splendor never dies.

J. W. PATTERSON.

BEGINNING THE WORLD. — There is nothing that distracts the slumbers of young men so much as setting up in business. Beginning the world brings with it many serious thoughts. The hope of suc-

cess, the fears of disasters, the ligaments of tenderness, the feelings of rivalry, all work deeply upon the youthful mind, and render its nights restless and uneasy. There are some tempers however, that are eternally delighted with what may be called beginning the world. I knew a man who began business half a dozen times in a few years and each time with a different set of rules. He had been every thing for a time, but nothing long.

There is much truth and some point in the above little sketch. Beginning the world, choosing a profession, and choosing a wife, are three things connected with life, of much difficulty and importance. Young men seldom give either of them that deliberation which is their due. The happiness of the world and the hopes of futurity, are connected with their decision, or adversity and infamy, and their attendant consequences. As far as regards a profession, a man should never be too hasty in his determination. Almost every individual of the human family has a particular talent which when brought into requisition and applied to some exclusive object, cannot fail to be attended with commensurate success. — But the man who vainly conceives that he can succeed in every thing, seldom becomes eminent in any. It is absurd policy, to commence a dozen projects together, or even begin a second before the first has been rendered maturely successful.

Franklin particularly endeavored to convince young persons of the necessity of forethought, integrity and frugality in the career of business. I was never discouraged, said he, by the seeming thought that one man of tolerable abilities may work great changes, and accomplish great affairs among mankind, if he first forms a good plan ; and cutting off all amusements and employments that would divert his attention make the execution of that plan his sole study and

business. To be sure, it requires some philosophy for a young man with a taste for pleasure, to forego all the amusements of youth and health, for the sake of business, or profession, yet if he aspires to become eminent, such a course is actually necessary, even while we ourselves acknowledge our inability to practise it.

POETICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CITY OF LONDON. — In St. Giles's church lies Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer, and Andrew Marvell, the wit, poet, and patriot, whose poverty Charles II. could not bribe. Who would suppose the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis? and yet it undoubtedly is so. The Globe theatre was there, for which Shakspeare wrote his plays. On the Borough side of the river, still called Banksido, is the same lodgings and having the same wardrobe, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough, also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave. In the same church lies Chaucer's cotemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, Chaucer and his pilgrims set out on their famous route to Canterbury. Who would expect to find any thing poetical in East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical of poets, Spencer. Pope was born in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard street, and so was Grey in Cornhill, Milton was born in Bread street, Cheapside, and the presence of this great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of London. He lived in Fleet street, in Aldersgate street, in Jewin street, in Barbican, in Holborn, and in Scotland yard, and died in the Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Ben Johnson was born in Hartshorn-lane, near Charing Cross. In Brook street, Holborn, died by poison. Thomas Chaterton, "the sleepless boy, who perished

in his pride." He was buried in the work-house, in Shoe-lane. In South-ampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was fellow clerk to an attorney, with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. In Bolt-court lived Dr. Johnson. Butler lived in Rose street, Covent-garden church-yard, where Peter Pindar followed him. — Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, Soho; and Voltaire lodged a while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke, in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden. Thus it is seen that let our footsteps wander where they may in this great city, the memory of the "illustrious dead" is around us. — *London Weekly Despatch.*

MASONIC ANECDOTE — The Surgeon of a large trading vessel left England on a voyage that was calculated to extend over three years. The passage was not congenial to his nature, for the captain behaved to him with contempt, and he was not, therefore, treated as he ought to have been by others. The motive for the captain's conduct arose from the Surgeon's none-compliance with certain peculative views which affected the interests of the owners, as well as the comforts of the ship's company, which circumstances it would been imprudent to have divulged, as such a course would have drawn upon him all the severity it was then in the power of a sea-captain to inflict.

On reaching a distant port, the Surgeon left the ship, preferring to throw himself on the consideration of strangers rather than to endure a continuance of such cruel treatment, and his prospect was brightening. Several passengers, however, who were desirous of returning home, would only take berths in the ship on condition that the Surgeon would resume his duties, his character being highly esteemed. On this, the captain, by apologizing for his past conduct, by promises of amendment in himself, and

of full pay and privileges, succeeded in changing the determination of the Surgeon, much to the satisfaction of the passengers. The surgeon packed his moveables, and consigned them to a person to convey them on board. He saw his trunks secured on a sort of cart, which drove off, he himself following at a brisk walk. On the cart nearing the place where the boat was waiting, he observed the driver to use increased speed, and turn suddenly into a path-way, where in an instant he was out of sight! The blue Peter was at the mast-head, not a moment was to be lost, and the poor fellow boarded the ship without even a change of linen. The passengers kindly supplied him with many things, but the captain's conduct became harder than ever; to jeers on his misfortune, succeeded every species of vindictiveness in his power; his end had been answered, he had obtained passengers, with their money and stores, and he forgot all his promises to the Surgeon, whom he unceremoniously dismissed on his arrival at Calcutta, and who became a wanderer and an outcast in the "City of Palaces."

But the Surgeon was a Mason, and in the hour of need — starving, and scarcely clothed — he remembered that as he had promised to relieve others in their trouble, he was probably himself entitled to ask relief. He applied to a Provincial Grand Officer, who supplied his immediate wants, and shortly enabled him to make a decent appearance; soon after which he was engaged by a native gentleman in the upper provinces, as secretary and medical attendant, in which capacity he still remains. Before leaving Calcutta, he called on his friend, the Grand Officer, and repaid the advances, with the most grateful acknowledgments for the powerful and truly Masonic kindness afforded him in the hour of affliction. — *London Review.*

FLOWERS. — Flowers, of all created things, are the most innocent and simple, and most superbly complex; playthings for children ornaments for the grave, and the companion of the cold corpse in the coffin. Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of conscience! Flowers, that of all perishing things, are the most perishing; yet of all earthly things, are the most heavenly! Flowers, that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks; partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes; welcome to crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves! Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation.

What a dreary, desolate place would be a face without a smile — a feast without a welcome! Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not stars the flowers of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures, for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty: for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from, and superior to, all selfishness, so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he lives not by bread, or from bread alone, and that he hath another than an animal life.

SOME have wondered, that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities; but the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities, for our opinions are a part of ourselves.

LACON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ORATION.

WE trust that we shall not be accused of egotism in referring the reader to our remarks upon *the Supremacy of Principle*, contained in the present number of the Symbol. We do so only because of the intrinsic importance of the subject. It would be idle to deny that Odd Fellowship has its dangers — dangers that may grow out of itself. Let not the opposer of our institution draw any argument from this admission. What institution has not its dangers — is not exposed to mischief arising from its own internal economy? Is not the structure of our national government, for instance, liable to produce some bad results — is it not pointed at by the monarchists of Europe as pregnant with evils, and at every development of popular misconduct does there not break forth an exultant laugh from ancient thrones? But the friend of popular institutions does not lose confidence in their benefit and success because of this. He can point to other and greater evils that attach to these hoary dynasties, and claim a consideration of the relative benefits of the new system and the old. It is no way to judge of an institution, by seeking out all its faults, and calculating all its liabilities, without bringing into the account its beneficial tendencies. Does the good overbalance the evil — is the evil radical or contingent — can we propose anything better that will accomplish the good secured by the present form, without its defects? These are questions which the candid will ask and answer, before they proceed to

attack any institution for fear of the evil that it *may* produce.

We admit, then, that Odd Fellowship has its dangers, and we intend at some time to treat specifically upon its dangers, though we do not believe that these contingent evils vitiate the institution, any more than its actual defects overbalance its good results. And the main danger is, that we shall neglect to value our *principles* above our *forms* — that in the excitement of ceremony and the glitter of symbols, we shall suffer the pure spirit to evaporate — that we shall forget the main objects of the institution in our attention to its legal observances. For our own part, we think that these last occupy a place full large and prominent. Indeed there are some respects in which we go for a radical reform — any one familiar with the work of the Order, cannot fail to perceive where this reform is needed. We are sorry that the subject was not treated with more consideration at the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. It does not appear to us that the objections presented by the Committee against proceeding with the matter, are insurmountable. But enough of this for the present. Whatever we do, let us beware of the sad mistake of substituting *forms* for *things* — or of attaching to mere mystery and show an importance only due to Love and Truth.

There is an instance in point to which we may refer, in order to illustrate our idea of the danger to which we are liable of neglecting the supremacy of

principle. As far as legal strictness goes, an Odd Fellow may deposite his ballot against a candidate for initiation, and is required to give no *reason* for doing so. But is it according to the *spirit* of Odd Fellowship to vote against another unless he be disqualified by some physical or moral defect? Will the spirit of Odd Fellowship allow any private pique, or prejudice, or disagreement, to shut out the candidate? Is this according to friendship, love, or truth? But he who estimates the *form* above the *principle* will do so, and imagine that he is as good an Odd Fellow as ever. It is not so. The prevalence of such conduct will sap the vitality of our institution, and leave it, by and by, a mean, narrow, selfish system, vainly endeavoring to hide in its splendid pomp and its intricate mysteries, its internal corruption and its lack of soul.

So, too, with those who vote against *other* candidates, because *their own* friends have been rejected. No matter now whether these friends were "black-balled" in the manner stated above, or not. No matter whether they were rejected lawfully, or unjustly. This, at least, is certain—that two unjust acts will not make one just one. It is a poor way to endeavor to correct an evil practice, by giving that very practice still wider diffusion. You cannot overcome a bad spirit by opposing it in the same spirit. But more than this—such conduct as that to which we now allude is contrary to every principle of Odd Fellowship. This requires candor, not passionate self-will—love not revenge—truth not selfishness. The moment we introduce our hatreds, and bickerings, and obstinacies into the Lodge-room, that moment we introduce most dangerous elements, pregnant with corruption and disorganization—that moment we make our boasted institution not the home of brotherly kindness, and noble

charity, and beautiful amenities, but a theatre for low party manœuvres, for mean jealousies, for political shuffling, and angry, dirty conflicts. And thus we lose sight of the *Supremacy of Principle*—thus, more than from any outward attack, our institution will totter and fall. Good men will abandon it—its enemies will exult over its evil manifestations—and the world will never believe that such an institution can produce any good, because this happened to end in misconduct and ruin.

If every nation that has perished from the face of the earth, has not owed its downfall as much to internal as to external foes, at least this may be safely said of the greatest and most splendid communities. Mede, nor Persian, nor Roman, nor Goth, owed their victory to the strong right arm alone. But within the walls were licentiousness and luxury, and strife and fear; and the pride that was swept away by the force of the invader, only covered a dry form from which goodness had long died out, and principle rotted away. Indeed, we hold it impossible for any institution founded on moral principle, and holding fast to its integrity, to be overthrown. It may be misrepresented—it may be misunderstood. But it shall stand, and gleam at last, with its towers of strength and brightness, through the dispersed mist of calumny and ignorance. Its strength is in its truth—in its good influence—in its adaptation to human wants and circumstances. On the contrary, the institution that depends upon meretricious claims, that holds no real worth, or in which good and true capacities have been neglected or perverted, will not need any outward attack to ensure its dissolution—it will crumble away by its inherent elements of evil, and when, perchance, some enemy shall smite with his battle-axe against seeming turrets of solid stone, and grey walls apparently impregnable, he shall

find it tumble before his stroke, a mass of worn-out and mouldering material, which the work of destruction commencing internally, needed only the outward shock to dissolve in total destruction—a useless heap of ruins.

[The following remarks from an old number of the "Rainbow," we commend to the attention of the brethren of the Order.]

OUR WORST ENEMY. — The following communication contains some good thoughts on a most important subject. It deprecates an evil which is certainly to be feared as the worst enemy of Odd Fellowship. *Discord* is a most potent foe, more powerful in its influence and surer in its effects than the fiercest attacks of our persevering *outward* opponents. — It is a thing to be dreaded as a most *deadly* enemy, one which every Odd Fellow should shun as he would destruction itself. That motto, so familiar to every schoolboy, "united we stand, divided we fall," is peculiarly applicable to the great body of Odd Fellowship. — The bitter denunciations — the fierce attacks — the low ribaldry — of our external foes, may all be brought to bear against us, — but the arrows *they* send will fall harmless at our feet — they will not touch us. Yet if we once allow disunion to creep into our Lodge-rooms — if we suffer strife and dissension to prevail — our Institution will soon become an easy conquest; our foes will find us vulnerable at every point.

It is a sad sight, that of brethren quarrelling! Angry words and fierce denunciations sound strangely among them! — Asperity of feeling in a Lodge-room seems singularly out of place. A word spoken in anger between friends — how gratingly it sounds on the ear! Yet members may differ in opinion — they may oppose each other on certain questions that come up before their Lodge, without uttering one acrimonious remark.

They may *disagree* and still love as brethren. Odd Fellowship teaches them this: if they follow her teachings they must prosper; if they disregard them, their chain of Friendship, Love, and Truth, will be broken, and the Order of Odd Fellows become a *wreck*. Heaven forefend such a calamity!

Our Brother who sends the following will accept our thanks for it.

The Institution of Odd Fellowship is so firmly established that it has nothing to fear from the assaults of its enemies. If the threefold chord which binds the fraternity together is ever to be broken, it must be through the operation of internal influences. The attention of every member who has the cause at heart should be directed to the means best calculated to promote union throughout the Order. We stand before the world as professing and pledged to cherish and practice principles of the most exalted character — principles which, were they universally acted upon by the human family, would transform the earth into a blooming paradise. In order to secure the purity and permanency of our society, two leading objects must constantly be kept in view; the one to prevent the admission of improper characters — the other to discountenance every exhibition of feeling tending to mar our perfect harmony and unanimity. With respect to the first much has been said, and well and justly said; and, as far as my observation has extended, its importance is felt by the Lodges in general. I think I am fully warranted in asserting that it is not now so much a matter of course for a candidate to obtain admission into the Order as it has formerly been. — This subject must, however, be diligently enforced, until every member who is placed on a committee of investigation shall be fully impressed with a sense of his responsibility. Let us ever remember that it is not the quantity of the materials which compose the building, but the quality of them, and their wise and judicious arrangement, that constitute its strength and beauty.

Not less in importance is the other caution to which I have alluded. I know it has been said that there is good

sense and virtue and worth enough in the Order to put down every thing calculated to interrupt, in any essential degree, its welfare and harmony. This position looks very well in theory, but I am fearful it would be found delusory in practice. I know and rejoice in the assurance that many of the excellent of the earth are with us. Many a bright and precious gem glitters in the diadem of the genius of Odd Fellowship. But I know, too, the deadly influence of internal discord. Its demon spirit once roused, it spurns every restraint of wisdom and prudence, it rushes madly on in its career of destruction, gathering strength and fury from opposition. It is far easier to prevent evils than to apply efficient correctives when they have become formidable. —
 * * * * * It has sometimes appeared to me as if our brethren regarded the salutary admonitions inculcated in our Lodges as mere matter of form, and not designed to exert any particular influence upon their deportment towards each other. Let each Lodge come to the resolution to act in strict accordance with the excellent precepts which are constantly before them; let every member endeavor to set an example of mildness and forbearance, and we may rest in the full conviction that "no weapon formed against us shall prosper." J. T. M.

☞ An address was delivered before Tremont Lodge on Wednesday evening, last week, by P. G. CHAS. S. BURGESS, which was listened to with interest by a full Lodge of brothers. Bro. BURGESS enters heart and soul into the subject of Odd Fellowship, and is what may truly be called, an *active* Odd Fellow. A resolution was passed by the Lodge expressive of their thanks for the happy manner in which they had been addressed, and a hearty approval of the remarks of the lecturer.

"ODD FELLOW'S OFFERING."—In reply to our friend "R. S." respecting the publication of this Annual for 1844, we would say that we have not seen a copy, and presume it is not yet from the press.

☞ Bro. T. HASKELL, Engraver, has removed to No. 67 Washington street, directly opposite the Post Office, and is ready to execute all orders in his line with promptness and on the most reasonable terms. See advertisement.

☞ Our friends at the north part of the city can procure the SYMBOL by the single number, at the periodical depot of Mr. THOMAS HILLER, No. 168 Hanover street. Mr. Hiller is also authorized to receive subscriptions for the Symbol.

☞ We shall commence in our next number an Original Tale, in three parts, written expressly for the Symbol, by Prof. J. H. INGRAHAM. It is in truth an Odd Fellow's story, and will be read with interest by all.

☞ We are requested to give notice that Boston Lodge will in future hold its meetings at Covenant Hall on Friday evenings. As many of the brethren as can make it convenient, are respectfully invited to visit them.

☞ A fire occurred at Columbus, (O.) on the 5th inst., destroying the Odd Fellows' Hall, with all their regalia, and part of their furniture. The fire originated in a restaurant.

☞ The INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW for December has been received and as usual, its contents are of the most interesting character. This publication is conducted with much ability, and it may well be ranked among the first in point of interest to the Order generally—not even excepting the "official." Bro. Ford has our kindest wishes for his success.

Our "Kenneth Correspondent" must excuse us for not publishing his communication in the present number. It shall appear in our next.

THE "COVENANT."—The official magazine, we learn from the report published in the October number, has been continued under the direction of its former talented Editor. The change made in the manner of conducting it is, in the history of human affairs, rather *unique*. It is, in its essential features, official, and the property of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and at the same time under the personal direction of its Editor. We may have mistaken the matter in the very cursory reading we have given it—be that as it may, we should much have preferred that our esteemed brother Ridgely had been untrammelled by any official connection, and left to sustain himself upon his own merits; this he could have most abundantly done, and thus established the Magazine on a permanent basis. The present arrangement we fear will not answer. — *Independent Odd Fellow*.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

Morris' Poems.

Messrs. Redding & Co. have for sale these illustrated Poems. It is really a most beautiful token of remembrance for any season; we can find no fault with it. — The poems and writings of G. P. Morris are so well known, and so universally acceptable, that any critical notice from our pen, would add but little to the richly deserved reputation of the author. The *Whippoorwill* is illustrated after the style of many of the old English ballads, with fine vignette designs. The Illustrated Poems will doubtless have a ready sale

Kohl's Austria.

This minute and interesting work is from the pen of the author, "Russia and the Russians," and gives the clearest and most concise description of Austrian manners, of any we have ever seen. — We give a short extract of the lively and

interesting style in most simple and common-place narration at the first page of *Austria*.

"I must own I had heard in a quite little farm on the banks of the Elbe, the cackling of hens and the crowing of cocks; I had visited the peaceful chambers, and the cozy garden with its circulating walls; had seen the contented cattle, fattening in their stalls, and the tempter had said to me, "Might all this be thine?" "and mightest thou not find here all that thou seekest in the wide world, and bearest thou not in thine own breast a world, that cannot come to a birth for want of repose?" — "Yes, if a wish could command repose, who would fardels bear, and groan and sweat beneath a load of travelling troubles?" For sale by *Saxton & Pierce*.

Christian Family Magazine.

Saxton & Pierce, Boston, Publishers — D. Newell, New York. December number is before us. Contents, — "Religious Biography" — "True Greatness," a pleasant sketch — "Life" — "Sublimity of the Ocean," and a strongly written paper on the Importance of "Mental Culture," &c. &c. This number is embellished with an engraving of the Female Missionary — and a beautiful colored drawing of the Prairie Flower. This magazine has quite an extensive circulation we learn, and its exceeding cheapness (being a monthly) \$1 per year in advance, will doubtless place it within the reach of almost every one. We shall notice more fully hereafter.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS. — Redding & Co., General Agents for the United States — for all foreign Periodicals and Publications. Among which may be found Wilmer and Smith's European Times, received per steamships regularly; Illustrated London News, at 18 3-4 cents per number; Penny Papers of England, an extensive assortment at 6 cents per number. And any Magazine published in Europe may be had at short

notice of Redding & Co., at the lowest cash prices — and all orders for foreign publications executed with correctness and despatch.

AMERICAN WORKS. — Messrs. Redding & Co. are the Agents for Harper's works, and will supply on the most reasonable terms any of the numbers and valuable publications of these enterprising publishers.

When Socrates was told by a friend that his judges had sentenced him to death, — "And has not nature," said he "passed the same sentence upon them."

"Father," said a wishful looking lass of about 16 years of age, "I know something about grammar, but I cannot *decline* matrimony, or see the reason why myself and Gilbert cannot be *conjugated*."

LOGIC. — Alexander conquered the world — gincock-tails conquered Alexander — the Washingtonians have conquered gincock-tails, ergo, the Washingtonians are the conquerors of the world.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIRE.

Brethren out of the State of Massachusetts, and in any of the New England States where there is no Grand Lodge, will apply for charters, &c., to Bro. ALBERT GUILD, D. D. G. Sire, and not to me.

E. H. CHAPIN,

G. M. of Massachusetts.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 5th inst., by Rev. H. Ballou, Fro. I. D. St. C. Woodbury to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Alvah Kimball.

In West Cambridge, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Bro. J. C. Waldo, Mr. JOHN J. WILSON, of New York, to Miss MARTHA S., daughter of Bro. David Dodge, of West Cambridge.

[Accompanying the above notice we received a generous slice of cake, for which we tender the happy couple our grateful thanks.]

At Ware Village, Sept. 21st, by Wm. Hyde, Esq., Bro. Geo. S. Wylie, to Miss Margaret Gates, both of W. On the 25th Oct. by Rev. Nahum Gale, Bro. Geo. E. Winslow, to Miss Elouisa Cook, both of W.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

Massachusetts.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmands, "

A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John Schouler, " "
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village.
E. H. Smith, Woburn.
Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.

Maine.

David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland.
Jos. L. Smith, Portland.
Jeremiah Mason, Saco.
George Prince, Thomaston.

Connecticut.

Safford & Park, Norwich.
Charles Ball, New Haven,

Horace Warren, Ithica, (N.Y.)
D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES — OFFICERS — TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1. — Hez'h Prince, C. P. Robert L. Robbins, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2. — Edward Tyler, C. P. Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Daniell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

MENDOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3. — D. Dodge, CP: J. C. Waldo, HP: John Schouler, SW: J. Vaughton, JW: J. P. Pattee, Scribe: J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4. — Thomas Barr, CP: James M. Stone, HP: Hargraves Lord, SW: Job H. Cole, JW: Alex'r Greene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5. — Sam'l R. Slack, C. P. John S. Ladd, HP: Asa D. Pattee, SW: Lester Leland, JW: Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe: Isaac Kendall, Treas.

GRAND LODGE. — E. H. Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F. Norris RWDM: J. Henry Browne, RWGW: William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1. — Rob't L. Robbins, DM: John R. Mullin, DDM: Edwin Adams, ADDM: N A Thompson, PG: Win Hilliard, VG: J A Cummings, Sec'y: Atkins A Clark, Treas.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1. — Jos. L. Drew, P. G. — Geo. T. Carruth, N. G. Benja. H. Brown, V. G. Oliver B. Hill, Rec. Sec'y. H. Wellington, Permanent Sec'y. — Joseph Barnard, Treasurer. A. P. Cleverly, Chaplain.

SILAM LODGE, No. 2. — Raymond Cole, N. G. Thach r Beal, VG. C. R. Ransom, Rec Sec'y. John McClellan, Per. Sec'y. A. Stuart, Treas. O. A. Skinner, Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4. — Geo. L. Mitchell, N. G. John S. Ladd, VG. Edw'd G. Stevens, Sec'y. Wm. A. Hall, Treas'r. Elbridge G. Brooke, Chaplain.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7. — Alex'r Green, P. G. John Wright, NG: John Taft, VG: Dan'l McLennan, Secretary; A. Greene, Treas'r.

SUFFOLK LODGE, No. 8. — Newell A. Thompson, NG; A. B. Wheeler, VG: H. B. Evans, Rec. Sec.; Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y; H. D. Storer, Treasurer; F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9. — Wm. J. Alley, PG. Willard Adams, N. G.; Cyrus C. Atwell, V. G.; Alvan Hussey, Sec'y.; Sumner Young, Treas'r.; Wm. B. Randolph, Chaplain.

ORIENTAL, No. 10. — Josiah Daniell, P. G. Goodhue Ambrose, N. G. Gen. L. Montague, V. G. J. J. Whiting, Rec. Sec'y. F. H. Bowers, Permanent Sec'y. Henry Keith, Treas'r. Jas. I. T. Coolidge, Chaplain. J. T. Sargent, assistant Chaplain.

MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—J. H. Cole, NG. A. R. Brown, VG. J. S. Morse, Sec'y. H. S. Orange, Per. Sec'y. S. D. Emerson, Treas. A. A. Minor, Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—J. C. Waldo, P. G. Ichabod Fessenden, N. G. Paul F. Dodge, V. G. John Jarvis, Rec. Sec'y. Michael Kenny, Per. Sec'y. Jesse P. Pattae, Treasurer.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Chas. A. Stevens, P. G. Ly-sander Barnes, NG. Geo. H. Hudson, VG. E. L. Braibard, Rec. Sec'y; S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y; Henry Lyon, Treasurer.

BUNKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—Isaac Kendall, P. G. Jacob Hoyt, N. G. Sam'l Woodbridge, V. G. Perez R. Jacobs, Rec. Sec'y. Jos. Burrill, Permanent Sec'y. A. W. Crowningshield, Treasurer. E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.

TREMONT LODGE, No. 15.—S. M. Allen, P. G.—E. S. Williams, N. G. J. C. Bartlett, V. G. Charles Rice, Rec. Sec'y. C. B. Sawyer, Permanent Sec'y. Wm. F. Lethbridge, Treasurer. F. T. Gray, Chaplain.

COVENANT LODGE, No. 16.—Henry A. Hall, N. G. F. O. Prince, VG. J. A. Cummings, Rec. Sec'y. T. D. Chapman, Per. Sec'y. R. C. Lawrence, Treas. Chandler Robbin, Chaplain.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Covenant Hall, weekly—Saturday.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., & 2d at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.

Montomv Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Mo-nomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.

Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.

Franklin 23, do do Tuesday.

Boston, 25, do do Saturday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tu.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Silham, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Oriental No. 10, do do Wednesday.

Union Degree Lodge, do do Saturday.

New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday

Merriwac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics', No. 11, " Friday

Owelin 23, " Tuesday.

Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wedne. day.

Warren, No. 19, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.

Monumt. No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Tuesday.

Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmetstreet, Chelsea, Tuesday.

Essex, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven Mon

Charter Oak 2, Hartford Tues

Middlesex 3, East Haddam Wednes

Pequannock 4, Bridgeport Tues

Harmony 5, New Haven do

Ousantonic 6, Derby do

Thames 9, New London

Our Brothers 10, Norwalk

Uncas, — Norwich, Mon.

Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.

Maine.

Maine, 1, Portland, Union st., Mon.

Ancient Brothers, 3, do. —

Ligonia 5, do. —

Union Degree 1, do. —

Machigonne Encampment, 1, do. Satur.

Saco, 2, Saco, Central Hall, Mon.

Georgian, 4, West Thomaston, Fri.

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tues.

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y.

City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.

Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
 Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
 Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
 Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
 En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
 Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
 United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
 Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
 Bowery do. 2, 137 Powery, Saturday.
 Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
 Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
 Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
 Dutchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
 Se'by do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
 Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
 Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
 Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10	do do Wed.
Getty's, 11,	do do Tues.
Germania, 13,	do do Fri.
Tentonia, 14,	do do Mon.
Mariner's, 23,	do do Mon.
National, 30,	do do Mon.
Metropolitan, 33,	do do Fri.
Concorde, 43,	do do Tues.
Hancock, 49,	do do Wed.
Oriental, 68,	do do Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28	do do Wed.
Enterprise, 36,	do do Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44,	do do Mon.
Grove, 58,	do do Thurs.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64,	do do Tues.
Croton, 78,	do
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do,	do do Mon.
Meridian, 42, do do	Wed.
Chelsea 84,	do do Fri.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st.,	Mon.
United Brothers, 52	do Tues.
Howard, 60,	do Wed.
Marion 34,	do Thurs.
Fidelity 87,	do Fri.
Commercial, 67,	do Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22,	do Thurs.
Mercantile, 47,	do Tues.
Olive Branch, 31,	do Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73,	do Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues. -
Nassau, 39,	do do Thurs.
Atlantic, 50,	do do Mon.
Fulton, 66,	do do Wed.
Long Island, 68, Wallabout,	do Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg, Wednes.
 Williamsburg, 62, do Tues.
 Whitehall, 54, Washington Co., Thurs.
 Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co., Tues.
 Orange Co., 74 do do
 Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co., Thurs.
 Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co. Tue.
 Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co., Thu.
 Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do Mon.
 Dutchess, 59, do do Wed.
 Fireman's, 19, Albany, Thurs.
 German, Colonial, 16, do Mon.
 City Philanthropic, 5, do
 Union, 8, do
 American, 32, do Wednes.
 Watervliet, 38, West Troy, Mon.
 Spartan, 62, do Fri.
 Phenix, 41, Albany, Wednes.
 Franklin, 24, Troy, Wednes.
 Trojan, 27, do Mon.
 Star, 29, Lansingburgh, Tues.
 Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Thurs.
 Halcyon, 56, do Thurs.
 Niagara, 25, Buffalo, Mon.
 Buffalo, 37, do Tues.
 Tehosororon, 48, do Thurs.
 Genesee, 51, Rochester, Fri.
 Te-onto, 69, do
 Mohawk Valley, Schenectady, Mon.
 Ithaca, 71, Ithaca, Thurs.
 Rockland County, 76, Tues.
 Onondaga, 79, Syracuse, Tues.
 Cayuga, 80, Auburn.
 Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.
 Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.

Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE

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WINTHROP TUDOR, OR TOO RICH TO BE HAPPY.

A TALE. IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Quadroon," "The Dancing Feather," "Odd Fellow," "Lafitte," &c.

"Happiness is the fruit of constant activity in the performance of duty."

PART I.

ON one of the most "exclusive" streets in Boston, not far from the State House in the rear, and facing the south, there stands a stately range of edifices, each separated from the thoroughfare by a green pasterre adorned with shrubbery and shaded by large trees. The exterior of these dwellings, as well as their haughty retiring air from the street, indicate them to be the homes of the rich and the luxurious. Their great breadth and height, their porticos; their spacious flights of marble or granite steps, the lordly space around each with open approaches to the handsome stables in the rear, all bear testimony to the wealth of those who dwell in them. Although these mansions all have a distinguished aristocratic appearance, one of them has a certain aspect of superior taste and style. Two statues, spotless as snow, glimmer amid the shrubbery of the

elegant pasterre, and magnificent Tuscan urns containing rare plants of great height like small trees, stand on either hand by the lofty steps of the portico. — The windows expose to the passers-by a gorgeous display of the costliest drapery, and what furniture could be seen through the transparent plate-glass seemed of the richest kind; while the vista of the interior of the drawing-rooms dazzled the eye with mirrors, marbles, gold and velvets.

It was the first day of November, 1842. In one of the lower rooms of this mansion, sat a young gentleman alone, at breakfast. He was about four and twenty, tall and well shaped, with a handsome manly face and a fine forehead, shaded by brown hair, arranged with great care and elegance. The expression of his face was agreeable but modified by a slight air of dissatisfaction. He was wrapped in a rich Chinese dressing-gown and his feet were thrust into Turkish slippers, embroidered with silk and gold. A superb emerald of great size graced the little finger of his left hand and a diamond of dazzling light flashed like a sun in the folds of his richly worked linen bosom. The room in which he was taking his solitary breakfast, was a sort of gentleman's boudoir. It was gorgeously yet tastefully furnished, and as the furniture will give something like a key to the tastes and

pursuits of the occupant, we shall briefly name the several articles around him. On one side stood a piano open with a piece of new music, one of Mrs. Parker's exquisite compositions, on the frame; and on the piano lay a guitar with two of the strings broken. Near the marble mantle a harp of great beauty stood upon a pedestal of rose-wood inlaid with silver. One side of the room was occupied as a library and cabinet, the glass casements enriched with burnished gold mouldings. The library and cabinet were both locked. Pictures by Allston, Inman, Cole and others hung around the walls, and over the cabinet stood a bust by King. Opposite was a door which opened into an inner room, a *chamber a coucher*, furnished with equal luxury. In the windows stood flowers that filled the apartment with delicious fragrance. The light transmitted through curtains of lace was soft and dreamy, and all wore an air of opulent indolence and repose. How enviable seemed the situation of the occupant of such apartments! "How happy," reflects the hard-working young man who has read this description, "he must be with wealth to gratify his every want, satisfying every desire! with no work to call him up at day-light in the morning; no master to control his time; no struggles with poverty; no fear for to-morrow! He has only to wish, to have! How I should like to be rich like him! How happy I should live!"

But riches do not bring happiness.

Behind the opulent young man, at a little distance and in a respectful, waiting attitude, stood a black man in a green coat, faced with gold lace. He was about forty years of age and had a very respectable look; indeed his air and manners were remarkable for being gentlemanly to a degree that would have approached the burlesque if it were not that Moses was so dignified.

"Moses," said the young gentleman

listlessly, setting down a cup of fragrant coffee untasted, and casting a look over the numerous dishes of his lavishly prepared breakfast as if he loathed all that was set before him, "what o'clock is it?"

The black drew from his pocket a huge silver double-cased watch, and after looking at the face a moment with an expression of uncertainty upon his own, and moving his lips with internal calculation as if he was doing a sum in addition, he answered him making a low bow —

"It am jess three minit an haf-pas' elebben, sar!"

Mr. Winthrop Tudor had a watch of his own in his vest, but he was quite too indolent and listless to take the trouble to look at it.

"How long these mornings are!" he said with a look and tone of ennui. — "To-morrow morning, Moses, you must not open my shutters nor make the least noise — the least noise, do you hear, Moses, till quite eleven!"

"Yis, sar," answered the negro making a bow that would have done honor to a French dancing master of the old school."

"Moses."

"Sar."

"You say it's only eleven o'clock?"

"Elebben and tree minit and haf arter when you axed, but it am now," and Moses took out his double-case and went through the same process of arithmetical calculation before he added, "it am now jess 'lebben and five minit."

"Moses!" repeated Winthrop Tudor, without turning round.

"Sar," responded the black, bowing low at his back behind his chair.

"I have no appetite this morning."

"Hope master Tudor am well."

"I cant exactly say that I'm ill, Moses."

"Glad to heer dat, master," said Moses smiling.

"Yet I have no kind of appetite."

"Werry sorry for dat, master Tudor," answered the black, shaking his grey head with an aspect of sadness.

"I got up too early, Moses. Ten o'clock is too early to wake. Besides, Moses, it makes the day so infernally long!"

"Yes sar."

"Now what shall I do with myself to day, Moses?" asked Mr. Tudor, impatiently rolling his luxurious arm-chair back from the loaded table with its untouched food, that would have made a happy and plentiful breakfast for a poor man and his wife and half a dozen hungry children.

Moses took a step in advance so as to stand a little to the left of his master, where he could be seen by him, and before replying, he placed his finger on his shining-bald forehead and rolled up the whites of his eyes with a look of the profoundest reflection. After a few moments of deep thought, he answered very confidently—

"'Spose master Tudor go take sleigh-ride?"

"I have rode twice this week! It is tiresome," answered the rich young man. "Cant you think of something I have n't done?"

Moses looked more mysteriously profound than before. He turned his eyes up to the ceiling; he let them drop and roam over the Turkish carpet! they lingered on the cabinet and in the library filled with magnificently bound books, and at last rested on the piano. Here his orbs were fixed, and a ray of successful discovery illuminated his dark countenance.

"'Spose master Tudor take de piany to pieces an put him gedder agen! Pra'ps he cotch de little kriter inside wat make de melodius musik!"

Mr. Winthrop Tudor smiled and shook his head.

"No, Moses, that wont do! Think of

something else," said the rich young gentleman, the momentary smile giving place to a look of nervous inactivity.

"'Spose master Tudor paint on dat perty pictur he begun?"

"I'm tired painting. I detest the sight of my pallette and brush," answered the young man who had no little skill as an amateur artist. But when he had to resort to his peucil from a motive so slavish as "to kill time" he became disgusted with the art.

"'Spose, master Wintrup play on de guitar?"

"I'm weary of that and of the harp too!"

"'Spose master Tudor 'muse hisself wid a book?"

"It is impossible! I cant interest myself in reading. I want excitement. I must have something fresh—novel—thrilling to do and engage my attention. Think for me, Moses. You are usually full of resources, but are inconceivably dull this morning."

The old African bowed respectfully to his young master's reproaches, and then rubbed his forehead and rolled his eyes about lost in perplexed meditations to think of something that should please the wealthy young man, who had run through with every resource, for occupying the time that nothing to do caused to hang so heavily on his hands.

"I got it," said Moses, gladly; I got him master Wintrup!

"Well;" interrogated the rich young man, with the painful look of one who feels that his happiness hangs on the words of another.

"'Spose master Tudor go up into de top ob de State House cupoly, an count de steps goin' up an comin' down, for dar 'mos' twenty thousan', dis nigger b'lieve!"

Winthrop Tudor looked sharply at the countenance of his black body servant to see if he did not speak ironically; for

he felt there was reproof to be taken to himself from his words. But the respectable features of Moses betrayed no other expression than that of deep respect mingled with a benevolent and honest desire to serve his young master to the best of his abilities.

"You may leave me, Moses. When I want you I will ring for you," he quietly said, passing his jewelled white hand across his eyes with an impatient movement, working the upper lip.

Moses made a profound *congee* and retired. Mr. Winthrop Tudor remained seated a few moments as if engaged in painful reflections. He removed his hand from his face and gazed upon the luxury around him, with a look of hateful disdain.

"What is worth all these gilded luxuries that surround me, since they do not make me happy! I am now twenty-four years of age and yet I am tired of all, of myself — almost of life! Nothing interests me — nothing pleases — nothing gratifies! I enjoy nothing because no one thing is different from another to me — for each comes at my desire, and each alike palls! To enjoy, one must not only desire, but hope, strive, struggle, attain, and then comes the enjoyment. — But I who have only to desire, to attain, want the hope, the strife, the struggle which others make use of to gain their end, I find I am getting every day more miserable. I have killed hours at the atheneum, at the book-stores, at galleries, at reading-rooms, and promenading streets, but I can do so no more. I enjoy, participate in nothing. Rides, drives, theatres, costly suppers, costlier dinners, all equally weary; I have lost the principle of being made happy by any thing. I am satisfied that there is nothing I could purchase that would communicate to me one smile of pleasure in the possession. The truth is, I have had a satiety of good, and like a gourmand who has

overeaten, I loathe every delicacy that may be presented to me. I know of no way of being happy but by impoverishing myself. I think, I should be happier if I had not a dollar in the world, and not knowing where I should get my next meal, should have to work for it. — The very working for it, the hoping for it, the expecting it, the getting possession of it, the eating of it, would, I am assured, give me more happiness than I can now enjoy. There rings the street bell! I hope it is none of my idle rich friends. they are exquisite bores; for they come here to kill time with killing me. I tire of society," and the rich young man threw himself back in his velvet chair, with a sigh and look that expressed more plainly than speech, how wholly wasting was every chord of his inactive being for want of an end to promote that constant action which makes each day of the laborious life pass lightly and rapidly, if not happily.

A tap was heard at his door.

"Come in."

Moses presented himself bowing to the floor, with a silver salver in his hand, bearing an embossed card, which with a second profound obeisance he proffered to his master.

"Pah! that pop Marvin," said Tudor, with a glance at the address something like contempt. "Tell him I am at breakfast."

"I did, master; and he said he'd call again in an hour. He was drivin' two hosses in a splendid sleigh, and sed he wanted to drive you out of town."

"I cant go! I'm tired of sleighing; besides Marvin is such a dull fellow. He can talk of nothing but his own expenses; and if I cant find happiness in mine, I certainly cannot in his. I shall be out when he calls, Moses," said the young man listlessly.

"Yes, master Wintrup."

"The man is here sir, with the new

horse-shoes," said a servant opening the door.

"Not in the hall?"

"No, sir; in the kitchen warming himself."

"Send him to me."

The man hesitated, and then said, "he is in his work-clothes, sir."

"Let him come up," answered Tudor peremptorily. "Perhaps, Moses, I can find some relief from talking with this man."

"I hope so, master Winthrop."

"You never had this feeling that oppresses me, Moses."

"No, sar."

"It is horrible, Moses."

"What am him symptom, master Tudor?"

"A painful sense of something wanting — a sort of fear of evil without any ground for it — a restless wishing for one knows not what — a void of the heart that has no bottom — a restless hope without an effort — feverish desire without an object — a soul thrown back upon itself without a resource — a heart feeding upon its own vitals, because it hath already consumed the world."

This was spoken with a touching earnestness, a painful intensity, that indicated the depth of the young man's sufferings, which he had thus so nervously expressed in words.

"Master," said Moses, very feelingly, and shaking his head; "I tink dese am a werry dangerous multitudinous catalogory ob complaints you hab, and you take my adwice, and send rite strait for Doctor Warren."

"I want no physician, Moses," said Winthrop Tudor sadly; and then he added bitterly, "I wish indeed that I did; a severe attack of sickness would be a blessing to me. There is another ring!"

Moses answered the bell, and on opening the door a tall, fine looking, fashion-

able man wrapped in a cloak and furs, stood before it. His face was noble, expressive, intelligent and full of benevolence. He addressed Moses, not in a haughty, reserved way, but with kindly condescension and inquired for Mr. Tudor.

"Master, werry indispose' dis mornin', sar," said Moses, making a respectful bow, "werry much so indeed; he hab a catalog ob komplikashum ob diseases as is werry dangerous."

"Ah, I am very sorry," said the stranger, with a look of sadness and commiseration. "But perhaps he will see me. — Be so kind as to take to him my card. I will wait in the hall."

"Here am anodder billy-doo, master," said Moses, entering with the card on the salver and presenting it to Winthrop Tudor.

"A card, Moses, a card, not a billet-doux," said his master smiling faintly; "how often shall I have to teach you that? What; can it be possible! Henry Rutgers! Has he gone?"

"No, master. He come an stan' in de first hall."

"Show him in at once," cried the young gentleman with animation; his large fine brown eyes lighting up; his cheek flushed, and his whole manner joyful and full of hope, all in striking contrast with the inactivity, both mental and physical he had before been showing; thus proving that he only needed active and excitement to restore all his energies. He rose from his velvet lounge and advanced to receive his visitor.

The meeting was like that of brothers. After the first congratulations were over, Henry Rutgers looked at his friend at arms-length with surprise.

"Why, your servant told me you were very dangerously ill!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes: with a catalogue of complicated diseases that —"

Here Tudor laughed very heartily.

"Sit down, sit down," he said; I have had the hypo, ennui, blues and blue devils, and I was recounting my feelings to Moses—who understand things always in a practical way—just before you came in. But, in truth, I was thoroughly down when you rung."

"Blues? where did you come by them? you never had them in Italy?"

"No. They have attacked me only the last six months. I can assure you your presence is like a blessing. But where are you from last? What of your shipwreck? When did you arrive? Let me hear all."

"Well, to begin at the beginning.—After you left Florence last year, I remained nine months longer, studying my art. I missed you the first few weeks; but your letters from Constantinople and Egypt and Moscow, and from the ends of the earth reached me and solaced me for your departure. I left Florence last May, intending to return home by the way of England. We were wrecked on the coast of France, but as I had sent every thing in the statuary way home direct in another ship, I lost only my baggage and money."

"And this must have been unpleasant enough. I was cast away in the Baltic in a steamer in precisely the same situation; and had to remain six weeks in Colberg before I could get money to get away."

"As we were wrecked on the southernmost part of France, near Bayonne, this might have been my case if I had not been an 'Odd Fellow.'"

"How did this serve you?"

"I knew that I could get no funds short of England and I had no way even of reaching there or of getting to Bayonne. But knowing there was a Lodge of our Order at that place, I preceeded thither on foot. You know I speak only Italian and German besides English. French I

have not given any time to. I therefore had some difficulty in finding the Lodge. By means of an English gardner I met in the streets, I was directed to the dwelling of a French gentleman, who was Scribe of the Lodge. Unable to make known my wants, I communicated to him that sign of our Order which is a universal language. He embraced me and took me into his house. Fortunately he spoke Italian, and I communinated to him my misfortune."

"And did you not feel mortified Harry to be thus thrown into the position of a beggar."

"There is your error, my dear Tudor. I was by no means in the condition of a beggar. In New York, I have long been a member of a Lodge and paid in annually my contributions for the support of those members or their families, whom sudden misfortune may render it necessary to aid. This fund in whatever land it is aggregated is regarded as but one bank of universal benevolence, if I may use the term. If in New York I had found need of pecuniary aid in applying to the Lodge, I should only be availing myself of the fund which I had been contributing to, either to flow out to others or return back to myself. I should be no beggar; I should be in no humiliating position. I should claim it with manly frankness as my own. The same feeling I had in applying to the Lodge at Bayonne."

"Now I understand you. Were you aided?"

"Listen! I had a present made me by the Lodge of three handsome suits of clothing, with linen to match, and five hundred francs in money."

"And this without any security?" asked Tudor with surprise.

"Yes. After a week's sojourn at Bayonne, I proceeded to Paris and thence to London, whence I transmitted to the Lodge, eight hundred francs, the amount

and rather more of the money and clothing. This coat I have on is one with which I was presented. You see it is *comme il faut*. After touring through the north of England and Scotland, I sailed a month since in the Great Western, and two weeks ago reached New York."

Winthrop Tudor renewed his congratulations on his friend's safe return, and then they entered into an interesting conversation which a thousand reminiscences suggested. They then reverted to personal matters and feelings, and Tudor gave his friend a detailed account of the wretched state of spirits which he had for some time labored under. Henry Rutgers was a man of sense and of judgment and deep penetration. He saw at once the causes which had produced this painful state of mind and he also foresaw a cure.

"Do not despair, my dear Tudor," he said pressing his hand affectionately. "I will prescribe for you a cure that shall restore you to yourself and to the world."

END OF PART I.

THE ODD PAPERS, OR KENNETH CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER XIV.

THE REGULAR CUSTOMER.

Extract from the "Chronicles of Menotomy."

It might be possibly seven o'clock in the evening, but I do not think it was more than half past six, when a short, corpulent looking personage, aided by a stiff ivory headed walnut cane, was seen to enter the little dingy, smoky back parlor of the Come-Again-Once-More-Hotel. The ladies of that period, reader, called him "quite a presentable sort o' man"—and we will allow them to be pretty good judges even in these days as to what constitutes the elements, and essentials, of a man;—seating himself

upon the much worn "old chair," he lifted with much care the venerable covering of a head nearly bald, and often smoothing with his silk handkerchief, the few remaining muskrat hairs upon it, for fur there was none, he laid the same upon the old oaken sideboard, and then after a moment or two of thought, placed the walnut cane upright beside the hat like a sentinel upon duty, to watch over the closing destiny of the "Old Felt Hat."* Contrary to his usual custom which was to stop for a moment at the "bar" and whisper a mysterious sentence or two, he proceeded directly to the back parlor, and having comfortably seated himself. We will introduce him to the notice of the reader, allowing him the privilege of keeping his seat meanwhile.

Mr. Homer, the Regular Customer, was a retired gentleman, living upon the gained profits of a lucrative profession, though not exactly a lawyer, he filled for the space of thirty years, a small space in an office of Trust, as well as emolument, by strict attention to business, he had laid aside a "genteel sufficiency" for an agreeable retiracy, to more private life. For many years the daily exercise of Mr. Homer, had not differed twenty paces, while his understanding, was still like his conversation, one and the same, unvarying hue or kind. Mr. Homer, had in early life, been something of a reader; he had picked up some few sentences of Latin, a phrase or two of French; and he had at his "tongue's end" (a favorite expression of his) a world of northern wit, and could utter many sapient fragments, from the upper story of his accumulated capitol. A few more "little failings," and we have shown you the darker shades appertaining to the Regular Mr. Homer.

* Which "Old Felt Hat," the reader is assured has an appropriate place and boasts a separate history in the "Chronicles of Menotomy."

I forgot to observe by the way, that he was inordinately fond of "Plutarch's Lives," and the way an old translation of Dryden or some other admirer of Plutarch, suffered under his hand was truly a caution to the old classics. Shades of the Past, to see him laying both elbows upon his favorite translation, for the three thousandth time, conning over its words of worldly wisdom, with more pleasure to himself, we opine than profit or pleasure to his numerous listeners, for owing to a treacherous memory, he was ever and anon, placing sentences, or remarks and passages from one author in the most ludicrous juxtaposition with another imaginable. Another harmless foible of his, was taking out a letter of licence, or in belligerent expression, letters of marque, for his own especial benefit—and thereby constituting himself a complete Lexicon of free-trade, whose continued acts of piracy had almost extinguished the perspicuity, unity and harmony of the King's own English.—His memory was so exceedingly treacherous, or the meritorious actions of his heroes, philosophers, and orators, for so nicely balanced were their actions of those who are mentioned in his favorite works, that he failed not to ascribe to them indiscriminately the same words and actions whatever they were, warriors, or women, or actors, or physicians. This compounding,

"—— Medley of disjointed things

A court of coblers — a mob of kings" —

often afforded much merriment to the listening lookers-on in the little back parlor of the Come-Again-Once-More-Hotel, and the loud laugh or half suppressed chuckle, often heard by the benighted passer-by, attested to the comfortable cheerfulness of the well known "little back parlor of the ancient hotel.

Mr. Homer needed not the hammer and anvil of the Learned Blacksmith, to reduce to a proper length and thickness,

indiscriminately long or short words; — he possessed the powers of abridgment within himself to a most wonderful degree, possessing as I have already observed a malleability of will, he readily made them do the duty of others who were dissenters from his mind with a vehemence of rhetoric peculiarly to his own.

The supremacy of his oratory at once secured to him the ears of the whole auditory, and Stentor alone could have been considered qualified to assist him as second treble on such occasions as the present. No one could — if he dared interrupt him. The united voice of a hundred political caucusses, would scarcely be heard on an occasion of such importance as a gratuitous lecture from Mr. Homer, the Orator of the "little back parlor" of the Come-Again-Once-More-Hotel. I do not say that his triumph was for a time, the triumph of sound over sense, your own inference may be such as you please, reader, but one thing (par parenthesis) he was not often in his flighty strain, but when he was, silence was a luxury indeed. — Mr. — said Mr. Homer, to the Landlord, I will take a small half pint here, and the usual fixings — I will trouble you for the hot water, and the weekly papers of Boston.

Yes, massa, him be here directly.

I promised the reader in the beginning a description of the person of Mr. Homer, But by a very natural impulse of the mind, found myself drifting so far to the leeward as to make another chapter necessary to a full development of the remarkable proportions and physiognomy of this remarkable man.

THERE are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory; the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.

UNCLE JONATHAN, THE ANTI-ODD FELLOW.

BY ABEL FLETCHER.

In a beautiful valley in the interior of New England, is situated a thriving and pleasant village, which we shall call Erwin. It is surrounded by many lofty hills, whose sides are regularly laid out into fields and pastures, and occasionally interspersed with a shady grove, with now and then a jagged rock, lifting its hoary head to heaven, and presenting at the village below, a scene, charming and beautiful to behold. Through the centre of Erwin, flows a delightful stream, abounding with rich scenery, whose waters, the enterprising and industrious inhabitants, have turned to their own advantage, by erecting upon its banks, several manufactories of different kinds.

It was among the hands employed in these manufactories, that the project was first conceived, of establishing an Odd Fellow's Lodge in the village of Erwin, for the purpose of Benevolence and Charity, and of affording each other mutual assistance in the hour of sickness and distress. Some of them had already seen and experienced the benefits of such societies in other places, where they had resided, and felt assured that they could not fail to be useful wherever they existed, and were properly conducted; hence they were anxious to have one formed in their present place of residence. Accordingly, a meeting was called for that purpose, and in a short time a Lodge was established, which, in three months' time, numbered about fifty members, of good and respectable standing in society. As may readily be supposed, the success which attended this enterprise, roused the feelings, and excited the opposition of the enemies of such institutions, and Odd Fellowship became, for the present, the

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principal topic of conversation throughout the village.

All sorts of slander and abuse were heaped upon the Institution and its members, by its enemies. Some said that it was a dangerous concern, and if it was allowed to go on, it would finally ruin the country. Others said that it was rather a small affair — that no respectable men had any thing to do with it, and that none but dirty laborers and smutty mechanics ever joined it. Others, again, said it was a pity that such an iniquitous Society should be suffered to exist in this enlightened country for one minute, and especially that any respectable man should join it, or have any thing at all to do with it.

Old Uncle Jonathan Jabber, who was well known in former times, for the conspicuous part he acted in the great Anti-Masonic excitement, declared that "Odd Fellowship was nothing but Free Masonry in disguise;" that it had "just altered its name and changed its dress a little, so that people needn't know it;" and that if it continued "to increase as fast as it has done, it" would "soon get to be so that nobody" could "gain a suit at law, unless he" happened "to belong to the Odd Fellows; and that every scamp, who" wanted "to kill any body, or to rob or steal," could "easily get rid of the State's prison or the gallows by just joining the Odd Fellows. And for my part, I consider it the *worst* — the *very worst* thing that ever come into our little village. My word for it," said the old man, waxing warmer and warmer, "unless something is done to put a stop to it right off, it will do ten times more mischief than ever old Masonry did. — Because, you see, it has altered its name, and is got up in another form; so that it will be hard making the people believe that it is the same thing, until the plaguy scoundrels get the power into their own hands, so that it will be hard getting it

away from 'em again! Depend upon it, these Odd Fellers are bound together by secret oaths, as much as the Masons ever was, and wouldn't mind killing a man any more than the Masons did Morgan!"

"Aint it infamous!" said old Aunt Tabitha, who had all this time been sitting with her eyes and mouth wide open, swallowing down every word her husband said,—"aint it infamous! that anybody should ever think of starting sich a Society in Airwin?"

"Vile!" said the old man, stamping his foot on the floor—"and the man that just set it agoin' ought to be hung!"

"Well, Jonathan," said the old lady, "what must be done to put a stop to it?"

"Why, we must get up an Anti-Odd-Fellers' Society right off, after the plan of the old Anti-Masonic Society we used to have, you know," said Uncle Jonathan.

"La! so we must; I didn't think of that," said Aunt Tabitha; "but who will start it, Jonathan?"

"I will," said the old man, turning down the leaf to an old-fashioned desk that stood in one corner of the room; "I will write some notices now, for a meeten to be held in the school-house next Friday evening, on purpose to form an Anti-Odd-Fellers' Society."

"Friday evening, did you say, husband? Why, you know the Lyceum at the school-house meets that night."

"So it does, Tabitha: glad you thought of that. Suppose we call it Thursday evening then?"

"That will do, Jonathan," said his spouse. "It will be only two days' notice, to be sure, but I guess 'twill be long enough."

"So, I guess," said the old man, adjusting his spectacles and beginning to write.

"Tabitha," said Jonathan, when he finished writing the notice, "just listen while I read, and see how you think this will do."

"Notice is hereby given, that next Thursday evening at early candle light, a meeting will be held in the Centre school-house, for the purpose of forming an Anti-Odd-Fellers' Society. Every friend of virtue and humanity, and every lover of his country, is earnestly requested to attend, and to lend his aid and influence in opposing that secret enemy to freedom and equal rights, which has recently been introduced into our hitherto peaceful village, under the name of Odd Fellowship."

"There, Tabitha, how will that answer?" said Jonathan, wiping his pen.

Tabitha made no reply. Tired of waiting for an answer, Uacle Jonathan looked around, when to his surprise he found that she was not in the room.

"Tabitha! TABITHA!!" said the old man, raising his voice, and supposing that she had merely stepped into another apartment; "TABITHA, *I want you to hear this notice read!!!*"

But still she did not hear. "Ah!" said Uncle Jonathan, well knowing his wife's habits, "she has just stepped in at some of the neighbors to tell them about the meeten. So I guess I will write off some more notices, say half a dozen in all, and go and stick 'em up."

Uncle Jonathan wrote his notices, and taking his hat, went out to post them up. But it was hardly necessary, for by the time he had got the last one posted, Aunt Tabitha, in company with two or three of her particular friends—Mrs. Chatter, Mrs. Rattlehead, and Mrs. Gabit—had spread the news all over the village, that there was to be a meeting next Thursday evening at the Centre school-house for the purpose of forming an Anti-Odd-Fellows' Society.

When Uncle Jonathan got back to the house, he found that his wife had returned in company with the above mentioned ladies, and that they were busily engaged in discussing the merits of Odd Fellowship.

"Well, Mr. Jabber," said Mrs. Chatter, "I am really glad to hear that you are going to have something done about this Odd Fellers' Society, for I think it is a shame that they should hold their meetens every week, and not allow the women to go at all. What harm, I would like to know, can there be in letting the women go, if it's such a mighty benevolent society as they tell for? There must be something bad about it, I think, or else they wouldn't be so secret."

"So I say," said Mrs. Rattlehead; "besides, what do they want to lock the doors, and put curtains up to the windows for, if they don't do any thing that's bad? I am sure if there wan't some deviltry going on, they wouldn't be so fraid of being seen."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gabit, "and they say strange noises are sometimes heard when they meet, such groans, and the rattling of chains, and loud talk, as if threatening life; and Johnny Green said he saw one of them standing at the door of the Lodge, the other night, with a drawn sword in his hand; and when the Lodge was first formed, he saw one of them carry in a spear and a broad-axe. Now what do they want of these things, if they don't intend to kill folks when they reveal the secrets?"

"Ah!" said Uncle Jonathan, "it is a most iniquitous affair, and I really tremble when I think on't; and what's wuss is, that any respectable men should have any thing to do with it."

"Well," said Aunt Tabitha, "I wonder if some plan could not be contrived to find out what they do when they meet, and to expose their secrets to the world. Sertainly if such a thing can be done, it ought to be done immediately. Can't somebody contrive to hide himself somewhere, sometime when they meet, where he can see all that is going on, without being seen himself?"

"Oh! there! I've just thought," re-

sponded Mrs. Gabit; you know the Odd Fellows' Lodge room is in the farther end of the block that I live in, and there is only one tenement between ours and the Lodge room. Well, there is a cockloft that runs the whole length of the block, and besides, there is a scuttle-hole in our garret, by which a person might enter the cockloft, and walk along until he got over the Lodge, and then by boring a small hole through the plastering he might look down and see every thing that was going on."

"La! so he might," said Mrs. Chatter; "what a lucky thing that you thought of it! and we will carry the plan into execution to-night; for you know the Lodge meets this evening at seven o'clock. We will all meet at your house a little before the Lodge room is opened, and Uncle Jonathan and yourself shall go up and get your holes bored through the plastering before any body gets there, so as not to excite any suspicion; and by the time they get ready for business, you will be ready to see every thing that is going on."

"Just so, exactly," said Uncle Jonathan, "and next Thursday evening, when we come to form the Anti-Odd-Fellers' Society, I will, to their consternation and dismay, make their deeds of darkness and iniquity public; I will expose them all to the world, and make them quail at the sound of my voice, and beneath the weight of my indignation. Justice and judgment will I call down upon their heads, and they shall know that the hidden things of dishonesty, shall not be tolerated in this land of freedom and equal rights, and that their dark and audacious attempts to subvert government, and to overthrow our republican institutions by their secret meetens, and mysterious signs, that they may rise and riot upon the ruins of their fallen fellow-citizens, shall meet with a just and righteous retribution! This night shall

their fate be fixed—their doom be sealed, if merciful Heaven spares my life; and henceforth an indignant world shall rise up and frown upon the guilt and treachery of those who sought its ruin, and pronounce blessings upon the heads of those who exposed the secret villainy of mystic institutions!"

Uncle Jonathan, like most fanatics, was somewhat eloquent when excited, and he could talk as flippantly on subjects, in which he felt interested, as most people. Besides, he had a very vivid imagination, and could easily magnify a fly into a monster, or a mole-hill into a mountain, and could as readily demolish either. In whatever cause he engaged he was very sanguine of success, and entered into it with as much apparent earnestness as if his life depended upon it. He was somewhat given to castle building, and often rushed on to the fulfilment of his purposes, without thinking of the impediments that might be in his way, or of the difficulties with which he would have to encounter, and consequently, sometimes met them unprepared, when a little reflection would have enabled him to have shunned them altogether.

To the plan already proposed for finding and exposing the secrets of Odd Fellows, all parties cordially agreed. Accordingly, at the appointed hour all hands met at Mrs. Gabit's, and immediately proceeded to the garret. Mr. Gabit was at the time absent from home, and consequently knew nothing of the project; besides, being a sort of Jack-Mason*, or rather Jack-Odd Fellow, it is reasonable to suppose, that he would have felt no particular interest in the matter anyway.

On arriving at the garret, it was agreed, as at first, that Uncle Jonathan should enter the cockloft first, and Mrs. Gabit

next, and that they should then carefully step along on the timbers until they arrived over the Lodge room, when they should make their incisions through the plastering, and then await the arrival and operations of the Odd Fellows. The rest of the women were to wait in the garret, until Uncle Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit returned.

All things being in readiness, Uncle Jonathan took a lamp in his hand, and ascended the ladder into the cockloft. — Mrs. Gabit immediately followed. Uncle Jonathan's eyesight being poor, it was thought best for Mrs. Gabit to take the lamp and lead the way. They proceeded cautiously along on the joists and timbers until they had arrived nearly over the Lodge room, when, oh, horror! what did they see, but a human skeleton stretched across the timbers, and beside it, a barrel filled with bones and skulls? Mrs. Gabit turned pale and trembled; and even Uncle Jonathan, with his almost dauntless courage, shuddered at the sight. Mrs. Gabit was for returning immediately; but Uncle Jonathan, gaining courage, prevailed on her to stay.

"How," said the lady, "do you suppose these bones came here?"

"How?" vociferated the old man; "unquestionably these are the murdered victims of those infamous Odd-Fellers, who shed the blood and took the lives that once animated these bones, because they refused to acquiesce in their deeds of villainy. O foul iniquity! blacker than the misty darkness that fills this silent—dreadful place! Now, has thy day of retribution come; and ere another sun shall rise, shall the awful mysteries here concealed be known. O had these poor bones but tongues to speak, what bloody tales might they reveal!—Or could their disembodied ghosts that haunt the stillness of this drear abode, commune with mortal ears, what treachery and guilt could they unfold! O that

* A phrase used in New England, to signify persons not members of the Masonic Fraternity, and who are not prejudiced for or against it.

some dread thunderbolt, from off the battlements of heaven, might fall, and crush, and to powder grind the wretches who dared to perpetrate this horrid deed ! Yet what pains me more, and more distracts, is, to think, that within the precincts of this very town, where I was born and bred ; where all my parents lived and died, and where my feet were taught to walk in virtue's path, *here*, yes, *here*, an Order, red with blood, and blacker yet with guilt, is tolerated ; ay ! nourished and fostered too, and that by men who the Christian name profess, and wear the Christian garb. O, hypocrisy, most detestable ! and most shameful ! ”

Scarcely had Uncle Jonathan finished his soliloquy, before voices were heard below ; and a trap door near the place where he stood, but which had before been unobserved, began to rise. Fearing detection, Uncle Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit sprang behind a pile of old boxes and barrels, and blew out their light.— After the door was lifted, who should they behold emerging from below, but Dr. Notomy and one of his students, who immediately commenced overhauling the barrel of bones, and after selecting such as they wished, returned, closing the door after them.

Uncle Jonathan was not a little mortified at this circumstance, and Mrs. Gabit laughed right out. The whole mystery of the bones and skulls was now explained, and Jonathan's eloquent speech had been wasted for nothing. Dr. Notomy, the village physician, resided in the tenement below, and was Mrs. Gabit's next door neighbor. The bones in question, had been deposited by the Doctor in this place for safe keeping, and were used by him for the purpose of explaining to his students the construction of the human frame. Although not an Odd Fellow, yet little did he think that his bones would be the means of calling down such bitter reproaches upon the Order, or of

causing such lofty speeches to be uttered in the cockloft of his house.

Concluded in the next number.

INSTITUTION OF HILLSBORO' LODGE.

BRO. PRINCE : On Thursday last, in company with D. G. S. Guild, and Past Grands Donaldson, of the Jefferson Lodge, N. Y., and Bucknam, of the Columbian Lodge, Stoneham, I had the pleasure of attending the institution, and installation of Hillsborough Lodge, No. 2, in the beautiful and flourishing town of Manchester, N. H. Their Hall is located in the attic of the Methodist church on Elm street, a short distance from the hotel, and is fitted up with every convenience, and in excellent style.

After the installation, and conferring degrees, a strong delegation of the Nashua brothers being present, the chairs were filled by the officers of the Granite Lodge, and fourteen candidates were *thoroughly* initiated. In the evening, the brothers had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent address from Rev. Bro. Arnold, Chaplain of the Granite Lodge, on the principles and objects of Odd Fellowship. The spacious Town Hall was completely filled, and the address received the most profound attention of the audience, from beginning to end. I had taken copious notes of the discourse, but, being told by Bro. Arnold, that he was about to give up the manuscript to the Granite Lodge, I will not attempt a sketch of it, as it will, undoubtedly, be published, and I hope every Odd Fellow will read it.

In conclusion, permit me to say, that, having had the honor of a previous acquaintance with most of the brothers of Hillsborough Lodge, and knowing well the firmness of principle of the worthy brother selected to preside over their deliberations, I will venture to predict that, in every thing relating to the *good and*

welfare of the Order, but few Lodges will be found to excel them. For it is not in the forms and ceremonies of our Order that true Odd Fellowship consists. It is in the *deep and abiding morals conveyed* by those forms and ceremonies. It is not the proficiency of Lodge work that constitutes the TRUE Odd Fellow. It is the perfection of his work in the principles of the Order. And it is my warm desire, that the beautiful motto engraved upon their seal, will prove a chart to guide the brothers of Hillsborough Lodge over the stormy ocean of life, and that their fidelity to its injunctions will be their passport to the GRAND LODGE ABOVE.

Yours in F. L. & T.,

W. E. P. H.

Boston, Dec. 25.

"WHAT RESULTS FROM THESE FACTS?"

THE following narrative carries with it ample testimony of the utility of our Order, and demonstrates the advantages which are to be derived from being a member of it, and conveys at the same time a conspicuous answer to the interrogatory at the head of the epistle:

A brother of the Order, who belonged to a Lodge in this city, was from the fluctuations of trade, constrained to leave his home to seek employment elsewhere. The object of his research was attained, and he soon found himself settled in —. Being in good health, and his almost every hope realised, he drew his card from the Lodge that he belonged, and deposited it in one of the Lodges of his adopted home. But a short time had elapsed ere the cold hand of affliction had evinced its devastating power. His case was made known to the Lodge; and though he had so recently been thrown among the brethren, assistance was kindly proffered him, and the hand of philanthropy extended to investigate his sor-

rows; but that was all, disease having done its work: still he entertained a hope that he should recover, and thinking that the country air might be beneficial to him, he returned to his once loved home — to the scenes of his boyhood — to the care of an affectionate, though widowed mother, (three or four miles from the city) who had during his absence cherished him in her memory, and been still anxious for his welfare. She nursed him with maternal care; but, alas! it was of no avail. A few fleeting moments only had passed, and the "grim king of terrors" had completed the work that disease had but a short time before begun, and he who had, as it were, but yesterday gladdened our hearts with his smiles, was now no more. His spirit had taken its flight to its last abode. Yes! he was gone; and a bereaved parent, and a tender widow to regret his loss.

During the time of the afflictions of the deceased, expenses had been necessarily incurred, which it was the widow's desire should now be defrayed, but she knew she had no claim upon any one, and she had not wherewith to do it. She had lost him who, during the time he was in health, had been her chief solace, and she now looked upon herself as destitute. These thoughts had engendered hopelessness, and she had almost given herself up to despair. It had been intimated to her that her wants would be supplied, and so in truth they were to be. She was not to be forsaken "in the hour of need." Her husband had been an Odd Fellow! A compact had been made with those whom he had associated with, that was not to be violated. Those who had assisted him were also ready to apply the *balm of consolation* to his unfortunate widow.

During the conversation above described, a letter was received from the Lodge he had last belonged to, and in it was contained the following paragraph:

"We were sorry to hear of the decease of brother —; at the same time we would thank you to present the widow with fifty dollars, and make inquiry into her situation and report the result to us as soon as convenient, in order that we may respond in time to save her from any further trouble than that of the loss of her companion. Should she be involved in debt, which it is more than probable she is, you will please pay all demands at once, and forward us your account for the amount, and it shall be promptly paid at sight. Should she wish to return to this place, you will do us the favor to make all the arrangements necessary for her departure, and also to furnish her with a comfortable conveyance and an escort to accompany her? We will hold ourselves in readiness for her reception and protection. By giving your personal attention to this matter you will confer a lasting favor on your brethren."

The intelligence was conveyed to the object of our sympathies, without delay, and the effect it produced will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. The gloom of care which had darkened her brow was immediately dispelled; joy took the place of sorrow, and gratitude, such as language cannot express, flowed in profusion from her lips. Then, in reality, did the "widow's heart sing for joy." Amidst all her troubles she was enabled to go on her way rejoicing.

I have been induced to place this on record from a conviction of its being one of the purest specimens of Odd Fellowship that ever came under my notice. — And will any of those who have calumniated Odd Fellows as worthless characters, associated together for useless purposes, glancing at this fact, dare again to assail us? I think they cannot, especially if they meditate upon "What results from these facts."

This, sir, is not an exception: for such,

with other advantages, are numberless; but this is an exemplification of the benevolence and of the acts of charity practised by those who have imbibed the true principles of ODD FELLOWSHIP. — *Independent Odd Fellow.* FIDES.

THE PALACE OF HEROD. — The palace of Herod stands on a table of land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country, and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wildness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered with a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising terraces to their very summit: there, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace; and looking out upon all these beauties his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among those still towering columns, the proud monarch had made supper for his lords and high captains, and chief estate of Gallilee. Here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, "danced before him, and the proud King promised with an oath, to give her whatever she asked, even to the half of his kingdom." And while the feast was going on, the "head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger and given to the damsel." And Herod has gone, and "the lords and high captains and the chief estates of Gallilee," are gone, but the ruins in which they feasted are still there; the mountains and valleys, which beheld their revels are here, and oh, what a comment upon the vanity of all worldly greatness — a Fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital under a fig tree by its side, and asked what were the ruins we saw; and while his oxen

were quietly cropping the grass that grew amongst the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king, he believed of Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turned aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace, knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance of time I look with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among these ruins, talking with the Arab ploughman of the King who built it, and leaning against a column which had often supported the haughty Herod; and looking on from his scene of desolation and of ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy Land. — *Steven's Travels.*

STANZAS.

O WEEP not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away —
For hopes, that like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given,
And though on earth the tear may start
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heaven.

O weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart
And darksome days be given —
And lonely though in earth thou art
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
When friends rejoin in heaven.

FLATTERY. — Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived; since words that cost little, are exchanged for hopes that cost less. But we must be careful how we flatter fools too little, or wise men too much; for the flatterer must act the very reverse of the

physician, and administer the strongest dose, only to the *weakest* patient. The truly great will bear even reproof, if truth support it, more patiently than flattery accompanied with falsehood; for by venturing on the first, we pay a compliment to their heart, but by venturing on the second, we inflict an insult on their head.

Two painters undertook a portrait of Hannibal; one of them painted a *full likeness* of him, and gave him two eyes, whereas disease had deprived him of one; the other painted him in *profile*, but with his blind side *from* the spectators. He severely reprimanded the first, but handsomely rewarded the second.

FAREWELL TO —.

FAREWELL to thee, loved one — the name of thy virtues

Long since was cast on oblivion's wave;
Thy name I still cherish, but not to adore thee,
And thy smile shall ne'er taunt me its slave.

Farewell to those greetings that gave me such pleasure,

Those hours of bliss I once thought my own;
The dream is now past that I once thought a treasure,
And its magic no more shall be known.

Farewell to thy memory, I fain would forget thee;
Thou who once was my star and my guide;
The noblest of deeds I but wished for thy glory,
These are no more since hope is denied.

Farewell to thy name, for I ne'er can adore it,
Though it once had a charm for my ear,
And the sound of thy voice — but now I forget it,
And those smiles that I once held most dear.

Yes, farewell to the land that can speak of thy birth,

That can boast thee as one of its fair;
Though thy charms were the best and the brightest of earth,
Still would I leave thee and scorn to despair.

BALLERO.

MOST of our misfortunes are more supportable, than the comments of our friends upon them.

A WORD TO ODD FELLOWS.

It is the imperative duty of all who have assumed the profession and promises of the Order, to take heed that their daily walk and conversation is irreproachable. They should ever remember that the eyes of many are watching them; and that every unworthy or immoral act throws dust upon the sacred banner which they follow, and gives occasion to their enemies to rejoice. It is their duty, as well as privilege, to show to the world that Odd Fellowship is something more than a name. The promises and professions which are required of every one before he can be received as a worthy member, are such as can never be forgotten by any who have the least regard for honor and integrity. The solemn rites of initiation alone, are calculated to leave an impression which the lapse of time may not obliterate. When the cold hand of death is laid upon the brow,—when the glazing eye ceases to behold the loved forms of kindred and friends,—when “the silver cord is loosed” which bound the immortal spirit to this earthly tenement,—then, and then only, will the solemn engagements, and the welfare and happiness of their brethren be forgotten.

It is also requisite that all members of our Order should possess a good share of that charity which “suffereth long and is kind,” in order that they may overlook the faults and failings of their brethren, and feel that lively interest for their welfare which is requisite to bind them together in the bonds of brotherhood. It requires a mutual confidence and regard for each other, that they may truly appreciate the grand principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. The desire of doing good to all with whom we have any intercourse, but especially to our brethren, is the first and last object of Odd Fellowship. To this end and aim, the attention of every worthy member is constantly directed. No sectarian, no po-

litical principles, are suffered to influence or to prejudice his mind, which is filled with an ardent desire to promote the happiness of his fellow-men. He learns to renounce the sordid and selfish views and feelings, which are so prevalent in the world. He learns to place a true estimate upon every object which attracts his attention; and to enquire what may be its present and future tendency.

The social and friendly virtues, which are of inestimable value to every pure and enlightened mind, are here not only cherished, but brought into actual and constant display. The great purpose of our being,—to love and adore our Creator, to do good unto all men as brethren, and as his children,—are the first principles of Odd Fellowship. To the child of want, the widow and the fatherless,—the ear of the Odd Fellow is ever open; his *heart* feels for their distress; and his *hand* is ready to assist.

It has been remarked that one of the fondest wishes and desires of our nature, is that we may be remembered when we shall be called away from the busy scenes of earth;—that, “after life’s fitful fever” is past, we shall not pass away “unmourned and unhonored;” and that, when our bodies shall be consigned to the solitary tomb, “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,” the tear of affection will freely flow; the tie of friendship will constrain those whom we have cherished as dear companions, to meet around our senseless clay, ere ’tis deposited in the house appointed for all living. Then, if we have faithfully discharged our several duties, if we have been true to our principles and profession, the voice of Truth may whisper that our remembrance shall survive, when the spirit has returned to God who gave it.

This desire has been fully anticipated, and due respect and honor is paid to every worthy brother, when called by the GREAT MASTER away from earth to that

grand Encampment, where far more lasting honors, and more permanent felicity, shall be the reward of all those who have sought to promote His glory—to do good to their brethren—and to exemplify, in all their beautiful variety and extent, the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth.

D. R.

Boston, January 1, 1844.

ANECDOTE OF DR. STRONG.—The doctor was noted for being exceedingly facetious. None relished a joke better, and none in his congregation were more fond of fishing, than his reverence.

Owing to his various engagements, the Dr. had one week put off writing his sermons until Saturday. He was seated in his study busily improving the short space of time remaining, in preparing his discourses, for the approaching Sabbath. The door opened, and a man entered, whose *character* the Dr. knew very well. He inquired his business, and was informed that it was his wish to join his church.

Knowing that he was utterly unworthy, and that if he attempted to converse or reason with him, it would take a long time, as he was very fond of arguing; and he knew it would be useless to remonstrate with such a person. He concluded, therefore, to give him a hint which he might understand, without referring to the dictionary.

Said he, with becoming dignity and emphasis—"We are glad to admit people into our church, we are always glad to admit *any body*,—but I am sorry to inform you that the church is now *full*; and therefore, we cannot possibly admit any more at present."

The Dr. in an instant found himself solus.

FAME.—Posthumous fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed of it; or we may liken it to a

torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it blown over the dead; but, unlike that awful blast, it is of earth, not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.

ODD FELLOWSHIP LYRICS.—No. I.

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

"And he said unto them, see that ye fall not out by the way."—Gen. chap. 45, 24.

A BROTHER'S word—hallowed by Time—
It speaks to every feeling heart;
O listen to that voice sublime,—
There Friendship, Love and Truth impart
Their pure, unclouded, burning light;
It shines on all the countless throng
Who pass o'er Earth's wide fields along:
This cheers the pilgrim's steadfast sight,
This makes his visions clear and bright,
Patient through suffering, toil and care
The song of praise, the fervent prayer,
He lifts to Heaven—his treasure there is laid
Where Love forever reigns, and Peace her
home hath made.

Brethren! a holy charge is ours
T' exert through Life our noblest powers
For Friendship, Truth and Love;
For *this* we've pledged our hearts and hands
These are our Order's choicest bands,
We all must faithful prove.

Like Brothers let us ever live,
Bear, and forbear, be kind, forgive,
Nor fall out by the way;
Let us be ever true and just
Never betray our sacred trust,
Nor cast our pearls away.

United by our sacred ties
The scoffer's arts we do despise,
We pity and forget,
To hoary Age and smiling Youth
We'll sing of Friendship, Love, and Truth,
Their sun shall never set.

Boston, December 29th

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.—*Lacon.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NEW YEAR.

WE must apologize to our readers for not presenting them with our usual editorial article for this number. We are driven by a press of business, and unable to discharge our duty in this respect. In our next we hope to greet them as usual. In the meantime we heartily tender to all the *good wishes* of the season—we will not use in this respect so frigid a word as *compliments*. A happy New Year to all!—and may this happiness be derived from those true sources of peace and joy within each breast, which shall abide, fresh and deep, through all the changes of life—through all the passages of time.

OUR ORDER.—There is something so practical in the character of Odd Fellowship which, were we even opposed to the Order, we could not help admiring.—Without wishing to animadvert upon the various theories advocated by the benevolent spirits of the age for the amelioration of the grievances of society and the advancement of the race, we must say that the principles of our Order as manifested in their practical development, present fewer elements of antagonism to the general order of things as they now exist in society, than any other system of benevolence and reform with which we are acquainted. The great beauty of Odd Fellowship is, that it takes things as they are; it creates reform without disorganizing; as far as it progresses it is sure.—Unlike the designs of St. Simon, of Rob-

ert Owen, of Fourier, and various others whose benevolence, self-interest or ambition have prompted them to construct systems, our Order pre-supposes no radical change in the general frame-work of society as a necessary prelude to its own existence. It calls not upon society to make immediate sacrifices as a means of insuring prospective advantages. There is no element in the practical development of the principles of our Order, which is calculated to shock pre-conceived opinions, either political, moral, social or religious. It has no incompatibility, so to speak, with the present order of things, and complexion of society. It does not demolish with a ruthless hand, the whole superstructure of the social compact, on the presumption that it is radically wrong in its construction,—but it takes men and their institutions as it finds them, confirms what it finds to be morally good, and by the mild, but yet irresistible, force of its benevolent action, and divine precepts, eradicates that which is morally evil. This result is a necessary consequence of the extension of our Order.—And this result will increase in the direct ratio of that extension. There is no one that will deny but that the practical observance of our principal motto, Friendship, Love and Truth, which, with our other observances, we pledge ourselves to follow, would be all that would be wanting to produce a happy state of society. The moral and religious maxims which are necessary for the social organization of mankind, are few and simple. All profess to understand them; the observance

of them is what is wanted. It is not alone necessary that men should *think* of them, but they should *feel* them, and *act up to them*. We believe that it has been the province of Odd Fellowship, in a peculiar manner, to produce these latter results; and we feel convinced that its members, by pursuing the "even, noiseless tenor of their way," in the strict observance of the principles of their Order, will produce more permanent and beneficial effects in the social organization of their fellow-men, than can ever be reasonably anticipated from the efforts of noisy philanthropists and quixotic reformers.

COLUMBIA LODGE, No. 29. — This new Lodge was constituted and officers installed at Stoneham, Thursday evening, 14th ult., by W. D. G. M. Thomas F. Norris, in the absence of the R. W. G. M. E. H. Chapin. The Lodge is composed of sterling materials, and promises well to the interests of the Order. The names of the officers elect for the ensuing quarter may be found under the appropriate head.

DIPLOMA FRAMES. — Brothers who have purchased Diplomas, or may hereafter do so, — wishing to procure frames for the same, will do well to call on Bro. A. A. Childs, 26 Washington street, who has them ready-made, in any desirable manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

☞ The Odd Fellows of Liverpool have purchased the Nelson street Assembly Rooms, or "Hall of Science," as it was denominated, for £4,160.

☞ The Lines by our fair correspondent "Sarah," were received too late for insertion in our present number.

☞ A Lodge of I. O. O. F. was instituted at Augusta, (Me.,) on the 28th ult.

NEW VOLUME. — We send to our subscribers with the present number, a prospectus for a new volume of the Symbol, and would earnestly solicit their aid in extending the circulation of our magazine. If each one of our subscribers would obtain a new subscriber, the Symbol would be placed on a permanent footing, and we should go swimmingly on. It will be perceived that the entire management of the work is to be under the immediate charge of Rev. Bro. E. H. CHAPIN, which is sufficient guarantee the Order will receive every attention. It will also be seen that we propose to issue the Magazine monthly instead of semi-monthly, each number to contain forty-eight large octavo pages. This change is thought advisable, inasmuch as several distinguished writers have been engaged to contribute to its pages, and consequently more space will be necessary to give place to their communications.

We know of no reason, why the Symbol placed under the charge of so able a conductor, should not receive a liberal support. Will the brethren use their efforts in our behalf? We need their assistance, and hope our call will not be made in vain. PUBLISHER.

☞ Bro. H. B. ODIORNE is authorised to receive subscriptions for the Symbol, and all monies paid on account of the same,

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

The Columbian

Comes to us in a most beautiful dress, for a first appearance. And we have no doubt that, with such a phalanx of *invincibles* in the field of Literature as the guardians of the Columbian, that its interest will be fully sustained.

It is a most beautiful number — and to speak of its merits particularly at this time, would take two or three pages, rather than a condensed notice. Edited by John Inman, N. Y. Saxton & Pierce, Boston.

The Wintergreen.

A new annual, published by Charles Wells,

N. Y., 1844, with sixteen beautiful engravings. This is a very pretty present for the coming New Year, and Christmas Holidays, and, in point of embellishment, style of binding, and general execution, is equal to any of the holiday presents for the coming season. Saxton & Pierce, Boston.

Graham's Magazine for January, 1844.

Contents: "History of a Lion," by J. K. Paulding; The "Patchwork Quilt;" The "Hawking Party," and several other interesting and original papers. Embellishments are very good, and we see no reason for fault-finding, so long as our friend Graham keeps his word as truly in this No. as he promised he would in the Dec. No. of his Magazine. Redding & Co.

The Ladies' National Magazine, Jan. 1844.

Contents of this No. are, as usual, interesting, original, and suited to the varied tastes of its numerous readers. Among the articles particularly pleasant and agreeable, we find one entitled, "Always in Love;" The "Widow's Revenge," by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, and "Kate Melbourne," by Mrs. Francis S. Osgood, will be found to possess much interest, and amuse the ladies especially. This No. is embellished by the "Crow's Nest," a splendid line engraving, and the "Veteran," one of Sartius' best mezzotints; and, looking at this truly domestic scene, we can almost imagine the words that would break the spell of the silent, though still speaking, group. Redding & Co.

Ladies' Companion.

Embellished with three steel plates—Ruth and Boaz; The Valley of the Connecticut; and Calandrino, Bruno, and Buffalmacco. An interesting sketch called "Summer Excursions from London;" The "Broken Arrow;" The "Bridal Robe," and No. 6 of "Counterfeit Presentments," are among its original papers. No Fashion Plate accompanies this number—a decided improvement in taste, and worthy the imitation of all our fashionable magazines. So long as the present pernicious system of self-immolation upon the altar of Fashion exists, any symptom of returning reason is hailed as an omen for good. Redding & Co.

We find on our table a well filled package from Saxton & Pierce, Boston—among which we would particularly notice *The Present*, 5 and 6. Number 5, contents: "Call of the Present," "Oneness of God," besides several other well written articles. As deserving a candid and careful perusal, we would note "Constructive and Pacific Democracy."

Christian Annual, and Family Magazine.

Saxton & Pierce—January No. 1844. Contents varied and interesting. "Importance of Mental Culture considered," makes a prominent article in this number of the work, which, we are happy to learn, is daily gaining favor with the reading public.

The "Silk Question Settled,"

Or, Report of the Proceedings of the National Convention of Silk Growers of New England, contains much intelligence of value to the silk culturists of New England, as exhibiting in a concise manner the progress, operations and experiments, together with the results of the same as made from time to time, with much other matter of interest and importance to all concerned in the rearing of the loom, either for pleasure or profit.

Saxton & Pierce's Gifts for Holidays.

Among which may be found superb English editions of Book of Beauty, 1844; Keepsake; Americans in Paris; Friendship's Offering; Forget-me-not; Burn's Complete Works, 34 plates; Pilgrim's Progress, 24 do.; Waverly, Shakspeare, and Byron Galleries; Thompson's Seasons, 64 plates; Child Harold, 80 plates; Hall's British Ballads, &c. &c., all English editions, elegantly bound.

AMERICAN ANNUALS.—The Opal; Gift; Rose; Rose of Sharon; Friendship's Offering; Christian Souvenir; Truth's Keepsake, &c. &c.

Russia and the Russians.

Redding & Co. We have rarely set down to the perusal of a more interesting work than the above history, by J. G. Khoe. It is necessary to begin the work only to finish reading it with much gratification and attention. An account of the vast accommodation of the literary treasures of her libraries, and the peculiar system of surveillance under which they are kept, will be found one of the most interesting features of this pleasant work.

Morning Watches—Frederika Bremer.

This work is highly recommended, as a criticism upon "Strauss and the Gospels," and is filled with the most chaste and beautiful expressions throughout. It well deserves an attentive perusal. The style is peculiar, and the language and conception is beautiful indeed. Redding & Co., Boston, publishers.

Pictorial U. S., No. 9.

Saxton & Pierce, continues, as usual, interesting in the detail, and rich in the illustration of those early struggles which render American history and biography of such interest and importance to every lover of his country.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIRE.

Brethren out of the State of Massachusetts, and in any of the New England States where there is no Grand Lodge, will apply for charters, &c., to Bro. ALBERT GUILD, D. D. G. Sire, and not to me.

E. H. CHAPIN,

G. M. of Massachusetts.

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Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John Schouler, "
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village.
E. H. Smith, Woburn.
Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.

Maine.

David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland.
Jos. L. Smith, Portland.
Jeremiah Mason, Saco.
George Prince, Thomaston.

Connecticut.

Safford & Park, Norwich.
Charles Ball, New Haven,

Horace Warren, Ithica, (N.Y.)
D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MARSHOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Her'h Prince, C. P. Robert L. Robbins, H. P. Wm. H. Jones, S. W. Cha's A. Smith, J. W. John Mears, Jr. Scribe. Atkins A. Clarke, Treasurer.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Edward Tyler, C. P. Samuel Trull, H. P. N. A. Thompson, S. W. Lawrence Walker, Scribe. Josiah Danibell, Treasurer. G. L. Montague, J. W. Henry Keith, I. G.

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MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP: James M. Stone, HP: Hargraves Lord, SW: Job H. Cole, JW: Alex'r Greene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Sam'l R. Slack, C. P. John S. Ladd, HP: Asa D. Pattee, SW: Lester Leland, JW: Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe: Isaac Kendall, Treas.

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Connecticut.

UNCAS LODGE—Norwich.—Charles A. Converse, N. G. Philo M. Judson, V. G. T. Wait, Sec'y. Theodore Raymond, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

MASSACHUSETTS Encampment, No. 1. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Covenant Hall, weekly—Saturday.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., & p at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
MASSACHUSETTS, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.
Franklin, 23, do do Tuesday.
Boston, 25, do do Saturday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tu.
Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
Union Degree Lodge, do Saturday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
Crystall Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
Mechanics', No. 11, " Friday.
Oberlin 23, " Tuesday.
Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Tuesday.
Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrieh Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
Essex, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

Maine.

Maine, 1, Portland, Union st.,	Mon.
Ancient Brothers, 3, do.	
Ligonia 5, do.	Wed.
Union Degree 1, do.	
Machigonne Encampment, 1, do.	Satur.
Saco, 2, Saco, Central Hall,	Tue.
Georgian, 4, West Thomaston,	Fri.

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall,	Tues.
Hillsboro', 2, Hillsboro', Odd Fellows Hall,	Mon.

Rhode Island.

Friendly Union, 1, Providence,	—
Eagle, 2, do.	Saturday.

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequannock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatic 6, Derby	do
Thames 9, New London	
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Uncas, — Norwich,	Mon.
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10, do do	Wed.
Getty's, 11, do do	Tues.
Germania, 13, do do	Fri.
Tentonia, 14, do do	Mon.
Mariner's, 23, do do	Mon.
National, 30, do do	Mon.
Metropolitan, 33, do do	Fri.
Concorde, 43, do do	Tues.
Hancock, 49, do do	Wed.
Oriental, 68, do do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28, do do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36, do do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery, Thurs.	
Harmony, 44, do Mon.	
Grove, 58, do do	Thur.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Fri.
Empire, 64, do	Tues.
Croton, 78, do	

Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do.	Mon.
Meridian, 42, do	Wed.
Chelsea 84, do	Fri.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st., Mon.	
United Brothers, 52 do	Tues.
Howard, 60, do	Wed.
Marion 34, do	Thurs.
Fidelity 87, do	Fri.
Commercial, 67, do	Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22, do	Thurs.
Mercantile, 47, do	Tues.
Olive Branch, 31, do	Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73, do	Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues.
Nassau, 39, do	do
Atlantic, 50, do	do
Fulton, 66, do	do
Long Island, 63, Wallabout,	do

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg,	Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62, do	Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co.,	Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74 do	do
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co.,	Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co.	Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co.,	Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, do	Mon.
Dutchess, 59, do	do
Fireman's, 19, Albany,	Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16, do	Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5, do	
Union, 8, do	
American, 32, do	Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy,	Mon.
Spartan, 62, do	Fri.
Phoenix, 41, Albany,	Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy,	Wednes.
Trojan, 27, do	Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh,	Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy,	Thurs.
Halcyon, 56, do	Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo,	Mon.
Buffalo, 37, do	Tues.
Tehoseronon, 48, do	Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester,	Fri.
Toronto, 69, do	
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,	Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithica,	
Rockland County, 76, do	Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,	Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.	
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.	
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.	

Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 8, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues

Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	—
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

A FEELING REPLY. — Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages ; to which he replied, ' No sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman. '

A PHYSICIAN. — Voltarie defines a physician to be an unfortunate gentleman who is every day required to perform a miracle — to reconcile health with intemperance.

Of all places in the world, a printing office is the last wherein an idler should enconce himself. If he is loquacious, he annoys the compositors and distracts the mind of the editor. If he moves about he endangers the "matter," and if he stands still he is in every body's way. If he is impudent, there is danger of having his 'form' battered with the 'sheep's foot.' So loafers beware. — Special edict !

SHUT THE DOOR. — This injunction is brief and easily complied with. Shut the door—that's short. True it's imperative—very much so; but it is proper when necessary. It is anything but a hint, or even a request, in fact, it is a command, and one which claims obedience on all occasions on which it becomes necessary to issue it. Shut the door—yes, shut it. You found it closed when you entered, why then should you leave it open? You have no right to leave it so, and you of course do wrong whenever you neglect to do right—that's certainly a correct inference, plain, clear, evident, logical, and consequently sound. Shut the door, then.

Decidedly—shut the door !

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE

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VOLUME 2.

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NUMBER 11.

UNCLE JONATHAN, THE ANTI-ODD FELLOW.

—
BY ABEL FLETCHER.
—

Concluded.

AFTER the Doctor and his student had gone, Uncle Jonathan pulled a match out of his pocket and lighted the lamp; they then proceeded along until they arrived over the centre of the Lodge room. — Uncle Jonathan now took his seat on a beam, and with his Jack-knife began to make an incision through the plastering and between the laths, at which he might place his eye, and see all that was going on below. When it was finished, he proceeded to cut another one for his accomplice, Mrs. Gabit, so that they might both watch at the same time. The plastering being rather soft, Uncle Jonathan was able to succeed to a charm; but as the Lodge room was not yet lit up, he was unable to tell whether the holes he had made were sufficiently large, and, therefore, had to go somewhat by guess. He was fearful of getting them too large, lest they might be discovered.

Scarcely had he finished cutting the last hole, when the Lodge room was opened, and the person who had charge of it entered with a light. Uncle Jaber now clapped his eye to the hole, and

discovered, to his joy, that it was sufficiently large to give a tolerable view of the room, and to enable him to see all that he wished. He now began to congratulate himself upon his good success thus far, and remarked to Mrs. Gabit that they would shortly be in possession of the whole secret of Odd Fellowship. The only difficulty that now remained, was the comfortable position in which they had to place themselves, in order to get their heads sufficiently low to see through the holes that were made. But this difficulty could not be remedied, and they were willing to endure it for the sake of the important object they had in view.

But their success was not as certain as they had anticipated. The outside Guardian, who had charge of the Lodge room, discovered immediately on entering the room, that the carpet was covered with a white dust, which he had never observed before, which caused him to look up to the ceiling, when he readily perceived the cause. He at once suspected that some one was concealed above, and that in piercing the holes, the dust and small particles which he saw on the carpet had fallen. Had it not been for this circumstance, the holes would probably have remained unnoticed, as they were small, and the plastering somewhat old and rusty.

The Guardian kept quiet, and calmly related the circumstance, and the suspicions he entertained to the presiding officer, who was the next person that entered, and who directed him to take his station at the door, and whisper to the brothers as they came in, the discoveries that were made, — the probability that some one was concealed above to watch the movements of the Lodge, and request that they should govern themselves accordingly. All this while, Uncle Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit were anxiously waiting for the members to assemble, entirely unconscious that they were detected, and that, therefore, the members would be on their guard against making any undue discoveries to the uninformed.

At the appointed hour, the presiding officer took the chair, and called the Lodge to order. The officers and members took their respective stations, each clothed in his proper regalia, and the Lodge then proceeded to open in the usual form. Uncle Jonathan's curiosity was now roused to the highest pitch. — His eyes and ears were strained to the utmost, to see and hear every thing that was done or said; and just at the moment, when he fancied himself coming in possession of the whole secret, he accidentally slid off the beam that sustained his weight upon the laths, which unfortunately gave way, and precipitated him head foremost into the centre of the Lodge room.

Mrs. Gabit, who happened to raise her eyes just in time to witness Uncle Jonathan's fall, made a grab at his coat-tail, in hopes of saving him; but in so doing, she unluckily lost her balance, and pitched headlong after him upon the floor of the Lodge; but not until she hung back sufficiently long, to tear the skirt of the old gentleman's coat nearly off.

"O my head!" said Uncle Jonathan, as he butted against the floor.

"O my hair!" said Mrs. Gabit, as

her false curls flew about the room and exposed her grey locks, and bald head.

"O my brains! my brains!!" roared the old man, as he stuck his fingers in a puddle of oil, caused by the breaking of the lamp which had fallen with him through the plastering.

"O Lordy! I'm dead! I'm dead! O Lordy! I'm dead!" screamed Mrs. Gabit, as she scrambled out of the dirt and dust which she and Uncle Jonathan had kicked up; "O Lordy! I've broken my neck! what *shall* I do? what *shall* I do?"

"Where are you hurt, madam?" said an Odd Fellow, as two or three of them lifted her up.

"Ah! the Lord knows, — I don't, — but I believe all over; but I couldn't tell if I was to die. Ah! my head, and my shoulders! they ache as if they would come off of me! Ah! my shoulders! my shoulders! it seems as if I couldn't live another minute! Ah! Lordy! Lordy! Lordy! I wonder where my curls went too; they are somewhere under this rubbish, I suppose, but it will take an hour to find 'em, and then they will be all spilt I expect. I wish if any you gentlemen find 'em that you would jest save them for me."

"We will, madam," said half a dozen. "Do not give yourself any uneasiness about them."

By this time the Odd Fellows were pretty well convinced, that the lady was more scared than hurt. Fortunately for her, and Uncle Jonathan, the floor of the Lodge room was covered with a thick carpet, underneath which was a layer of straw to preserve it from wear. Hence they were not injured so much as if they had fallen upon the naked floor.

Uncle Jonathan found on being picked up, that he had not spilled his brains, and that the only injury he had sustained, was the jar he received by falling upon

his head, and a few slight bruises occasioned by the falling plaster.

"How came you here, Mr. Jabber," said the presiding officer to the old man, after he had recovered a little from his sudden and unceremonious entrance into the Lodge room.

"Ah! it was an accident," said Uncle Jonathan, turning all sorts of colors, and looking as sheepish as a dog with his tail cut off.

"Well, accidents will happen sometimes in the best of families," said the officer, "but learn by this to be more careful in future, lest a worse accident befall thee. But what business could you and Mrs. Gabit have had in the cockloft, to cause you to fall through at the risk of your lives, and to the great damage of our room and carpet?"

"No matter what," replied Jonathan, "only keep the matter to yourselves and I will pay all expenses."

"O don't tell on it for the world," said Mrs. Gabit; "I beg on ye, don't say anything about it, gentlemen, for I should feel so 'shamed that I shouldn't dare to see any body for a fortnit; besides, we should be laughen stocks for the whole villiage."

"But I understand," said the officer, "that you and Mr. Jabber are very much opposed to secret societies, and that you think it highly culpable in Odd Fellows to have secrets; why then should you wish to impose *another* secret on us, in addition to what we already have? If it is so wicked for us to have secrets, as you profess to believe, why do you wish to increase our sin, by increasing the number of our secrets?"

They both felt the reproof severely, and bit their lips, scarcely knowing what to say. At length, Uncle Jonathan, collecting himself, replied,

"I confess that I have been somewhat too violent in my opposition against secret societies, and that there are some

things that *ought* to be kept secret; and if you will be so good as to agree to keep the affair that has just happened, a secret among yourselves and not say anything about it to any body else, I will agree never to say any thing against Odd Fellowship again as long as I live; and besides, I will pay all the expenses of repairing your room, and suffer any other reasonable penalty you may see fit to inflict; for it would be an eternal disgrace to me, to have this matter publicly known. I shouldn't hear the last on it again as long as I live."

"Mr. Jabber," said one of the officers, "we do not wish to take the advantage of your misfortune to silence your opposition to Odd Fellowship. If you believe your opposition to be justifiable, *go on*; we shall make use of no coercive measures to restrain you. Our only weapons are *Love* and *Truth*. If you can conquer these, then will our Institution be crushed, and not till then. And to convince you of the sincerity of what I say, I will pledge myself, and I presume all the brothers present will cheerfully do the same, never to make publicly known the transactions of this evening, so far as they relate to yourself and Mrs. Gabit, upon condition, that you will simply defray the expense incurred in repairing the Lodge room; and you shall be at perfect liberty to oppose and say what you will against Odd Fellowship, so far as your reason and conscience approve."

To this all present agreed. Uncle Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit thanked the members for their kindness, generosity, and gentlemanly conduct, and declared they would never have anything more to do or say against Odd Fellowship.

"But what," said one of the members, "will you do next Thursday evening, Mr. Jabber? you know that you have appointed a meeting at that time for the purpose of forming an Anti-Odd-Fellows' Society; and it is understood that you

are to be the principal actor, and speaker on that occasion."

"O I don't know," said Uncle Jonathan; "but I will contrive and manage the matter some way."

Uncle Jonathan now began to look round for his hat, when he recollected that he had left it in Mrs. Gabit's garret, along with Aunt Tabitha and the other women. One of the members, however, had the kindness to lend him a hat, until he could get his own; and another lent Mrs. Gabit a handkerchief to cover her head, until she could reach home. Being thus equipped, they left the Lodge, and started for Mrs. Gabit's house, preferring this time to take the street, rather than to venture their way back through the cockloft. On arriving at Mrs. Gabit's house, they started immediately for the garret to relate their adventures to the women, who were anxiously waiting their return the same way they went, and who were entirely unconscious of the sad disaster which had befallen them. On hearing persons coming up the stairs, Aunt Tabitha stopped to see who they were: as soon as she saw Jonathan, she started back, with a scream, and exclaimed,

"Ah! it's my poor husband's ghost! the plaguy Odd Fellers have caught him and killed him, and his ghost has come back to airth to see me! Ah! my poor husband's dead!"

"No," said Jonathan, rushing into her arms, "I am not dead; it's my body, and not my ghost, that you see."

Aunt Tabitha could hardly believe her senses; and Mrs. Rattlehead and Mrs. Chatter stared as if their eyes would come out of their sockets, when they saw Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit enter the room. The whole mystery was, however, soon explained, and after a hearty laugh, all pledged themselves to keep the whole matter a profound secret.

After Uncle Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit

had dressed their bruises, which, upon examination they found to be rather slight, and after they had returned the borrowed hat and handkerchief, the party broke up, and each one returned home, no doubt profitted by the lesson which that evening's experience had taught them.

Thursday evening came round, and the people began to assemble at the school-house, to witness the novel spectacle of forming an Anti-Odd-Fellows' Society. But to their surprise they found the school-house locked, and no one appeared to open it. Upon inquiry, they were informed that Uncle Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit were both sick a-bed; that Mrs. Chatter was confined with a bad cold, and Mrs. Rattlehead complained of a bad headache. These statements accounted for their absence, and as they were the prime means in the cause of Anti-Odd-Fellowship, of course, nothing could be done without them. Consequently the meeting was of necessity indefinitely postponed, and the crowd dispersed. In a day or two, however, the sick parties were as well as ever; but somehow or other their zeal against Odd Fellowship was wonderfully cooled. Weeks passed on, and nothing more was said about an Anti-Odd-Fellows' Society. Every body was wondering what the cause could be. At length the whole mystery was revealed. Mrs. Rattlehead ventured to tell one of her confidential friends, Mrs. Blab, the whole affair of Uncle Jonathan and Mrs. Gabit undertaking to watch the Odd Fellows, and of their falling through the plastering into the Lodge room, &c., enjoining upon her the most profound secrecy. Mrs. Blab ventured to tell her confidential friend, Mrs. Gossip, who made a confidential friend of everybody, and soon the whole affair was blazoned through the whole village.

Nothing could exceed Uncle Jonathan's mortification at this circumstance. He raved, and scolded, and almost swore

about it. He declared he did not "blame the Odd-Fellers one bit, for not letten the women into their meetens." That "their plaguy tongues are always running, and they can't keep a secret no how."—And many other hard things he said against the female sex, which we do not believe, and which, if true, would apply equally as well to the male.

This lesson, however, was of great benefit to the old man. He learned the importance of being governed by reason in all things, and of not suffering himself to be carried away, or blinded, by passion and feeling, whenever any subject came up, which he did not at first sight fully approve. He saw the necessity of examining the claims of every society, or subject, before he condemned it, and the danger of rushing precipitately on to its destruction, before he had reflected well upon the best mode of accomplishing it; and wisely came to the conclusion, that by such a course he might escape many misfortunes and bitter mortifications; and that although he was now an old man, yet he was not too old to learn.

As for the Lodge, it continued to grow and flourish; its deeds of charity and kindness began to multiply; opposition gradually died away, and the Institution soon became a public favorite; and in less than two years Uncle Jonathan was heard to say, that "*nothing* that ever entered the village of Erwin, had accomplished the same amount of good, in the same space of time, by reforming the morals of the place, and relieving the distress of the sick and afflicted, that had been accomplished by the Society of Odd Fellers."

It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER X.

Gin Palaces — Suspicious Circumstances of the Turnkey — introduction of a new personage.

At this moment, the entrance of a *Gens-d'arme*, one of the guardians of Paris, (so styled) put an end to the slumbers of Guizot. The Turnkey, who awoke and rubbing his eyes with real and true surprise, enquired of the *Dame du Comptoir* how long he had slept, asserting his want of rest as being occasioned by the sickness of a friend, and the midnight vigils of a sick-room, rather than the true cause which was card-playing, and drinking with half a dozen guards of the prison, men who occupied subordinate situations under himself as watchers upon the walls of Bellevue. — The agent of the Police being an officer, whose duty required a strict attention and examination of all persons, found out in the streets of Paris, or in suspicious circumstances, after certain hours,* and having an unsettled score with Guizot, it was doubly incumbent upon him, to "overhaul his customer" to use his own cant phrase and "see what he was about" at this time of night in this place. Casting his eyes round to see if the coast was clear, judge his horror at seeing the well defined life-like lineaments and robust proportions of M. Martial, First Agent of the French Police, with his arms folded upon his breast, calmly contemplating his own humble liveried self. His consternation was by no means lessened when he called to mind the well known clause of Prison Ordinance, concerning "gin palaces," drinking-houses," "small tap rooms," "lunches," &c. &c. &c.

* An occupation similar to our much respected "*Charlies*," yet one which did not permit of any sleeping upon the door-steps, at any time whatever.

This veritable ordinance saith to wit :— "An officer, or person, employed in or about the prison of Bellevieu, being convicted of the offence of "gin drinking" or "card playing," shall for a first offence, forfeit, as a fine, the sum of 60 fr. — one half to go to the informer, and the other half to the special prison fund. For a second offence, he shall forfeit, the sum of 120 fr., and be subject to a public reprimand. On being convicted of a third offence, he shall pay a fine of 200 fr., and in lieu thereof be imprisoned within the walls of the common prison, for the term of six months.'

The agent of the police, in the present instance, had several reasons for looking into the conduct of the Turnkey Guizot, made suspicious by his evident concealment of something about his person the moment of his rising from the table, added to his general appearance and demeanor of guilt. His position was any thing but pleasant — the fearful consequences of the penalty of a second offence — on the one hand, and the knowledge of his minor peccadilloes, well known to the officer of police — who at this moment confronted him — on the other, would have made more space, and a greater distance much more agreeable, than his present constrained position.

Alas! "the fates were against the Turnkey this time," as Jaques Monad, drawlingly exclaimed from a low cushioned seat at the farther end of the apartment.

"Taken in the very act," said Coco Malpert, a little grotesque, figure, with a mouth of the most capacious dimensions — who for the first time, made his appearance from beneath the huge folds of the damask curtains. "He, he, well all who dance must pay the piper — my turn last year, yours now, Guizot — Monsieur Guizot I make you my best," at the same time bowing almost to the marble floor of the gaily decorated room. "Shall I

introduce to your notice, M. Martial, Agent of the Police No. 1," backing out at the door, at the same time with the most ludicrous gestures imaginable — without so much as saying "by your leave Monsieur."

During this broken colloquy of the inmates of the "gin palaces" — poor Guizot sat tremblingly upon his seat, with his eyes fixed staringly upon the angry and vigilant agent of the police, (of all petty tyrants, the greatest) totally regardless of an array of accumulated evidence, which lay promiscuously before him in the shape of half-emptied liquor measures, bits of cigars; and old and musty magazines du modes with dog's ears and smoky pages, contrasting most strongly with the white and polished marble which supported them, — "in all their fair proportions most fatally arrayed" — the silent, though not less potent evidences of his guilt. At this moment half rising, he looked the impersonation of guilt clad in grotesque habiliments — for the prison livery being in part after the old Bonaparte pattern, red being substituted in room of the buff, however, gave to his little squat figure, the appearance of a diminutive harlequin in a fit of the "agues," or strongly reminded one of the convicted Squeers, while suffering under the castigation of the renowned John Brodie. He did not stand long with hands uplifted and fingers extended, but at the call of the agent of the police, left the seat of his luckless misfortune, and came limping forth into the broad gleam of a thousand reflected lights, every one of which seemed to him as a demon's eye, burning into his very vitals, with the intensity of a living coal.

Up to this moment, the officer of the police had not uttered a single sentence — but stood regarding his trembling victim with an angry frown — immovable in every muscle, as the marble before him — save the slight compress of his

thin red lips, and a slight scowl which once or twice passed across his features. The interview was at hand, the compact, and compromise yet to be made. We have introduced the parties in Chapter X. — the denoument and farther particulars will be found in Chapter XI.

THE ANGEL'S WREATH.

THREE angels, once, of the flowers of stars,
A fadeless garland wove;
Three kinds, they gathered, in silver cars,
From lawn and lake and grove.

The first brought one of the June skies hue;
So sweet and kind it smiled,
And seemed so pure with its eye of blue,
One knew 'twas Heaven's own child.

The next passed over the velvet lawn,
And pluck'd a golden flower,
'Twas richly bright as the curtain drawn
Around the sun's eve bower.

The third, from the breast of the placid lake,
A stainless flowret chose,
'Twas purely white as the snowy flake
And shone as the diamond glows.

Sweetly arranging the beauteous dyes,
The fair device they made;
And radiance, soft as their own bright eyes,
Stole from it, ne'er to fade.

And there beam not, within Earth's best bowers,
Hues of such changeless youth,
Now would ye know of the star-born flowers?
They're *Friendship, Love and Truth*.

SARAH.

Charlestown, Dec. 1843.

OF THE NATURE AND ADVANTAGES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

It is but too common that mankind are generally led to condemn what they do not properly understand, and either through ignorance, or prejudice, neglect to pay that attention to its principles, which it necessarily requires. How then are they qualified to determine upon its merits?

From hence has originated all that illiberal censure, abuse, and contempt, hitherto thrown upon Odd Fellows. — They have only looked at the name,

while the nature and usefulness of their institution has passed totally unobserved. By some it has been considered in no other light than a drinking club. By others as men possessing a whimsicality of disposition, and have classed them, despicable tribes of queer fellows, deep fellows, and the like. But as these epithets are derived, in general, from the most depraved habits of vice, so they are assuredly opposite to that of Odd Fellows, whose laws prohibit every species of vice and immorality, and exclude the introduction of any vicious character amongst them.

Their name is derived from its being an appellation applied by the illiterate to almost every one, who differs from them in their pursuits, their knowledge, or their virtue; and which is no other with them than a plain confession that they do not understand. Others have grossly infringed upon the common laws of charity: because some individuals have rendered themselves subject to censure by their misconduct, they have thought it sufficient ground for passing sentence of condemnation upon the whole fraternity, without reflecting that the abuse of a thing cannot alter its intrinsic worth: for even in the house of worship there are characters too common to be found, who are a disgrace to society, and whose glory is their shame: yet genuine religion suffers no injury on their account.

I shall endeavor to prove that Odd Fellowship is calculated for the most extensive moral good; that it is a credit to itself, and an ornament to the country. — It is fully evident, that in order to collect an assembly of people, to preserve and continue that assembly in an unceasing and permanent state, it must embrace three grand objects:

- 1st. Curiosity to collect them.
- 2d. Pleasure to increase them.
- 3d. Some useful end in view to continue them.

First. — The singularity of the title of "Odd Fellows" is well adapted to excite curiosity for collecting them together; more so, in my opinion, than that of any other society, as it affects the mind with a desire to discover what is fully implied by it: but shut out from every information on that head, it seldom is satisfied until the mystery is unravelled by becoming a brother.

As it is an odd name without the Lodge, so its manner is perfectly odd, or singular, when introduced within; the awful stillness of the odd instructive ceremony, when it is judiciously conducted, the odd appearance of the Lodge itself, and of the officers seated in their respective stations — the odd silence, decency, and order that prevails — the odd mode of honor and respect paid to the chair, the three powerful odd links that bind them together as one — Friendship, Charity, and Harmony; and a very odd method of adopting a rational pleasure, to accomplish one of the noblest odd ends that can possibly grace the human breast, fills the mind of every new brother with a satisfaction and surprise, and far exceeds his most sanguine expectations.

Secondly. — Pleasure arising from a well ordered, respectable and numerous fraternity, from the mirth and harmony that are inseparable with its nature, from the cultivation of friendship and opportunity of rendering essential service to each other through all the various vicissitudes of life, which are its principal and grand objects in view.

Thirdly. — Some useful end in an Odd Fellow's Lodge, — the only distinction between one man and another is merit, — of course there will be some who when visited by sickness, accident or disease, call loudly for the healing balm of relief — the object, the case and the character are made manifest beyond the reach of imposition — every donation is voluntarily bestowed, and though the

circumstances of some, may enable them to drop dollars, and others but cents, they are alike equally acceptable. The inclination to do good is far more regarded than the ability without it, and will always find means of accomplishing its purpose. It is of more extensive utility than a beneficial society, which only relieves the few individuals who are in immediate connection with it; an Odd Fellow, let him come from what part of the globe he may, (if he is distressed) has an equal claim to our protection and assistance: and numbers by its happy effects have been rendered comfortable in their travels, or through the painful period of affliction, and in a manner snatched from the grave.

There are a variety of unforeseen events in life to occasion many an honest man to leave his family and his home, in quest of employment, and after travelling one or two hundred miles has met with no success — destitute of friends and the means of support — wet, cold, and hungry — stung with the most piercing sensations for the fate of those who are most near and dear to him; how often has it proved the lamentable case that the miserable wretch has perished! Some have exposed themselves to the iron hand of justice by fraudulent attacks; others contrary to their inclinations, have enlisted for soldiers, or seamen; others have been obliged to part with their apparel to support the cravings of nature, and losing through a continued reverse of fortune all hopes, have put an end to their existence. The feeling heart is best able to make its own reflection.

Should any of this description be Odd Fellows, they are relieved from the severity of such trials, and are enabled by the benevolent assistance of others to pursue their way, both credibly and comfortably, to another town, where they may apply and be again relieved, should need require.

They call each others Brothers, from

the strong union that subsists among in every thing connected with themselves, individually and collectively, as a body, and to which they are bound by a solemn obligation, to injure no one, either in word or action. The same principle must operate with him out of the Lodge, as well as within it; he will increase and promote the interest of a brother Odd Fellow, by dealing with him in preference to any other person, for whatever article he may have to dispose of, with the full assurance of being treated by him with strict fairness and cordiality.

An Odd Fellow can never be at a loss for a companion or friend; he may select from so extensive a body such whose sentiments are congenial with his own: hence the Lodge may be considered as a school of morality, when from various humors, tempers, customs, and circumstances of life, a considerable portion of useful knowledge may be acquired, relative to men and things; where talents of every description may emerge from the cloud of obscurity and expand itself by a proper exertion—while bashfulness and diffidence may gradually wear off, and a modesty of assurance succeed; where good manners and politeness may be copied from good examples, and improved by practice.

In a word, as every other society had a beginning, so must Odd Fellows; and there is not the least doubt from the rapid progress they have already made within these few years, but that they will one day vie with any respectable body in numbers, usefulness, wealth and honour; and equally dispersed throughout all parts of the globe, will receive the sign to take each other by the hand, either to render mutually any service within their ability, or to enjoy the pleasure of friendship.

Let us then, by an uniform consistence of conduct and a steady perseverance in the order, preserve its dignity unsul-

lied. Let each study to know and love himself as nature's first law, convinced, that he who violates it must so far degrade his character, as to forfeit all confidence that he will act fairly to another. Let us not be contented with the bare knowledge of a sound system of morality, but become living examples to others; its practice will only tend to our good, but to the brotherhood at large; and the odium hitherto thrown upon us, merely upon account of the name, will quickly be obliterated, to receive in its stead an indelible impression of honor and esteem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SYMBOL.

WINTHROP TUDOR,
OR
TOO RICH TO BE HAPPY.

A TALE. IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM,
Author of "The Quadroon," "The Dancing Feather," "Odd Fellow," "Lafite," &c.

"Happiness is the fruit of constant activity in the performance of duty."

PART II.

THE mode by which Henry Rutgers proposed to cure his friend Tudor of his intellectual and physical inability, was founded upon benevolence and wisdom. An Odd Fellow himself both in spirit and the letter of that noble association, and having been the dispenser as well as the recipient of its benefits, he saw that under the influence of its principles his friend might find that activity and excitement which he in vain sought from other expedients.

"What is it you propose to me?" asked Tudor, catching partial animation from his friend's manner.

"To become an Odd Fellow."

"How is this to cure me?"

"By giving you a field of action of which you are in great need."

"How? In what way?" asked Tudor, listlessly, as if he had little confidence in the prescription of his friend.

"By benevolence and constant good doing."

"I am certainly benevolent. I do good. I never refused any poor person who called at my door."

"This is not that kind of benevolence which will do *you* good. The benefit is all on side. I propose to you a system of benevolence which will do you good also. You give to the door-beggar, or the street suppliant and pass on and never see them again. You take no other than the passing interest in them. There is no good reflected, no benefit realized."

"And how should it be otherwise?"

"In one word, will you become an Odd Fellow?" asked Henry Rutgers, smiling.

"What will this benefit me?"

"It will itself answer all you have just asked?"

"It will be a bore! I hate clubs."

"You will not regret it."

"Will I find excitement in it?" asked the satiated young man.

"Yes."

Tudor paused a moment. He seemed to hesitate.

"I hate masonic institutions," he said peevishly.

"It is not a masonic association. It is true, it acknowledges a secret sign, and the principles of universal philanthropy. But it is by no means a masonic confraternity. Such have more or less, in all countries, been mingled with politics. Ours is as free from politics as the air. Its spirit is not ambition but love. It is a simpler institution, and its philanthropy more direct and practical."

"But —"

"It is your only cure — so don't object,"

"Well, for your sake, Harry, I con-

sent," he answered with a sort of despairing look.

"I will then see one or two mutual friends, here, Odd Fellows to whom you will refer, and have you proposed at the next meeting."

"Refer. What do you mean Harry?"

"Every applicant for admission must give two references for character and standing."

"That I shall not do!" answered Tudor, haughtily.

"It is the form — and in your case it will be merely a form," answered his friend calmly.

"Well, what more is to be done?"

"I will speak to your naval friend, Captain Florence to propose you."

"Is Florence an Odd Fellow?" asked Tudor, with a start of surprise!

"Yes, and has taken all the degrees."

"I will see him to-day. We will call and sup with you and talk it over. He shall propose you to his Lodge. Besides references, you give him your age and residence, and profession."

"Bah!" I suppose I shall call myself a manufacturer of expedients to kill time," answered Tudor, laughing. "As I am not a lady I don't object to tell my age. Well, what further?"

"You will be proposed by name and voted in."

"I may be voted out. Is it to be unanimous?"

"One black ball rejects."

"Perhaps I have an enemy, who may throw in the black ball."

"If he be your enemy and should act so he were no Odd Fellow. He is bound by his covenant to be guided and influenced by Friendship, Truth, and Love. No Odd Fellow would or dare to carry any private animosity within the sacred walls of his Order."

"I confess I should be mortified to be black-balled. But, as you say, that becoming a member will, in some mysteri-

ous way better known to yourself than to me, cure me of my excessive ennui, I give my consent. When shall I be likely to be initiated?"

"If you are proposed the next meeting, you can be initiated the succeeding one."

"How many degrees are there?"

"The initiation is not regarded as a degree. For this you pay an initiatory fee of ten dollars. Some Lodges charge but five. Every succeeding degree is two or three perhaps. I don't know how it is in the Lodges in Boston. The successive degrees can be taken as fast as you choose to advance. And I assure you, the farther you go, the more you will become interested."

"And to what purpose is appropriated this fund accumulated by the initiatory fees; for if the members are numerous, the fund must be large?"

"It becomes a bank and constitutes an investment to bear the current expenses of the Lodges and to relieve the destitute members or their families. For instance, should a mechanic to-morrow join a Lodge, and a month after break his arm, he is entitled on the strength of the five or ten dollars initiatory fee he has paid in, to receive a weekly allowance from the Lodge of three, four or five dollars, as the necessity may be for his support and that of his family until he is able to work again. There are probably two thousand Odd Fellows in Boston, who must have paid in towards the mutual investment, at the very least the aggregate sum of \$15,000. If the fees for degrees were added it would make it nearer \$25,000. Now this fund being under the control of a confederation whose principle it is to do good; whose maxim is to love our neighbor as ourself; and whose motto is "Friendship, Love, and Truth," there is of necessity a vast amount of good done."

"It is then something on the plan of

Eugene Sue's philanthropic idea, of a bank for the poor man, not merely for investment but for aid by small sums loaned."

"In a degree it is similar, though not so fully carried out as Sue's noble plan, which I trust some wealthy man or association of men will yet carry out in this city."

"But if an Odd Fellow in distress or sickness requires a loan, is it not given him?"

"Yes. You remember what I told you of my shipwreck."

"Yes. Well, I am satisfied. I will freely become an Odd Fellow, maugre the black-ball."

"Do not fear that," answered Rutgers, with animation.

"At the next meeting of the Lodge, Winthrop Tudor was proposed by his friend Captain Florence attended them by Henry Rutgers, who though belonging to a Lodge in New York, had free access to all those in Boston and elsewhere. Tudor was *not* black-balled. The Monday following he resolved to be initiated. The idea had got full possession of his hitherto indolent mind, and he was impatient for the evening to arrive. His friend Rutgers had returned to New York the day before, but promised to be back the following week. At seven o'clock, Tudor and his friend Captain Florence, left his house together arm-in-arm to walk to the Lodge.

"Is there nothing unpleasant to pass through in the initiatory process, Florence?" asked Tudor, in a faltering voice, as they walked down Beacon street towards Tremont.

Florence laughed merrily; and then said,

"I see you are thinking of the old Blue-beard tales about masons, Tudor.—There is nothing, rest assured, that transpires there unworthy the dignity of our Order or of your own personal dignity.

All is done decently and in order. The ceremony is solemn and imposing, very. If, as you proceed, you dislike any thing you are at liberty to recede."

"That is well. What time is required?"

"About half an hour or three quarters."

"See that poor wretch half in the gutter, half on the curb stone. He seems drunk, and if so, the first carriage will run over him. How careless these poor wretches are of their lives." And Winthrop Tudor was passing on. But Captain Florence, who was a very fashionable, elegantly dressed man, instantly stopped, and withdrawing his arm from Winthrop Tudor's he approached the man. By the light upon the lamp post against which he leaned, it was seen that he was old, and wretchedly clad. It was a cold night, and both gentlemen though wrapped in cloaks, felt cold.

"What are you going to do, Florence?"

"See what is the matter with this poor man. Come, my good friend," he said kindly, and placing his hand upon his shoulders, "it is too cold for you to sit here in safety, so thinly clad."

"He is inebriated — don't let us waste time Florence; besides, it is a confounding sharp air."

"And that is why I stop. If he is drunk I will call a coach and have him taken where he can be attended to. He will freeze to death here. But he is not drunk. What is the matter, old man?"

"I am cold — I am very hungry — I have no lodging!"

"Enough," said Florence emphatically. "Tudor, be so kind as to step to the front of the Tremont and order a carriage here."

"This is ridiculous," answered Tudor. "Here, give him a dollar and leave him," he said, tossing a dollar into the old man's lap.

Winthrop Tudor was by no means un-

feeling. He always gave readily. His error was, he imagined that money given would relieve all evils. And so he used to give, and without inquiring pass on his way. This is not true philanthropy. Its seat is in the heart, and the heart must first be relieved of anxiety ere the donor leaves the sufferer claiming his relief. Captain Florence was not only a true philanthropist, but also one by covenant, as an Odd Fellow. Had he not been the latter, his natural benevolence might have induced him to stop now to see what ailed the man on the curb-stone. But, perhaps, like Tudor, he might have thrown him money and passed on. But as an Odd Fellow he could not pass him by. He must see that the man whom he was to regard as a brother, was not in want of aid greater than mere money could afford.

Tudor went for the coach and returned in it. Capt. Florence by his aid put the old man in, and they followed. The driver was told to drive rapidly to a comfortable Inn named by Capt. Florence. — Here the man was taken to a warm room, and they did not leave him until they had seen him eat, and put to bed.

"Now we'll go to the Lodge, Tudor."

"It is late. I am surprised to see you take such an interest in an unknown person."

"He is my fellow-being. We are brothers in the eye of God. I am the richer brother. I am richer that I may help my poorer brother. Not to do it would be a crime in me as a man and an Odd Fellow."

"The fellow may to-morrow get drunk on the money you gave him."

"I shall see to that. We do not do things by halves. I shall see him to-morrow. I shall inquire why he was so wretched. I will know what he needs. I will see what he can do. I will find him work, and he shall not suffer again!"

"I like your idea; it is a noble one!"

There must be much happiness in doing good in this way ; in seeing the fruits of your benevolence afterwards ; in seeing comfortable and happy those you have aided. I have given away a good deal, but I have never known any thing afterwards of the recipients of my bounty."

"Therefore you have never realized the happiness that results to the good-doer. But we will hasten. After you have become an Odd Fellow, Rutgers, I have a plan in which we wish you to join. Ah, we are at the door of the edifice. Let us enter."

They proceeded up a flight of stairs to a handsomely lighted upper passage, at the extremity of which stood before a door a man holding in his hand a naked sword. Captain Florence exchanged a word with him, and the door opened and was closed after them.

END OF PART II.

SONG.

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

STAY, melancholy muser, stay,
And tell me all thy sorrow ?
The rose that droops in tears to-day,
May rise in smiles to-morrow :
Ah, yes, when only wet with dew
Of nature's balmy breathing,
Its glories may awake anew,
While beams are round it wreathing.

But that o'er which the chilling blast
Has wildly, darkly driven,
And rudely scattered, as it past,
The charm it caught from heaven ;
Too sadly feels the coming day,
That others joy in viewing,
Will only bring a brighter ray
To smile upon its ruin.

Boston, 1844.

PHYSICIANS must discover the weakness of the human mind, and even condescend to humour them, or they will never be called in to cure the infirmities of the body.

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

LADY C. was a beautiful woman, but Lady C. was an extravagant woman. — She was still single, though rather passed extreme youth. Like most pretty females she had looked too high, and estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds ; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there.

Now in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber ; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex ; and where's the wonder ? Sure, Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smiles the brightest, in all the world.

'So you're not married, Pat ;' says she.

'Niver an inch ! your honor's ladyship,' say he.

'And, would'nt ye like to be married ?' again asked she.

'Would a duck swim ?'

'Is there any one you'd prefer ?'

'Maybe, madam,' says he, 'you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyond Doneraile ? Her father's cousin to O'Donaghew, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the underagent to my Lord Kingston, and —'

'Hush !' says she ; 'sure I dont want know who she is. But, would she have you if you asked her ?'

'Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thrying that same.'

'And why don't you?'

'Sure I'm too poor?' And Philan heaved a prodigious sigh.

'Would you like to be rich?'

'Does a dog bark!'

'If I make you rich will you do as I tell you?'

'Mille murthers! your honor, don't be tantalizing a poor boy.'

'Indeed, I am not,' said Lady C. 'So listen. How would you like to marry me?'

'Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor divil like Pat Philan.'

'Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds.'

'Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people,' roared Pat, dancing round the room.

'But there are conditions,' says Lady C. — 'After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife.'

'I don't like that,' says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

'But, remember Kathleen O'Reilly. — With the money I'll give you, you may go and marry her.'

'That's throe,' says he. 'But, thin, the bigamy?'

'I'll never appear against you,' says her ladyship. 'Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story.'

'Never a word I'll iver say.'

'Well then,' says she; 'there's ten pounds. Go and buy a license, and leave the rest to me;' and then she explained to him where he was to go and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his ap-

pointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

'Have you got the license?' says she.

'Here it is, my lady,' says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband, the legal husband, of the lovely Lady C.

'That will do,' says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; 'that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate.' The old gentlemen did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for sure enough, I forgot to tell you that he was a parson.

'Go and bring me the warden,' says my lady to one of her servants.

'Yes, my lady,' says she; and presently the warden appeared.

'Will you be good enough,' said Lady C. in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, 'will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately.'

'Your ladyship forgets,' replied he, 'that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go.'

'I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me.' And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

'Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single.'

'I tell you I am married.'

'Where's your husband?'

'There, sir!' and she pointed to the astonished barber; 'there he stands. — Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, at your peril.'

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have

spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for sometime Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they had a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat forever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and would'nt feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him go.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was setting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death, the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit seller, because you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus :

'Go to Doneraile and marry Kathleen O' Rielly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise for making you comfortable for life. But as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell your story. — The money will be paid to you directly, if you enclose me your marriage certificate. I send you fifty pounds for present expenses. C.'

'Oh! happy paddy! Didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not an hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, i'faith, he forgot his first wife entirely, and never told any one but myself under the promise of secrecy, the story of his Fleet Marriage.'

THE REEFER BOY.

BY MISS SARAH L. WHITMAN.

I.

'Tis night, 'tis night, how tranquilly
The deep blue waters sleep,
How beautiful! how shadowless!
Is starlight on on the deep,
I love to blend the beautiful
With the sublimely high,
I love to brave the venturesome,
A daring boy am I.

II.

I love the sunset's radiancy,
But more I love the free,
The onward, fearful, changeless course,
Of the unquiet sea.
I love to pace the deck alone,
When the tempest storm is nigh,
When the wild winds swell, and the waters
moan,
And frolicsome clouds rush by!

III.

I've left the midnight cheer below,
Their hollow, senseless joy,
For mid the story, and the song,
Who'll miss the Reefer Boy?
I'm a goodly boy in the Captain's sight,
(And a mischief-making elf
When he turns his back,) ere he's aware
I'll stand at the helm myself.

IV.

I'll dream of glorious things to night,
My heart is full of glee,
I long for climes of sunny light,
Oh! bear me on, thou sea;
I'll stand on temple, minaret,
On England's mossy towers,
I'll climb the rugged Alpine heights,
Oh! for those joyous hours.

V.

I'll gather roses from Cashmere,
I'll tread o'd Scotiu's dales,
Ben Lomond shall speak vocally
Of its wild stirring tales.
Mac Gregor's heath shall be my bed,
Loch Liven's stream shall bear
My bark upon its silvery breast,
Oh! would that I were there.

VI.

Down in its own, strange, hidden glen,
 The rocks above me bent,
 I'll make the grim old mountains ring,
 With wild "Rob Roy's Lament."
 I'll stand o'er fallen cities, where
 Departing glory dwells,
 Of things which have been — but are not
 And every murmur tells,
 The glorious deeds of other days
 'T he fearless, and the free,
 The glory of the warrior-life,
 The charm of chivalry.
 I'll kneel with reverence, and with grief
 Beside the altar-stone,
 Where the Crusader Knight hath vowed,
 And to the dark grave gone.

VII.

But oh my prostrate form shall press
 The turf of Palestine,
 I'll kneel above the mighty dead,
 The lost of Judah's line.
 I'll bathe my forehead with her dew,
 Inhale her cooling breeze,
 And rest me in my weariness,
 Beneath her olive trees.

VIII.

The cadence of her holy streams,
 Shall lull me to repose
 When evening o'er a restless world,
 Its hushing influence throws ;
 And when upon my furrowed brow,
 The white locks cluster round,
 And I know the world as I do my book,
 Oh then I'm "homeward bound."
 And I'll sit in my warm, old easy-chair,
 With my children on my knees —
 And pale their cheeks with thrilling tales,
 Of danger on the seas.

North Bridgewater, Dec. 12, 1843.

MORALITY OF TIME-PIECES. — Perhaps of all the works of man, sun-dials and church clocks are those which have conveyed most feeling to the human heart; the clock more than the sun-dial, because it speaks to the ear as well as the eye, and by night as well as by day. Our forefathers understood this, and therefore they not only gave a tongue to Time, but provided that he should speak often to us,

and remind us that the hours are passing. Their quarter-boys and their chimes, were designed for this moral purpose as much as the memento which is so commonly seen upon an old clock face, — and so seldom upon a new one. — Southey.

"BE QUIET DO, I'LL MY MOTHER."

As I was sitting in a wood,
 Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
 Musing in pleasant solitude,
 Who should come by but John, my lover !
 He press'd my hand and kiss'd my cheek;
 Then warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
 While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,
 "Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He saw my anger was sincere,
 And lovingly began to chide me,
 Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
 He sat him on the grass beside me,
 He feign'd such pretty amorous wo,
 Breathed such sweet vows one after, other,
 I could but smile, while whispering low,
 "Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,
 And swore he meant not to deceive me;
 I felt more grief than I can tell,
 When with a sigh, he rose to leave me;
 "Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go?"
 I love thee better than all other;
 There is no need to hurry so;
 "I never meant to call my mother."

From the New Mirror.

We generally most covet that particular trust which we are least likely to keep. He that thoroughly knows his friends, might, perhaps, with safety, confide his wife to the care of one, his purse to another, and his secrets to a third; when to permit them to make their own choice, would be his ruin.

TRUTH is immortal; no fragment of it ever dies. From time to time the body dies off, but it rises in a more perfect form, leaving its grave clothes behind it, to be perchance worshipped as living things, by those who love to watch among the tombs.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE SURE REWARD OF VIRTUE,
OR THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE greatest miracle in the universe, is that in which men commonly perceive no miracle—the permanence and regularity of the laws of nature. Interruptions and deviations would not be so wonderful as is this majestic *Order* which pervades the whole, or this *harmony* which is more eloquent than if it were vocal. That the dead should come back to life, is not so strange as the mystery of life itself, that the sun should stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon over the valley of Ajalon, is not so wonderful, as that, day after day, he should roll his flaming orb through the same ancient track, and that, with untiring fidelity, through the changeful months, she should return from her shadowy exile, and hang her silver horn in the sky. With no wrinkle upon their faces, they have looked upon the changes that have swept over earth like billows. Through all contentions of the elements, through all convulsions of our old planet, *he* has not reeled upon his axle—while *she* smiles as sweetly upon crumbling graves, moss-grown and forgotten by the children of men, as she did a thousand years ago upon the homes and marts of those who lie in dust beneath.

The permanence and the regularity of the laws of nature—this, we repeat, is the great miracle of the universe. And we have occasion to be grateful for it. It is that manifestation of the immutability of God with which we come most immediately in contact. His unchangeable-

ness is discovered in the unchangeableness of his plans, and the uniformity of the laws which He has established. If human circumstances are mutable and uncertain, even this is the result of an ordained law. If there is any contingency, it is an established contingency. And, we repeat, it is a cause for gratitude that things are so. Otherwise there could be no calculation, and no faith. The hand might toil and the brow might sweat in vain. Contending virtue might look dubiously to the result of its conflict, and sin anticipate a lasting victory. All things that we trust in—all things that we hope for—all things to which the heart renders its faith, rest upon the immutability of those laws which come from God, and inhere in the nature of things.

Yet, strange as it may seem, there are some who even, while discrediting all reports of miracles, perhaps—virtually expect miracles to be wrought for them—expect that the laws of nature will be suspended, and that effects at least as old as humanity will not follow causes as old as the morning stars. For instance, a man pursues a career a vice. He drinks deep and becomes intoxicated with excess of sensuality. He violates conscience, turns a deaf ear to reason, drowns all warning in the delirious shout of self-confidence, and turns from pleading affection with apathy or contempt. And yet this man cherishes the idea, we may say expects, that he shall reap no sad harvest. He is daily sowing pernicious seed, and yet expects no evil crop. A vigorous constitution, a course of pros-

perity, a rapid succession of sensual delights, assists his delusion, and perhaps nourishes it for years. But let him not expect to waive the ordained law; let him not think that the bitterness and pang will never come. It would indeed be a miracle if they did not come! They will come, not so quick, but as sure as the thunder-peal will follow the flash. — That body worn and exposed to all trials will yield at last. Its jaded nerves will become impotent and unstrung. Shadows will settle upon those strained eye-balls. Disease will attenuate that now-bloated face. And in the mysterious mazes of that mind spectral memories will rise with gestures of reproach, and conscience will utter its maledictions. This is inevitable. God has linked these effects with those causes, stronger than with links of an iron chain. Sin, and yet not suffer? The miracle will not be performed. The law is invariable, and its penalty must follow.

Again, there are others who hope to lead lives of indolence, and yet to enjoy the fruits of prudence and labor. Would it not be a miracle if they should do so, and thus the sluggard have a crop like his' who rises early and toils late? It never can be so; but, to the end of time, thistles will twine around the threshold of the one, and golden plenty wave in the fields of the other. Think not to procure the fruits of labor by anything but labor — think not to be rich, unless yours is the hand of the diligent. Think not to waste and to spend, and yet have a supply for the adverse day. Think not to walk upon coals, and not be burnt. — Strange delusions are there in life — most insane expectations of miraculous interference. Men will openly violate the laws of physical health, and yet think to escape disease. They will indulge in extravagance, and expect to avoid the evils of poverty. They will use no exertion, and yet think to be clothed, and

fed, and to accumulate like him who imitates the ant and the bee. It must be that men do expect such things, else we should not see so much recklessness, so much indolence, so much imprudence. — Men *do* expect that some kindly element, some guardian power, will interfere to save them from the natural effects of their conduct. Dismiss this error at once. — God's laws are unalterable. It is true that the Word says, "Take no thought for the morrow," and we are pointed to the lillies of the field, and the fowls of the air, as exemplifications of the providence of the Universal Father. But does this give any countenance to the expectation that results will follow out of the usual course of nature? Do we expect that if we sit still in the spring-time, and sow no seed, that a crop will grow up for us in the autumn? Because the lillies of the field are clothed so royally, shall we be dressed in rich apparel without any effort on our part? Because we are told to take no thought for the morrow, shall we provide no fuel for the winter, no bread for the coming day? Let us interpret these texts rationally, as men interpret them in their lives, every hour. — Let us see in them an argument that our labors shall be blessed, our wants cared for; but not that *indolence* shall fare as well as *industry* — or our sleep produce as much as our active toil.

But there is also encouragement in this great truth, that the laws of God are unchangeable, and will secure their results. No good deed shall go unrewarded — no labor shall be wholly in vain. Dark may be the time of the first effort — many may be the hours of trial — but "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." In our task we are often assailed and troubled, but without this there could be no such thing as faith. Yet we must also have this certainty of reward, or we could not go

on with the work. And how often, and how beautifully in man's history has this reward been manifested! No noble effort has died abortive. Long ages, perhaps, have passed away, and the memory of the good has *almost* perished. Some truth has been uttered, and fallen on dull and contemptuous ears, but it has always lived on, and the world, by and by, hears it, and the spirit that uttered it has its reward. Love has watched over the wanderings of the prodigal, has been rejected and maltreated by those for whom it labored — its pleadings have been thrust aside with scorn — its good deeds have been perverted into evil opportunities — but, in the end, it has achieved its triumph. The hard heart has melted, the iron will has bent, and the stubborn soul has poured out its tribute in penitent tears at the feet that have been lacerated in pilgrimages to save it. This is God's law — beautiful as the bonded ordinances of heaven — certain as their obedient revolutions.

You have a duty to perform — you know it to be a *duty*. It requires self-sacrifice — it demands much labor — it may, even, involve peril — and yet it *should* be done. Go forth and do it! — Let nothing prevent you. Even though it be with weeping, go forth and do it! *The reward will surely come.* You are in some course of sin. It seems, nay, it *is*, hard to break from it. It will cost effort and pain to do so. But do it! In that earnest labor of toil and tears lies the earnest of a glorious recompense. — Upon this new year, my brother Odd-Fellow, let it be your resolve to be true to duty — to labor for the good object — however inauspicious, however stern the task. And this shall yield you a glorious reward. It is the only certainty to which you can look forward through the coming year. How vividly do the changes of a twelve-month impress us with the great truth of the inviolability of God's

laws — of the uncertainty of man's expectations! Through the drought, and the shower, and the sunshine, and the harvest, and the eager frost, the great process keeps at work, and now, behold! we stand at the entrance of another year, and the earth prepares again to run its course through the chequered zodiac. It is the same old law steadily at work, as when the morning stars sang together. — But how many of man's schemes have proved abortive — how many of man's calculations have been defeated! How many plans for the coming year will be blighted! how many hopes crushed! — But one plan will not be defeated — that which is in accordance with the higher law of God. A virtuous life will certainly secure a happy result. Wind, nor storm, nor disappointment, nor death can prevent this. My brother, not merely *wish* for a happy new year, but work for it. Sow the truth, plant virtue in your heart, watch over them and nourish them, and it will, it must be, a happy year.

I. O. or O. F. We are informed by the Augusta, (Me.) Age that a Lodge has been established in that town, under the name of Sabbattis Lodge, No, 6. The installation of its officers took place on Wednesday evening week, by D. D. G. S. Churchill, assisted by several gentlemen of the Order from Portland. The Lodge has fitted up a Hall in Wingate's Building, in a very handsome manner, and they have commenced operations with very flattering prospects of success. They have now some 40 members, and, we believe, a large number of applications for membership have already been made. The following are the principal officers of the Lodge:—

John G. Sawyer, N. G. Wm. R. Smith, V. G. Wm. B. Hartwell, Secretary. I. Snell, Jr. Treasurer.

ODD FELLOW'S OFFERING.—We understand this Annual for 1844 has been published. We have not yet seen a copy, and therefore cannot speak of its contents. As we wish to keep the brethren advised of all things which may interest them relative to the Order, we shall if possible, obtain a copy of the work, and give a review of the same in our next. — We know of no Agent for the Offering in this city.

☞ Drs. Cummings and Eastham (dentists,) have removed their place of business from School st. to No. 27, Winter st. Their rooms are furnished in the most elegant manner, and nothing is wanting to render every possible comfort to those who may favor them with a call. The apartments are so arranged that patients can be received and waited upon in the most quiet manner, and free from the interruption of strangers.

Ladies and gentlemen having occasion to visit Bros. C. and D. for operation on the teeth, will receive every possible attention, and on terms the most reasonable. See advertisement.

☞ A dispensation has been granted by the officers of the Grand Lodge for a charter for a new Lodge in this city, to be called "Montezuma Lodge, No. —." We understand the petitioners have leased Winthrop Hall, as the place in which to hold their meetings. We hope it may be so, as it will make it much more convenient for the brethren at the north and west part of the city to attend.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange will confer a favor on us by publishing our Prospectus for a new volume of the Symbol.

☞ The office of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge is removed to Gray's Building, No. 30, Court St. Office hours from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M., and from 3 to 6 o'clock, P. M.

☞ The present is the season when the exercise of the principle of Charity is most urgently called for. Around us, on every hand, are its subjects. They meet us at every tread, and imploringly ask our aid. The half-clad, the sorrow-stricken, the wretched sons of varied want and destitution, present a claim on our sympathies which cannot be disregarded without doing violence to the better principles of our nature, and slighting the high mandates of Heaven. There is too much indifference and apathy in community on this matter. We know well that the ranks of the humane are large—that their organized operations are effective. Thanks, many and sincere, for all this. But, notwithstanding such is the fact, there is, (to the shame of such be it spoken,) a class who strive to throw off their individual responsibility, and to rid themselves of the discharge of their own proper duty under the plea that the friends of benevolence can better perform the task of alleviating human suffering in an associated form, and through the regular channels of an organized and officered body. This, however, is but a flimsy excuse for the neglect of a positive duty. Each one should feel a personal concern in the case. There are instances of want, too numerous, alas! in our city at this moment, where individual relief can only be necessary—instances which no humane society will ever find out. Many there are in want who would not have their actual circumstances made public, more especially through the medium of a charitable society. The hand of friendship can alone supply the wants of such. Let, then, this idea of individual responsibility be forcibly impressed upon the mind. Now is the time for action. The cold winds and bitter frosts of winter deepen the sorrows of the desponding soul, and make more desolate the home where penury holds her constant sway.

Notices of Literary Works, &c.

Harper's Bible.

We have received the first No. of this beautiful work. We have *never* seen any Bible that will at all compare in richness with the specimen before us.—The embellishments are not of a catch-penny order, but are admirably executed with taste and correctness, embodying the idea graphically and truly. For illustration, look at the beautiful engraving on the first page, over the first chapter of Genesis—a most chaste and natural conception: Eden freshened, as she was supposed to exist in the days when the Mighty God walked with the children of men.

The Messrs. Harpers deserve a generous support for their endeavors to place before the whole people that greatest and best of works, in a style worthy of their generous support and most liberal patronage; and we doubt not, from the rapid sales of the first number, that they will receive that encouragement which they so richly deserve. The work may be had of Messrs. Redding & Co., 8 State St., and Saxton & Pierce, Washington St., who will supply all orders with promptness and despatch.

Moll Pitcher.

This interesting tale is founded upon incidents &c. in the life of that singular woman, and in point of fidelity to the local history, and prominent points, is a credit to the writer, and, we doubt not, will be a source of profit to the publishers. It has a great sale. Published by Redding & Co.

Life in Boston.

No. 1 is an amusing sketch, entitled "Sewing Circles." Go and purchase the same, gentlemen. We shall say no more about it. If, however, you ever go to one of these "circles," never look after lost needles. 'Tis infinitely worse than "standing for a yarn machine," or "go-

ing down North End, as far as Chelsea Ferry." Published by Redding & Co.

Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

Saxton & Pierce have for sale this valuable work, in three volumes.

MARRIED,

At the Tremont Temple, 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Colver, Bro. Charles Edward Bennett, formerly of New Gloucester, Me., to Miss Mary Oliver Odiorne, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

We kindly return our thanks for the cake that accompanied the above notice. It was the most delicious bit, "take it all in all," we ever saw.—The basket of fruit, *in frost*, was indeed beautiful. We presume it was sent us with the intention of being considered as a kind of index as to the future faithfulness of the donors. We wish the married couple all the pleasure possible in their new relations.

In West Cambridge, 7th inst., by Rev. Bro. J. C. Waldo, Mr. Thomas P. Pierce, and Miss Harriet Lock.

The printer would not, of course, suffer the present opportunity to pass without expressing a word of thankful remembrance for the generous manner in which he has been regarded by the newly married pair. They have his sincerest wishes for the enjoyment of the highest happiness which the married state can afford.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

Massachusetts.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmands, "
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John Schouler, "
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village.
E. H. Smith, Woburn.
Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.
Wm. Monroe, Chelsea.
Adrian Low, Salem.

Maine.

David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland.
Jos. L. Smith, Portland.
Jeremiah Mason, Saco.
George Prince, Thomaston.

Connecticut.

Safford & Park, Norwich.
Charles Ball, New Haven,

Horace Warren, Ithica, (N.Y.)
D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

PROSPECTUS
OF A NEW VOLUME OF
THE SYMBOL,
AND
ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

To be under the control of
Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin.

THE subscriber, publisher of **THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE**, proposes publishing the forthcoming volume, (to commence in February next,) in a manner somewhat different from that it has heretofore been published, making such alterations and improvements as cannot fail of placing it, in point of talent and interest, among the first and foremost of the publications devoted to the cause of Odd Fellowship.

That such a publication must tend greatly to promote the welfare of this truly noble Institution, will not, it is presumed, be denied, as much interesting and instructive matter will be imparted thro' its pages which cannot, in the nature of things, be communicated in the precincts of a Lodge-room, and the enemies of the Order, urged on as they are by ignorance and prejudice, will ever be met by a full and candid exposition of those great moral principles upon which the Order is based—principles which the world at large stand so much in need of, and which are the glory and pride of every true Odd Fellow.

To render the **SYMBOL** worthy the glorious cause of Odd Fellowship, the subscriber is determined to spare no pains whatever; and he takes great pleasure in announcing, that, the more effectually to secure it a high reputation, its entire management will be under the immediate and sole control of

REV. BRO. E. H. CHAPIN, of Charlestown,

Mass., whose long connection with the Institution, and well known and acknowledged literary attainments are sufficient guarantee that the Order will receive that attention and support which it so justly deserves.

Terms.—The **SYMBOL** will be published monthly, each number to contain forty-eight large octavo pages, at the low price of **Two DOLLARS** per annum, payable in advance. It is sincerely hoped that the brethren will come forward and lend their aid in sustaining a work which has for its aim the furtherance of so noble an object.

THOMAS PRINCE.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1844.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—C C Hayden, CP. Wm. H. Jones, HP. H. Willis, JW. A P Cleverly, Scribe. E Wasson, Treasurer, A W Pollard, SW.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Newell A. Thompson, CP. Raymond Cole, HP. George L. Montague, SW. John McClellan, JW. Edward Howe, Scribe. Alfred Mudge, Treasurer.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—D. Dodge, CP. J. C. Waldo, HP. John Schouler, SW. J. Vaughton, JW. J. F. Pattee, Scribe. J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP. James M. Stone, HP. Hargraves Lord, SW. Job H. Cole, JW. Alex'r Greene, Scribe. Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Sam'l R. Slack, C. P. John S. Ladd, HP. Asa D. Pattee, SW. Lester Leland, JW. Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe. Isaac Kendall, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—E. H. Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F. Norris RWDGM: J. Henry Browne, RWGW: William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—J L Drew, DM. Edw'd Tyler, ADM. Jeremiah Richards, ADDM. Wm Ingalls, P. G. E F Follensbee, VG. Charles Waite, Sec'y. Charles B Kingman, Treas.

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SILAM LODGE, No. 2.—Thacher Beal, NG. Alfred Mudge, VG. Robert W Hall, Rec. Sec'y. John McClellan, Per. Sec'y. George A Curtis, Treas. Otis A Skinner, Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4.—John S Ladd, NG. Wm. A. Hall, VG. Edward W Gibson, Sec'y. George W Fifield, Treas'r. Elbridge G. Brooks, Chaplain.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, P. G. John Wright, NG. John Taft, VG. Dan'l McLennan, Secretary; A. Greene, Treas'r.

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MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—J. H. Cole, NG. A. R. Brown, VG. J. S. Morse, Sec'y. H. S. Orange, Per. Sec'y. S. D. Emerson, Treas. A. A. Minor, Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—J. C. Waldo, P. G. Ichabod Fessenden, N. G. Paul F. Dodge, V. G. John Jarvis, Rec. Sec'y. Michael Kenny, Per. Sec'y. Jesse P. Pattee, Treasurer.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Chas. A. Stevens, PG: Ly-sander Barnes, NG: Geo. H. Hudson, VG: E. L. Brainard, Rec. Sec'y; S. H. Phelps, Permanent Sec'y; Henry Lyon, Treasurer.

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COLUMBIAN LODGE, No. 29.—Alfred J Rhoades, NG. Asaph Langley, VG. Lyman Dyke, Sec'y. Samuel Hall, Treasurer.

Maine.

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MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—James N. Winslow, N. G. Edward Wheeler, Jr, VG. James Pratt, Rec. Sec'y. Jno. G. Warren, Per. Sec'y. Harris C. Barnes, Treas.

SACO LODGE, No. 2.—George C. Churchill, PG. Geo. A. Warren, NG. James Smith, VG. Stephen Webster, Sec'y. Jeremiah Mason, Treasurer.

GEORGIAN LODGE, No. 3.—Lucius H. Chandler, NG. George Prince, V. G.; C. Prince, Sec'y; Michael Libby, Treasurer.

ANCIENT BROTHERS' LODGE, No. 4.—Thomas O. Gould, NG. Benj. Kingsbury, Jr. VG. Charles F. Little, Rec. Sec'y. Jonathan G. True, Per. Sec'y. Mathew F. Whitler, Treasurer.

LIGONIA LODGE, No. 5.—John D. Kinsman, NG. Theophilus C. Hersey, VG. Jos. T. Mitchell, Sec'y. Rufus Read, Treasurer.

New Hampshire.

GRANITE LODGE, No. 1, Nashua.—David Philbrick, NG. Charles T. Gill, VG. Edwin P. Hill, Sec'y. John L. Pollard, Treasurer. A. L. Arnold Chaplain.

HILLSBORO' LODGE, No. 2.—Walter French, NG. Chas. Wells, VG. Isaiah Wench, Sec'y. J. G. Cilley, Treas.

Connecticut.

UCCAS LODGE—Norwich.—Charles A. Converse, NG. Philo M. Judson, VG. T. Walt, Sec'y. Theodore Raynond, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Covenant Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays in each month.
Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., & p at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
Massachusetts, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
Tremont, No. 15, do do Wednesday.
Franklin, 23, do do Tuesday.
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tu. Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
Boston, 25, do do Friday.
Union Degree Lodge, do Saturday.
New England, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
Mechanics', No. 11, do Friday.
Oberlin 23, do Tuesday.
Middlesex, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Tuesday.
Winnissimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnissimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
Essex, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday

Maine.

Maine, 1, Portland, Union st.,	Mon.
Ancient Brothers, 3,	
Ligonia 5,	Wed.
Union Degree 1,	
Machigonne Encampment, 1,	Satur.
Saco, 2, Saco, Central Hall,	Tue.
Georgian, 4, West Thomaston,	Fri.

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall,	Tues.
Hillsboro', 2, Hillsboro', Odd Fellows Hall,	Mon.

Rhode Island.

Friendly Union, 1, Providence,	
Eagle, 2,	Saturday.

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequannock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatonic 6, Derby	do
Samaritan, 7, Danbury,	Wednesday.
Mercantile, 8, Hartford,	Saturday.
Thames 9, New London,	Monday.
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Uncas, 11, Norwich,	Mon.
Central, 12, Middletown,	Tuesday.
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	
Encampment, No. 2, East Hadden.	
Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich.	

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

Mount Hebron, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Sinai, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Horeb, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
Mosaic, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
Palestine, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
Salem, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Mount Olivet, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
En-Hakkore, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Troy, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Mount Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
Mount Hope, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

New York, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesday.
United Brothers, 5, same place, Wednesday.
Clinton Degree, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
Bowery do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
Hudson do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
Erie, do. 3, Buffalo.
Rensselaer, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
Duchess Degree Lodge, 9, Channingville.
Selby do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
Albany City, No. 11, Albany.
Monroe, No. 12, Rochester.
Franklin, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10	do do
Getty's, 11,	do do
Germania, 13,	do do
Tentonia, 14,	do do
Mariner's, 23,	do do
National, 30,	do do
Metropolitan, 33,	do do
Concorde, 43,	do do
Hancock, 49,	do do
Oriental, 68,	do do
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,	Mon.
Ark, 28	do do
Enterprise, 36,	do do
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery,	Thurs.
Harmony, 44,	do Mon.
Grove, 58,	do do
German Oak, 187 Bowery,	Thurs.
Empire, 64,	do do
Croton, 78,	do do
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,	Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do,	do do
Meridian, 42, do,	do do
Chelsea 84,	do do
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st.,	Mon.
United Brothers, 52	do Tues.
Howard, 60,	do Wed.
Marion 34,	do Thurs.
Fidelity 87,	do Fri.
Commercial, 67,	do Fri.
Knickerbocker, 22,	do Thurs.
Mercantile, 47,	do Tues.
Olive Branch, 31,	do Wednes.
Mount Vernon, 73,	do Fri.

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues.
Nassau, 39,	do do
Atlantic, 50,	do do
Fulton, 66,	do do
Long Island, 63, Wallabout,	do Fri.

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg,	Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62,	do Tues.
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co.,	Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74	do do
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co.,	Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co.	Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co.,	Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie,	do Mon.
Duchess, 59,	do do
Fireman's, 19,	Albany, Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16,	do Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5,	do
Union, 8,	do
American, 32,	do Wednes.
Watervliet, 38, West Troy,	Mon.
Spartan, 62,	do Fri.
Phoenix, 41, Albany,	Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy,	Wednes.
Trojan, 27,	do Mon.
Star, 29, Lansingburgh,	Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy,	Thurs.
Halcyon, 56,	do Thurs.
Niagara, 25, Buffalo,	Mon.
Buffalo, 37,	do Tues.

Tehoseronon, 48,	do	Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester,		Fri.
Teoronto, 69,	do	
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,		Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithica,		
Rockland County, 76,		Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,		Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.		
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.		
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.		

Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIRE.

Brethren out of the State of Massachusetts, and in any of the New England States where there is no Grand Lodge, will apply for charters, &c. to Bro. ALBERT GUILD, D. D. G. Sire, and not to me.

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G. M. of Massachusetts.

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Jan. 1, 1844.

THE SYMBOL,
AND
ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE

EDITED BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN,

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THE SYMBOL.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1844.

NUMBER 12.

ATTACHMENT.

A STORY OF LOVE AND DEBT.

A CURIOUS anecdote was once related to us, with name of person, and place and the date of the event, which we shall repeat for the benefit of the rising generation, who, in their haste to carry out their views, may commit some mistake whose effect will be permanent.

Mr. Rhodes was the High Sheriff of——county, Massachusetts; and his good name, inherited from the father, and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man. Why Mr. Rhodes never got married, the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often; but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth, (Mr. Rhodes was thirty-five, at least,) which was known only to himself, and perhaps one other.

"Some disappointment," said Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed; "Some fatal disappointment."

"Not at all," said her maiden aunt, "not at all; nobody ever thought that Mr. R. had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest, that I should like to see him make a proposal."

"No doubt of it, aunt, no doubt of it; and to hear him, too," said Anna.

"Your father and I," said Anna's mother, "once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood."

"Was he accepted by Miss Morgan?" asked Anna.

"I don't believe she ever had an offer," said aunt Arabella.

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wilton, "but she certainly deserved one from Mr. Rhodes; and I have frequently thought that, during services in church, he was about to make proposals before all the congregation, as he kept his eye continually on her."

"Do you think," asked Anna, "that Miss Morgan was so fond of him as he appeared to be of her?"

"She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings," said Mrs. Wilton, "for she never looked at him in church, and seemed to blush when, by any means, she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her."

"I should think," said Anna, partly aside, "that a man like Mr. Rhodes would not lack confidence to address a lady, especially if she was conscious of her own feelings, and of his infirmity."

Mrs. W. smiled, and aunt Arabella was about to say that no lady should ever evince her feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilmot remarked, that once, when she had joked Miss

Morgan upon her conquest, she rather pettishly replied, "that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power."

"Conquest and possession did not go together, then," said Anna.

"Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes's single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look in church, who would be likely to look at him also?" said Anna, nodding towards her aunt.

"No," said aunt A. with a hearty smile, "none in the pew to which you allude. I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment, 'thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, nor his ass,' ever to be looking *over* Miss Morgan at Mr. Rhodes."

* * * * *

One morning Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office, when one of the deputies read off a list of executions and attachments, which he had on hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

"Let me take that," said the Sheriff, with some feeling; "it is out of your walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person to-morrow morning."

The modest vehicle of the officer stopped at the door of a neat dwelling house in a retired, delightful situation, where all things told of *taste* and economy. The Sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house, and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative.

As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall, he thought over the part he had to perform — how he should introduce the subject — how, if the debt should prove to be onerous, he should contrive to lighten the burthen by his own abilities;

and when he reached the door, he had conned his salutation to the lady, and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door — Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated, and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitancy, Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the object of his visit; so he offered, by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coldness of the spring.

"Yes," said Miss Morgan; "but yet cold as the weather has been, and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have their richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant."

"True," said Mr. Roberts; "it seems that though there may be a great deal of coldness, that nature will have her own way, and, in time, assert her prerogative, late, perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same."

Mr. Rhodes felt rather startled at his own speech, and looking up, was infinitely astonished to see that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that was hanging against the window.

"We are always pleased," said Miss M., "to see what we admire breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been restrained, and satisfying our hopes of their ultimate disclosure."

Miss Morgan was looking directly towards the bush on which three roses were clustering in a most gorgeous richness.

Mr. Rhodes put his hand into his pocket, and felt of the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

"I have," said Mr. Rhodes, "an *attachment*."

Miss Morgan this time lent blushes to the rose.

"The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of

a distant date, and I felt that too much time had already elapsed; that, indeed, instead of entrusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy, it would be proper for me to come in person."

"For me, *Mr. Rhodes*? the attachment for me!"

"As I was saying, *Miss Morgan*, the attachment I have; and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered, if there was any deficiency in the value of this property."

"*Mr. Rhodes*, you seem to be rather enigmatical."

"I, nevertheless," said *Mr. R.*, "mean to speak very plainly when I say that with reference to this attachment, *Miss Morgan*, should you honor me so far as to accept my proposition, my pecuniary means would be devoted to the—to the attachment."

"I was," said *Miss Morgan*, "wholly unprepared for this."

"I was afraid that was the case," said *Mr. Rhodes*, "and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person."

"You are very considerate, *Mr. R.*"

"Am I then to understand, *Miss Morgan*, that my proposition is agreeable to you? In other words, that it is accepted?"

"*Mr Rhodes*," said the lady, with hesitancy, "I must claim a little time to think of it."

"I will call, then, on my return from the village beyond."

"Let me ask a little more time," said she; "say next week."

"*Miss Morgan*," said *Mr. Rhodes*, "the matter requires immediate answer; the attachment is of an old date, and time now is everything. My feelings are deeply interested; and may I not hope that while you are using so short a time to consider a subject which you are pleas-

ed to view as of such great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my wishes and my feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which, I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract."

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own unwonted volubility, which, indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as *Miss Morgan* from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place, deeply occupied with his good purpose towards *Miss Morgan*, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his untold and unknown affection for her, and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom, and desired the advice of her married sister, who was unfortunately absent. That *Mr. Rhodes* had once felt a strong attachment to her, she could not doubt; that he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feeling she had not ventured to hope. But as it was evident that the proposition of *Mr. Rhodes* was not from any sudden impulse, *Miss Morgan* resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts

In less than two hours, *Mr. Rhodes* drove up to the door again, fastened his horse and was re-admitted into the little back parlor, which he had occupied in an early part of the day.

"*Miss Morgan*," said *Mr. Rhodes*, "before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposals, I wish to state to you that I have reconsidered all the circumstances of my situation and yours, and find myself better able, from some previously unconsidered matters, to keep

my part of the arrangement than I thought myself, when I ventured to make the offer; so that the kindness, if you will have that word used in this matter, is all on your side."

"Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance, and our family intercourse, though of late rather interrupted," said Miss Morgan, "and my right, by years, (she added, casting a glance at a looking glass that showed only matured womanhood,) to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposal favorably."

"Consider! Miss Morgan, consider favorably! may I not hope you mean that you will *accept* it?"

Miss Morgan gave no answer.

"Nay, then, it is accepted," said Mr. Rhodes, with a vivacity that Miss Morgan thought would have brought him to her lips—her hand, at least.

"How happy you have made me," said Mr. Rhodes; "having now disposed of this matter, there are ten days allowed."

"That's very short," said Miss Morgan, "only ten days, you seem to be in a haste unusual to you at least."

"It is the attachment, and not I, that is imperative."

"You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes."

"But truly, very truly, Miss Morgan."

"But why limit us to ten days?"

"The attachment requires it."

"I thought," said she, smiling, "the attachment would be for life."

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly towards the lady.

"My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that, for once in my life, I have blundered into the right path? Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?"

"If there is any mistake," said Miss Morgan, "I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that

Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter and sister of his former friends."

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment, and showed it to Miss Morgan.

"This is certainly your *name*, and this property—"

"Is the disputed possessions," said Miss Morgan, "of my sister-in-law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan?"

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

"So, Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have little of my own, you, of course, have no claim upon my person."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Morgan, I beg your pardon. You have not the property, indeed, for me to attach, but be pleased to read lower down on the writ; you will see—look at it if you please—" **FOR WANT THEREOF TAKE THE BODY.**"

"But, Mr. Rhodes, the promise was extorted under a misapprehension, so that I am released."

"Not at all; you are only required to fulfil the promise just as you intended when you made it. And as to the *attachment* for the widow and her property, I'll serve that by deputy."

In ten days the clergyman, and not the magistrate was called in, and the whole arrangement was consummated.

And aunt Arabella, who was so careful about the tenth commandment, declared that it said nothing about coveting a neighbor's husband, and if it had, she did not think that she should violate it.

He is a free man who desires nothing; and he is a slave who expects that which he wishes.

Take and give with equity.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY P. G. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER XI.

"Now I'll do my own work—who shall deter me?"

THE officer being determined to obtain ample compensation for his wounded dignity, and still tarnished reputation, which had suffered through the slanders of Guizot, and the broken laws of the most admirable discipline,—society required at his hands the most ample vindication—all which tended to place his trembling victim still more firmly in his grasp.

This public exhibition tended not a little toward the perfecting of that scheme of personal satisfaction, which now, for the first time, he contemplated; he therefore rather enjoyed than otherwise, the presence of that sprinkling of living, moving, curiosities of men, as curious in costume as in manners, who were on tiptoe for one of those explosions, the consequence or finale of which they cared not for so long as they derived amusement from the shifting of the scenes for an hour or two. Such is Parisian life, the misfortunes, and crimes of the one party, affording amusement, or pastime for the other party.* The officer beckoned Guizot into the recess of a small curtained alcove, which was a little to the left of my place of observation, but affording a very good view of their persons, and a comfortable listening position for your humble servant.

Officer.—"Well, Guizot, what say you to this *second offence*? A reprimand before the guard and a fine of 120 francs is not a trifle, if a mere fine of 60 francs

* Not however, that there are no praiseworthy and laudable exceptions,—as the Fancy Dealer, in this motly group,—but there is a larger portion of the class known as the *Tapis Franc* company, whose scale of morality is by no means of an exalted character.

were before. What have you to say for yourself?"

Guizot.—(Trembling.) "Mr. Officer, if you will not expose me this time, I will be forever your debtor—I will do almost anything to retain my place,—I—I——"

Officer.—"You will cut off my ears, as you wittily observed, the last time you were drinking at Allies, with Martin, Patterson, and Orlof, will you?"——

Guizot.—"Mercy Monsieur, be not so hard upon me. I was in my cups, I, I, was intoxicated, I was overcome, I crave your pardon, I will never offend again, upon my honor, I will not."

Officer.—"Upon your *honor*, you tell about honor, you, who have not honor enough to speak but a word that would have saved a fellow being from a seven years' labor at the galleys; a fine specimen of honor, truly, you are a mere tool, you will do anything for money—abject and cowardly, as you are, you yet dare to defame the character of others, who, for your vile slanders, had now been at home in the bosom of their families, enjoying the comforts of life; which your villany has forced from them. Do you deny it?"

Guizot.—"He was mine enemy,—and I was revenged upon him—he struck me, and I swore a solemn oath of vengeance, I have had it—I have had it,"—(in a low tone.)

Officer.—"Very well, your own time has come for punishment—and yet, you crawl upon your belly like an envenomed adder, as you are, and sue for mercy—I shall report you to the Minister of the Police to-night, and to-morrow you will grace the public stocks—pay a fine of 120 francs—one half of which I (slapping his pocket) shall put in here for safe keeping, and you, you stand a reprimanded culprit,—ha! ha! so you see we are about to be quits. I have an excellent memory, by the way, and a word

in your ear; when you again amuse the ladies with your witty remarks, be so good as to keep my name out of them, or it may fare worse with thee next time."

While the above conversation was taking place within the alcove, another personage had been added to the number already assembled, and as he has an important part to act in the sequel to the *Five Franc Piece*, a description of his person will not be out of place on this occasion. Gerald Montague, was a short, thick-set, swarthy, visaged personage, whose sunken grey eye and shaggy brow, told of determination of purpose, firmness and courage. His was a countenance by no means to be mistaken — there was a glance of his eye which betokened hatred, and when provoked as in this instance, there appeared from beneath his scowling brow, an expression almost fiend-like; striding to the bar, he stood for a moment regarding the motly assemblage around him — and then in a low suppressed tone, as he placed a five franc piece upon the counter, and pointed with his finger to a decanter which from the dark complexion of its contents, he knew to be brandy, of the quality and proof he was accustomed to drink, uttered the single word, brandy. The vessel was set before him by the *Dame du Comptoir*, and he poured out a bumper of the dark liquid and giving it a slight dash from a water flask, swallowed it at a draught. Placing the empty flaggon upon the board with one hand, he with the other swept off the change, and deposited it in his pocket, at the same time, turning partly round his ear he caught the sound of the voices in the alcove. He approached the curtain with a stealthy step in that unconcerned manner that would be likely to pass for an accidental movement to unaccustomed eyes. Yet there was in the movement and act, sufficient tact displayed to awaken in myself, a degree of

curiosity as to the part he was to play in this darkening picture — leaning against one of the carved pillars of the saloon, just in rear of the alcove, with his ear close to the curtain, we leave him playing with the tassel, while we give the reader a description of his dress, &c. — Over a faded brown vest, which had been of fashionable material once, he wore a short blue cloak, which reached to his knees and served to partially conceal the hilt of a steel rapier, or sort of short hunting knife — his breeches were of a light brown, striped with a dark stripe — wash leather gaiters of the "Spanish style," but soiled and much cut, encased his feet, and a broad rimmed hat, looped with a single button, adorned his head. He stood for several moments listening with much apparent interest to the whispered conversation carried on behind the curtain, passing his hand now and then across his brow, as though in deep perplexity, he started with the same leisure, stealthy tread to the reading table, and writing a word or two upon the blank margin of one of the daily papers, tore the scrap and rolling the same in his fingers to a compactness which enabled him to give it a certain aim, directed it over the curtain into the alcove, and immediately left the apartment.

At this moment, Guizot was heard to say, "I'll give you my answer to-morrow night, at seven o'clock."

[*Officer and Guizot emerging from beneath the curtain.*]

Officer. — "Well, in case you fail, you know the result, beware how you trifle with me again the second time."

Guizot. — "I do know the result, and if I fail, on my own head be the consequences —"

Officer. — "Be it so." — (Exit Officer.)

Guizot. — (To *Dame du Comptoir*,) — "Jennette, what's the hour?"

Jennette. — "Monsieur has not lost his senses, has he — look at the clock

yonder, it is about to strike the hour — there — (the clock strikes) two is the hour."

Guizot. — "No, (abstractly) *seven* is the hour." — (Exit *Guizot*.)

DEATH OF GENERAL HINMAN.

EVERY day tends to remind us of the vanity and uncertainty of life, and to proclaim, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Scarcely has the ringing earth ceased to vibrate upon our hearts as it falls upon the coffin lid, ere the knell of death tells us another has fallen, and thus we are scattered as the leaves of an autumn forest before an untimely winter's blast. Seldom has our Order had such cause for mourning — never, unless in the demise of some of its founders in this country, than it now has in the death of Gen. HINMAN. This melancholy event is announced in the New Haven *Columbian Register* of November 18th:

"It is with heartfelt sorrow that we announce the death of ROBINSON S. HINMAN, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate for the District of New Haven, and a member of the bar of this county. He died at the house of William H. Ellis, Esq. in this city, on Friday evening, the 10th instant, at the age of forty-two years. Though prepared, from his declining health, to expect this sad termination, yet we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the melancholy reality. Cut down in the prime of life — in the midst of his usefulness — surrounded by friends as true as any man ever had — respected universally in the community, and most of all, by those who knew him best — there are few who have more to attach themselves to life, and few whose loss would be more widely felt. In his profession, he was distinguished, not less by his attention to the interests confided to his care, than an upright and honorable bearing towards all who had occasion to meet with him; and in the discharge of his official duties, no one could have been more faithful to his trusts, or more accom-

modating and attentive to those who had business in the court of which he was Judge. His disease was pulmonary — he was conscious of his situation to the last — and met death without a struggle, calmly resigned to the Divine will.

"Green be the turf above thee!

Friend of my early days —

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee, but to praise."

"The funeral of General Hinman, on Monday, attested how strong was the respect of those who had known him in life. It was attended by the Judges of the Superior and County Court, the members of the bar — the Fraternity of Masons — the several Societies of Odd Fellows, numbering several hundred — the boys of the Lancasterian School, under Dr. Lovell — and a large concourse of citizens. Gen. Hinman will be missed from many a circle of friends, who knew and appreciated the generous qualities of his heart; his philanthropy as a man; his public spirit as a citizen; his uprightness and consistency as a politician; his devotedness as a friend. No man had fewer enemies, or warmer admirers."

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO JUDGE ROBINSON S. HINMAN.

"At a meeting of the members of the bar, of New Haven County, on the occasion of the death of Gen. ROBINSON S. HINMAN, held November 11th, 1843, Hon. Ralph I. Ingersoll, was appointed Chairman, and John S. Rice, Esq., Secretary.

"*Resolved, unanimously*, That we have heard with deep sorrow of the death of ROBINSON S. HINMAN, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate for this District, and an honorable and much respected member of the New Haven County Bar: that in token for his memory, and our sympathy with his afflicted relatives, we will wear the usual badge of mourning, and in a body attend the funeral on Monday next.

"*Resolved*, That these proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the papers of this city, and that the Secretary of this meeting furnish a copy to the near relatives of the deceased.

RALPH I. INGERSOLL, *Chairman*.

JOHN S. RICE, *Secretary*."

WE find that the Grand Annual Moveable Committee of the Manchester Unity have violated their plighted faith by the establishment of a Lodge in the city of New York under their jurisdiction; the M. W. Grand Sire's proclamation, which we give below, will put the brethren on their guard against them. Truly it is a hazardous undertaking for a FOREIGN SECRET SOCIETY to establish a branch under its SECRET GOVERNMENT in this free country — *Independent Odd Fellow.*

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, by public announcement in the "New York Sun" of the 19th instant, the undersigned has been informed that the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Kingdom of Great Britain has invaded the sovereignty and independent authority of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States in the business of Odd Fellowship in the United States of America, and has established in the city of New York a Lodge under a charter, styled, "Perseverance Lodge, No. 3613, M. U. I. O. O. F." And whereas, the Manchester Unity has by this act deliberately and knowingly violated a contract executed with solemn sanction, by which that body had surrendered all jurisdiction over Odd Fellowship in America to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States, as its acknowledged sole and legitimate head—and has thereby evinced a departure from the *faith and principles of Odd Fellowship.* And whereas, the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States at its last session—by a unanimous vote—did resolve, to sever all connection between the Manchester Unity of Great Britain and itself—for causes abundantly satisfactory to that distinguished body. Now therefore, I, Howell Hopkins, Most Worthy Grand Sire of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of America and the jurisdiction thereunto belonging, in pursuance of authority in me constitutionally vested, do hereby affectionately and earnestly caution all brothers of our Order—that they do not operate or form any connection with the self-styled Perseverance Lodge, No. 3613, M. U. I. O. O. F. of the city of New York. And I

do hereby proclaim the same as spurious and illegitimate, having no communication whatever with the Order under this jurisdiction.

State Grand Lodges, Grand Encampments and Subordinate Lodge and Subordinate Encampments under our warrant, are hereby admonished and required to redouble their vigilance and attention in proving all travellers asking relief or seeking admission into Lodge rooms or Encampments as Odd Fellows.

To which end it is hereby required that the A. T. P. W. and positive capacity to work, be exacted of all such applicants.

Done at the city of Baltimore this thirtieth day of October, Anno Domini, 1843—and of our Order in America the 25th.

Witness our signature and the attestation of the seal of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States.

H. HOPKINS, *Grand Sire.*

NOBILITY OF BLOOD. — Crants, in his Saxon History, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed, on account of his great strength, *Iron*, who was a great favorite with Edward the Third of England, and as much envied, as favorites are, always sure to be by the rest of the courtiers. — On one occasion when the king was absent, some noblemen maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favorite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that "if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with no more than his night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion bristling his hair and growing destruction between his teeth. The earl, not the less daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words the lion crouched at his feet, to the great amaze-

ment of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window, to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, placed his night-cap on the lion's back, and came forth without ever casting a look behind him.

"Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

THE PERMANENCY OF OUR ORDER.

BY BRO. F. ANDREWS.

OUR Order unsullied stands firm and unshaken,
Tho' Rome and her greatness lies low in the dust,
And the harp in her streets have fail'd to awaken
The sweet notes of music that long have been hush'd;

And empires once fam'd for their wisdom and splendor,
Have sunk to oblivion in the progress of time,
Yet the world to our Order this tribute will render,
That the truths that we cherish still flourish sublime.

With lustre they shine like the first beams of morning,
Dispelling the cloud, of error and gloom —
The aged and young with honors adorning,
And strewing with flowers their path to the tomb.

And Friendship and Truth with harmony blended,
Peace will like an angel long over us reign,
And Charity's hand to the needy extended,
They will taste the sweet pleasures of Friendship again.

Then the orphans relieved, shall raise the glad chorus,
And seraphs celestial will echo the strain;
The angel of peace will in love hover o'er us,
And proclaim peace on earth and good will to men.

Then let us ne'er sever this chord of affection
That unites us as brothers in Friendship and Love;
And when death at last shall dissolve this connexion,
May we all be united in the mansions above.

Boston, Jan. 1844.

MR. EDITOR,—I wish to inquire thro' the medium of your journal, if a member of our Order applies for his card of clearance, and it is voted by the Lodge he is entitled to it; but before receiving it from the Secretary, the brother is taken sick, if he is entitled to the benefits?—

A case in point recently occurred in one of our Lodges, and it was decided that he should receive the benefits, being as much entitled to them as though he had not applied for his card. For one, I do not think he was entitled to them. Q.

We think the decision right. — Ed.

WRITTEN FOR THE SYMBOL.

WINTHROP TUDOR,

OR

TOO RICH TO BE HAPPY.

A TALE. IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Quadroon," "The Dancing Feather," "Odd Fellow," "Lafitte," &c.

"Happiness is the fruit of constant activity in the performance of duty."

PART III.

THE ceremony of initiation was now concluded, and Florence, with his friend, left the Hall.

"And now," said Florence, "the rites which have just been performed, have rendered you a member of our Order in full and regular standing. My great confidence in you assures me that you will act up faithfully to your high obligations. Remember, my friend, your vows."

"Thus will I endeavor to do," said Tudor.

The hour being somewhat advanced, Captain Florence and his friend Tudor separated, each to depart to his home.—Tudor's mind became impressed with the idea of the responsibility which was resting upon him in view of the new relation which he now sustained. The world of mankind seemed to him another and a different entirely, in their claims upon his notice and regard. Once he despised the character of a beneficiary of his kind, but now his true source of enjoyment seemed in imparting of his rich bounties to the destitute and needy.—He seemed to consider the advice of Rutgers as worthy of his cordial reception; and in his own heart he already began to feel that pleasurable satisfaction which would necessarily flow from acting up to it. A conscious discharge of duty had given him a peace which nothing else could bestow. Riches he enjoyed, with every luxury which they could afford,

but their possession had given him none of that joy which his new consecration of himself imparted to him.

On entering his home, he was accosted by his servant Moses.

The keen eye of the old black detected an unusually cheerful look upon the face of his master—a look so unexcused that his own countenance began to act in sympathy.

The black indulged a strong affection for his master, and ever seemed to take delight in ministering to his wishes. At the request of Tudor he followed him to his room. Tudor threw off his coat, and putting on his usual evening dress, seated himself by the fire, before which Moses drew up a comfortable seat.

"Come, my faithful servant," said Tudor, in a way altogether unusual for him, "you look much pleased this evening,—what has happened?"

"Me am pleased, massa."

"And why?"

"Cause massa be pleased."

"But how, Moses, do you know that I am pleased?"

"Cause Massa look pleasant."

The sincerity of the black was not to be questioned, and this evidence of attachment to his master was duly appreciated and rewarded.

"Take this," said Tudor, pulling from his pocket book a five dollar note.

"Thankee, massa, thankee!"

"See that you make no improper use of that money, Moses."

Though possessed of a dark skin, Moses had a clear conscience. He was tender and affectionate in his sympathies, and easily touched by scenes of affliction.

"Has any one called here during my absence, Moses?"

"Yes, massa."

"Who?—and for what?"

"Here be his note, massa."

Tudor took the note from the hands of the servant, and opened it with somewhat

of impatience. It contained a sum of money which had that day been promised, and which had been solicited from a neighbor in very embarrassed circumstances.

"What did the person say when he handed you this?" said Tudor to his servant.

"Not much, massa, but cry good deal."

"I know well the circumstances of that unhappy family," said Tudor. "I need not this money to add to my comfort — but he from whose hands it came requires it to supply a family's necessities. Faithful as I have sworn to be to my vows, I will not retain this money. They who need it most shall have it. But who delivered the note, Moses?"

"A pretty lad, massa."

"You may retire, my faithful servant, but be you here to me early in the morning."

Moses withdrew, and Tudor was left to his own reflections. He thought of his transactions during the day and evening — the new plans he had marked out to pursue — and their influence upon his character and feelings.

A night of uninterrupted repose had passed away, and the morning's early dawn found Tudor at his dressing-table. The bell rang, and his servant entered.

"Is massa well this morning?" asked the servant, as he came into the room.

"Very well; you surely did not think otherwise."

"Me surely did, massa, — why you do rise so very arly?"

"Because I have much and important labor before me to perform. The hours which, heretofore, I have devoted to idle and vain amusement, are this day to be occupied with more serious matters. I wish an early breakfast."

The servant arranged the room of his master, built a fire, and left.

Tudor seated himself by the fire in his

morning dress, and awaited the call for breakfast. Meanwhile he was occupied in examining one of papers of the previous day. The breakfast bell at length rang, and Tudor was in his place at the table. The events of the evening previous were again made the subject of conversation.

"I wish you to deliver a message for me immediately after breakfast," said Tudor to his servant.

"Yes, massa."

Tudor soon rose from the table, and, retiring to his chamber, addressed a note to the individual from whom he had received the money the last evening; and, giving it into the hands of Moses, ordered him to leave it.

The morning was a cold one. The chilling November blast swept with violence along. The hour was yet early, and the few people who chanced moving in the streets, drew their garments closely about them, to ward them from the keenness of the weather.

Moses, as he left the house of his master, placed the note safely in his pocket, and observed, "Me be faithful with it, massa."

Tudor remained in his room, expecting to hear shortly some tidings from his note. He occupied himself in writing some few letters which he must needs send by the morning's mail, as they were of importance. His mind naturally turned upon his creditor's condition, upon which he had taken pity. Fancy pictured to him the circumstances of the poor man, and from what observation he had had, he could believe them to be of an unenviable character. In the midst of his reflections, his servant knocked for admittance. On entering, he observed to his master, that the gentleman to whom he carried the note had returned with him, and desired an interview.

"Ask him in," said Tudor, "I will meet him in the parlor below presently."

The servant retired, and introduced Mr. A., who was then waiting at the door, into the parlor, inviting him, at the same time, to a seat. In a few moments Tudor entered, and in a most hearty manner bade Mr. A. welcome to his house. At the unexpectedness of Tudor's conduct, a look of mingled surprise and joy appeared upon the countenance of his friend. Tudor observed to him: "I am extremely happy at seeing you here.—You may, perhaps, be surprised at the contents of the note which I sent you by my servant this morning, as well as at the unseasonableness of the hour at which it was sent. The procedure, I am aware is one which is far from what has been heretofore my usual characteristic. Although I never have withheld assistance from the needy when asked, yet I have never endeavored to seek out and bestow with that degree of liberality which my means will allow. Past neglect the future shall most amply atone for. Upon this I am resolved. Returning last evening from the meeting of a benevolent association, I found your note had been left. I had heard of your situation, and resolved to return the money which your note contained. Business called me to rise early this morning, and I resolved that your case should be the first attended to. Accordingly my servant was despatched with the message, which he no doubt faithfully delivered to you."

"He did, and I have now come to return my heartiest thanks to you for your kindness. You know not the amount of happiness which you have imparted to our household. My wife and my children bless you, and never will they cease to do so. The present is with me a season of domestic trial. My pecuniary affairs are in a sad condition, and poverty is my lot. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could procure the sum I yesterday sent you."

"Happy indeed, then am I," said Tu-

dor, "if I have done any good."

"Nor shall I cease to forget with gratitude the kindness of your servant. He, too, shall be remembered."

"And for what, may I ask?" said Tudor.

"Seeing our apparent destitution, he generously proffered a five dollar note for our relief."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Tudor.

Mr. A., having rendered his acknowledgments to Tudor, bade him good morning, and retired.

The reader can himself imagine, as well as we describe, what must have been the feelings of the respective parties in this affair. The thought of what he had done gave a joy to the breast of Tudor altogether unknown before, while they who had been the recipients of his bounty rejoiced with thanksgiving for the favor bestowed.

Tudor, after bidding his friend good by, returned to his chamber. At the ringing of his bell Moses came into the room. His master told of the information which his friend had communicated, and rewarded him for his generosity.—Tudor then took the letters he had written, and exchanging his dress, departed for the post office.

That day was a remarkable one in the history of Winthrop Tudor. It formed a new epoch in his existence. It was the birth-day of high and noble resolutions. The act of benevolence which we have just described, was but the happy commencement of a series of philanthropic operations, which reflected honor upon himself and gave joy to others.

The story of his good deeds reached the ears of his friend Captain Florence. At a meeting of Captain F. with Rutgers, on the return of the latter from N. York, a visit to Tudor was proposed.—Accordingly one evening they called, and found him at home.

"You look much better than when I

saw you before leaving for New York," said Rutgers to his friend Tudor.

"You do, indeed," rejoined Florence.

"Probably I do," said Tudor. "Most certainly I feel better, and thanks to you, as you are the cause of it, my friends."

"How so?" inquired Rutgers.

"By following your advice, I have attained the means of a proper enjoyment of my wealth. My horrid ennui has disappeared, and I feel and live a happy man. And I am also indebted to my friend Florence, by whose means I have formed a happy connection with the society of Odd Fellows."

"I have already heard," said Florence, "of your active and efficient co-operation with us. May it long continue."

Tudor enquired of Rutgers the news which he had obtained in New York.—After the conversation upon this and several other points, they rose to depart.

"One word," said Tudor, "before you leave. I just wish to say that I have a most valuable assistant in my labors of love. As good an Odd Fellow as myself!"

"And who may he be?"

Tudor rang the bell, and Moses entered. The two friends looked somewhat surprised, and awaited some little explanation. Tudor gave it, and recited Moses' benevolence towards the family of A.

Moses looked rather pleased at the evident praise for his generosity, and soon left the room, promising to be as good an Odd Fellow as the best of them, though he was rather doubtful about being initiated.

The friends separated, promising to see each other at the next meeting of the Lodge.

THE END.

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without a base interest at the bottom of it.

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

BY DR. ADOLPHUS KINSMAN BORDEN.

HALLOW'D the turf where thy relics repose,
And hallow'd the wreath that enriches thy head,
More virtue, and glory, no tomb can enclose,
Than rests on the pillow of thy lonely bed.

Thy sword in its scabbard reclines o'er thy bier
Unstained by ambition of empire, or fame,
The angels in heaven awake each soft lyre,
And chaunt their sweet numbers in praise of thy name.

The cypress, and myrtle entwine o'er thy tomb,
The musk-rose, and violet sweet odours exhale,
The willow there weeps o'er mortality's doom,
And the sweet turtle-dove is heard to bewail.

The sons of Columbia still bend o'er thy grave,
And weep for a father, protector and friend,
They adore thee the Wise, the Virtuous and Brave,
Thy country's redeemer, tyranny's end.

But thy country's now free, thy labors are done,
Kind heaven has guided thee safe through the fight,
Thy battle is fought, and thy victory won,
Thou now art enroll'd among angels of light.

North Bridgewater, Jan. 15, 1844.

THE HISTORY OF A FIVE FRANC PIECE.

BY F. O. L. WYMAN, JR.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER XII.

THE moment that the principal door of the saloon closed upon the three persons last spoken of, another door partially opened at the end of the apartment, and a lad neatly attired, entered the apartment. Jacques Ferras was about seventeen years of age, of light figure, and a fair countenance. Jacques was familiarly known to most of the persons present, under the name of the "Jeweller's Apprentice," and from the hearty good wishes which he received at his entrance was known to be an acceptable friend and well received favorite, as he was, for Jacques was of an obliging disposition, and often put himself to personal inconvenience, for the convenience of his friends.

Jacques. — "How is your master to-day?" said a middle aged artisan, — "are the profits of his trade on the increase?"

"He must be fortunate said another old Bartol, in having so staid and sober an apprentice — who, although he comes regularly for the '*quartem*,' for his master, never puts the stuff to his own lips."

"Is it not commendable in him, Bartol," said another — "I wish I never had have tasted any liquor myself, but it is hard leaving off, old men are like old dogs, not at all tractable in their old age. But soberly take my advice Jacques, never drink any spiritous liquors, as I and the rest of us have, it costs money, and besides it often leads to unpleasant acquaintances."

"You say truly Bartol," said another, who was called Dasmoines, "there's Guizot, just left with M. Martial minister of police, caught drinking contrary to the ordinance of the prison,"

Bartol. — "What will M. Martial do with him now, 'tis his second offence?"

Dasmoines. — "Can't tell, they were whispering together some moments ago, when a stranger, of real cut-throat appearance, and ruffianly garb entered, and sauntered toward the alcove. I had an eye on him, although he thought it not; I was not deceived by his arts, seen something in my day before — understood a thing or two — eh?"

Bartol. — "Well, Dasmoines, what do you mean to say, speak out?"

Dasmoines. — "Well, you see, this magazine du modes, do you — you see this paper has been torn well — that chap, that stranger, after writing something upon it, tore it off, and rolling it into a compact roll, tossed it over that little win. dow into the alcove — immediately after, Guizot exclaimed, "I will, you are right," and as he and M. Martial emerged from the alcove," Guizot said, 'seven is the hour,'

after which they departed, the stranger unseen by M. Martial — yet to my mind there was an understanding between him and Guizot that M. Martial knew not of. Jacques had stood listening with much apparent interest to the foregoing conversation, but had not spoken a word, — he turned to the *Dame du Comptoir* and requested his change for a Napoleon, and a '*quartem*,' of gin — having received which, it was my good luck, to be deposited with several others in a leathern bag and safely placed within his pocket."

Jacques. — "Monsieur Dasmoines, permit me to ask of you how old you should think the stranger was, you were just speaking of?"

Dasmoines. — "O, forty-five or thereabouts."

Jacques. — "Did he stoop a little in his gait?"

Dasmoines. — "Yes, he did stoop a little — now I recollect, he was a little lame, I thought."

Jacques. — (To himself.) "The same." (Aloud) "Some trouble I suppose — "well, I must be going, master will wait his '*quartem*,' and I must not stop gossiping here — good night." As he passed out at the door, a figure enveloped in a cloak, accosted him with — "Are you apprentice to Goldman & Co. Jewellers, No. 9, Rue de Tivoli?"

Jacques. — "I am."

Stranger. — "Take that note to your master, (at the same time giving a sealed envelope) and oblige a friend of his. You may be trusted, I doubt not."

Jacques. — "If any thing of a business nature — I shall be pleased to communicate the same to Messrs. Goldman & Co."

Reader — with this introduction of characters closeth Chapter XII of the Five Franc Piece, — the sequel to which may be found in the history of the "*Silver Cross*," "or, Tales of the Confessional."

THE "COVENANT."

WE must confess that we dislike the remarks of the Junior Editor of the Covenant, in a late number of that magazine. They savor altogether too much of an arrogant and haughty disposition. That publication sets its claims altogether too high, and makes pretensions to an elevation which it can never, indeed ought not to reach. The idea that it is to be made the official organ of Odd Fellows in the United States—that all other publications in the country, devoted to a like object, must crumble and fall before its own imagined power, is absurd in the extreme. We would not, in the least, detract from the real merit of the Covenant. We believe there is merit in it, and that it is eminently fitted to advance the cause in which it has embarked—but to say that it has merit surpassing all other works of the kind, we are yet unwilling to do. We see no good reason why it should be made the sole organ of our body in this country, its own reasons in favor to the contrary notwithstanding.

We make the following extract from the Covenant, in which that grand aspirant for distinction sets forth its claims. Much comment from us is unnecessary. A moment's glance at it will sufficiently satisfy every candid mind, of its utter shallowness. We should think that the vanity of the Editor must have been well excited when penning it.

"It can no longer be doubted, that the interests of our Order require an official organ, nor will it be denied that the Covenant has been an instrument of good, by the knowledge of the Institution it has imparted,—the exposition and defence of its principles, and the news it has monthly conveyed to all sections of the country.

"It would seem that every Odd Fellow must ardently desire its continuance, as a promoter and defender of the genuine principles and practice of our beloved institution. It has thus far met with general approbation; how it shall succeed

hereafter in this respect, time alone can determine.

"The wisdom of the Order has caused the sail to be spread and the Covenant to be sent forth, trusting to approving patrons to supply the gale that shall waft it onward, and make its voyage successful and glorious.

"There has been some manifestation of a disposition to crush the Magazine, or wrest it from the control of the Grand Lodge, and thereby open the door, and encourage the increase of papers by the brotherhood. Doubtless the reasons assigned for pursuing this course were deemed good and sufficient by those of the brethren at the time.

"But it is to be feared that many of the papers that would have sprung up, if the Covenant had ceased, would not be conducted by brethren possessing a sufficient knowledge of the Order—its principles, and wants, and that through them the Order would be made to languish and suffer in public estimation.

"The question of the continuance or discontinuance of the Covenant was fairly presented before the Grand Lodge at its late session, and received that serious attention its importance so justly demanded; * and after respectful and due consideration by the Representatives of the different Grand Lodges, it was decided that it should be continued as the Official Organ of that body.

"To those brethren, if any there be, who would yet exert themselves to deprive the Order of the benefit of the paper, we would respectfully say—

"The experiment's ours! Your opposition save,
Our freighted Ark's already on the wave,
'Tis under way in gallant sailing trim,
As it deserves, so let it sink or swim."

With the extract above, we present the remarks of the Editor of the Independent Odd Fellow, which we consider

*"This serious attention" was given at the heel of the session, when a large number of the Representatives had left. This course induced one of the most prominent members of the Grand Lodge of the United States and warmest friends of the Official to say, that "the Committee were keeping back their report in order to shove it through at the close of the session, when the Lodge was thin and no time left for the members duly to consider it." — EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW.

to be just and to the point. They are as follows:—

"It is at all times disagreeable to notice invidiousness and unfairness, in statements, when such notice may have a tendency to produce unpleasantness among those who should be friends. Yet a solemn sense of justice will often require the exposure of lame sophistry designed to injure persons who the sophist is solemnly bound to protect and defend. — Ever since the establishment of the Official Magazine it has endeavored through its friends to sustain itself by attempting to depreciate the labors of others, and to use the influence of the Grand Lodge of the United States to put them down; thus bringing the great *central power of the Order* into contact with the interests of individual labor and enterprise. Many intelligent members of the Order saw this thing at first, and withholding their patronage signified their disapprobation of any such central influence being exercised. No one had any right to complain, however impolitic they might have considered the act, when the Grand Lodge determined to publish an official; but when efforts are made to sustain that official, detrimental to individual effort, and indirectly slanderous in their character, it is the duty of every good Odd Fellow to raise his voice to arrest, in its incipency, a principle fraught with so much danger. We had hoped that the stern rebuke given by several Grand Lodges to the New York resolutions, would have prevented any future effort to effect the same purpose, but we are mistaken; the worthy Junior Editor of the Covenant, in his new-born zeal, has in a grandiloquent strain denounced again, indirectly, individual enterprise; and as we have long since determined to arrest, at its first onset, any such assumption of superior intelligence and utility by the official, we call notice to the vauntings of our good brother *Case*. If, permit us to premise, these good brothers take any pleasure in lauding and magnifying their own superior intelligence, they may do so for us—it is but innocent egotism, calculated only to excite a smile: but if they attempt to put down other periodicals by such a course, they will find themselves mistaken.

The remarks of Bro. Case are very poetical, rather too much so, for the plain, practical sense of southern people, and if it would not be betraying the secrets of the confessional, in some sense, "we could a tale unfold" with regard to the wire-working to continue the Covenant, that would rather clip the wings of our brother in his flights of imagination, and let him, doubtless, into some *secrets of the Order* with which he has never been made acquainted.

"We had hoped that we should this year live in peace with the Covenant. — For its Editors we have the highest regard; they are good fellows, singly and collectively; but whenever they mount the chair editorial they seem to be entirely bewitched, and loose sight, in their efforts to sustain their charge of that justice to others, which on all other occasions they cheerfully mete out. They well know that one of the most practical and talented members of the Grand Lodge of the United States at its last session, (the lamented Hinman, of Connecticut,) was most decidedly opposed to all schemes for an official magazine, and the resolutions of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut clearly expressed the views of that intelligent body. The Grand Lodge of Virginia has never countenanced the scheme, and a large number of our intelligent members, North and South, are opposed to it. Nevertheless, after expressing our disapprobation, we were determined to try and help it on as far as we could—to throw no obstacles in the way, provided it attended to its own business, and let others alone. Ever since its establishment it has been attempting to undermine individual effort; and we have now determined if it is ever again the case we shall, in detail, first give our reasons why we are opposed to it, and then lay before the Order all that *we know* of its affairs, and means by which it was continued. — We are tired of these repeated attempts to supplant other periodicals—we will not submit to it—and it now remains for the Official to say whether we shall have peace or war."

SHAFTSBURY observes that, after all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THE present number of the *Symbol* closes its periodical year. Speaking as an individual editor, our own connection with it has only been for the last nine numbers; and our labor, in these, has been confined to the leading article under this head. For ourself, we can say but little, then; yet, presuming to speak for all who have, in any way, conducted this work, we return our most hearty thanks to those who have, thus far, given us their patronage. If they have discovered faults, either of omission or of commission, we trust they will indulge that consideration which is due to all periodicals in the first year of their publication, and that occupy a new position before the reading public. In our day, the literary character of a work depends upon its pecuniary support. By a wise and just custom, the conductors of periodicals are expected to pay a sufficient remuneration for the articles that appear on their pages. Where there is ample means for this purpose, the best talent in the country can be commanded. The reader feels, at times, that he receives back the price of his subscription more than four-fold; and the writer who, strange as it may seem to some, is really worn-out and wearied with mental toil, is rewarded for his work, as all laboring men should be. It is time that the public should feel and recognize the justice of this claim which the writer has for a substantial currency in return for the coinage of the brain. Not he alone is the laboring man who toils amid the sheafy corn, or in the up-turned fur-

rows, but he also who, for an honorable sustenance, sometimes for a bare support, strives with the invisible realities of his spirit, and with tears, it may be, scatters the seeds of thought abroad in the bosoms of men. But we are wandering from our immediate subject. We say that a periodical will approach the standard of true literary excellence, in proportion as a publisher is able to secure the contributions of talent and genius. For this he depends upon the length of his subscription list, and the punctuality of his patrons. But, in the first years of a work, his patronage is dubious, and therefore his efforts are limited. Many wait to see how the periodical will turn out — many will subscribe only when its literary character has become confirmed. But, we repeat, let the public indulge consideration, and not censure for that which is unavoidable in the commencement of a work dependant for its resources upon the amount of its subscriptions, and obliged to draw its materials from those who will write for it for little or nothing.

But to this it may be answered, that no work should come before the public, unless its publisher is able to purchase before-hand that material which will confirm its good reputation, and thus rest his claims for patronage not on what he *may* do, but on what he *has* done; in other words, that public support should be the result of literary excellence, and not literary excellence the result of public support. We feel the force of this argument as applied to the general mass of periodicals. The subscriber should not be ex-

pected to invest his money in precarious stock, but, as in every other instance of sale and purchase, the article should be brought to his hands finished and complete, possessing not a contingent but an intrinsic value. But we reply to this reasoning, that we trust, so far as an absolute equivalent is concerned, we have honorably discharged our part of the contract. We are not willing, by any means, to admit that we have taxed the *charity* of our patrons. Still we are aware that the literary character of our journal is capable of much improvement, and for the means for that improvement, we must look not to an increase of subscription *price*, but of *subscribers*.

But this is not all that we have to say upon this point. We do not rest the chief claim of the Symbol for public support upon its literary merits. If so, the argument would assume a very different aspect; and there would be no reason why we should continue to publish — why we should have begun to publish. We call for support because our periodical is the organ of *Odd-Fellowship* in this section of our country. We look for our patronage chiefly from *Odd Fellows*. Our work is devoted to a *peculiar* interest — to the development and defence of that institution, that bears upon its front, we trust not meretriciously, the beautiful motto — "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH." It seems reasonable and necessary that there should be such an organ in this part of the wide-spread domain of Odd-Fellowship. Since the commencement of the Symbol, our Order has increased with unexampled rapidity. In our own city, through this Commonwealth, in the sister States of Rhode Island, Maine, and New Hampshire, numerous Lodges have been formed, and are constantly forming, since the first number of the Symbol. If we felt then, that such a work was needed, much more do we feel so now. No one can contemplate the numbers that are pass-

ing into our Order, the influence and the standing to which it is fast attaining, as an uninterested spectator. It must accomplish much — some may say for evil, but, as we think, if wisely and legitimately directed, for good. There is, under these circumstances, a two-fold work to be done. We must explain and defend our principles to that class which will naturally rise in opposition as our institution becomes prominent. *Naturally*, we say, not because we admit that they have reasonable grounds for opposition, but because there are those, who always place themselves in a position of antagonism to any popular movement — there are those who always have a prejudice against anything that assumes at all the air of secrecy. No one, who reflects upon the matter, can fail to anticipate an opposition movement, in proportion as Odd Fellowship becomes diffused and powerful. For the honest and the candid of this party, then, as well as for that inert portion of the public, who will wait to hear both sides, we must furnish explanation and reason. But this is not all. — There is a work to be done within the citadel, as well as upon its walls. This mighty power in our own midst is to be controlled and guided. We are to preserve amidst the strength of *numbers*, the strength of *principle*. We are to see to it that, in the multitude of opinions, and interests, that will become associated with Odd Fellowship, its advantages are used with clean hands, and legitimately applied. And, moreover, we are to contend for and demand those *reforms* that will be required by the development of new circumstances. But we need not pursue this argument farther. Our readers must perceive, that not as a mere literary work, but as an organ of Odd Fellowship, there are reasons why our publication should be sustained. We trust that our work in the past, in this respect, has not been neglected. If we have

faithfully fulfilled it, for *this*, and not for the literary character of the Symbol, we affirm that we have discharged our contract with our patrons.

Of the future it will be more proper to speak in the next number. Suffice it to say here, that while we shall view the interests of Odd Fellowship as the main object of the Symbol, we shall endeavor to combine these interests with an improvement in literary matter and style. — And now to those kind patrons who have accompanied and assisted us in our early labors we again tender our sincere thanks. We trust that none of them will part with us here, but continue to bear us company, and to stretch out the hand of support. In confidence that this will be so, we meet their ready grasp in friendship, love, and truth. If any *must* leave us, still they have our thanks for the past, and our best wishes for the future.

TEMPERANCE IN THE CITY.—If there be an enterprise which deserves the sanction of every philanthropist, patriot and Christian, it is that of Temperance. No subject is more intimately allied to the happiness and the welfare of mankind than this. Its aim and object are high and noble, the benefits which it confers are of lasting value. Its connection is with the temporal and spiritual interests of man.

We have been gratified with the zeal and activity which has been exhibited for the last few months, by the friends of the cause in this city and vicinity. Their exertions to extend its influence have been unceasing — nor, we have every reason to believe, have they been in vain. The advocacy of the cause here has been entrusted to faithful and able hands, — pecuniary assistance has not been withheld — the community have not been at all backward in their attendance at public temperance meetings — the largest

places of meeting in the city have been thronged on these occasions.

The work, however, has been but begun. New reinforcements are entering the field. The work is overstepping the limits within which it has, heretofore, been confined, and the young men of the city are lending *their* influence in favor of the work. In short, Temperance never looked more prosperous than now.

ODD FELLOW'S OFFERING. — In our last number we stated we had been informed that this Annual for 1844 had been published, but not having seen a copy had been unable to speak of its contents. Since then we have been favored with the perusal of a copy by a friend, and feel in duty bound to say that it does *not* meet our expectations. We inferred from the Prospectus that Bro. Donaldson would furnish us an annual suited to the character of the Order; but old engravings, vapid articles, and miserable binding, will not answer for the "literary emporium." By far the best article in the book, — "Plain Words to the Brotherhood," — is from the pen of Bro. D. himself. We have no desire to injure the sale of the Offering, or to question the ability of its publisher in furnishing a work every way acceptable to the brethren; and it is only for the purpose of advising those who have not seen the book, what they may expect if they wish to purchase it. We feel in duty bound to do this, inasmuch as we have been and often are called upon by brothers in relation to the work, and to give them a favorable opinion of it, would at least to us, be saying that which in truth we could not say. — Nevertheless, if any of our readers wish to purchase the Offering, we will not by any means advise them to the contrary; but should they feel disappointed after reading it, we trust they will understand to whom the blame is *not* to be attached.

MASSACHUSETTS GRAND LODGE. — The quarterly session of the Grand Lodge is holden to-day, in this city. The committee appointed at the last meeting to revise the Constitution of the Subordinate Lodges, will make their report. There certainly is a chance for many alterations to be made which we think would be for the better. In relation to the rejection of candidates, it is sincerely to be hoped the G. Lodge will so define the matter as to leave no doubt of its true meaning. — It would seem that a Constitution can be so framed as to be understood by all, and of avoiding the necessity, (if necessity there be,) of making so many amendments which necessarily occasions much discussion in the Subordinate Lodges, as to their intended meaning.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, No. 33. — The officers of this new Lodge were installed on Monday evening, 22d ult., at Covenant Hall, by the M. W. G. Master. — The number of petitioners for this Lodge consisted of thirty-nine. Previous to the installation, twenty strangers were initiated as members of Montezuma Lodge, the G. M. in the chair. Most of the officers of the Grand Lodge were present, among whom we noticed our venerable friend P. G. M. HERSEY. The ceremonies were of a most interesting character, and were witnessed by a crowded hall of brothers with the utmost attention. The names of the officers elect, may be found under the appropriate head.

Extract of a letter, dated

Bath, (Me.) Jan. 15, 1844.

"There is a strong desire with many of the young men here to establish an Odd Fellow's Society, and I think we shall have one soon. The material we have, and in case a Lodge is instituted here, it cannot fail, I think, of becoming one of the largest and best in the State."

BETHESDA LODGE. — We are gratified to learn that this Lodge at South Boston, is in a flourishing condition. It is composed of the right material, and being the only one in that section of the city, cannot fail of becoming one of the largest and most popular we have among us.

WANTED.

☞ We are in want of No. 1, Vol. 1, of the Symbol. Those of our subscribers who do not keep a file of their numbers, would greatly oblige us by forwarding us the same. We are willing to pay a liberal price for them.

☞ Rev. Bro. JOHN McLEISH is authorised to receive subscriptions for the Symbol and monies paid on account of the same.

☞ Bro. H. B. ODIORNE is also authorised to act as our agent.

☞ We are informed by D. D. G. S. GUILD, that a Lodge of I. O. O. F. is about to be instituted at Great Falls, N. H., to be hailed and known as "Washington Lodge, No. 4."

The "Independent Odd Fellow," for January has been duly received. It is an excellent number, filled mostly with original articles from eminent authors. Pro. Ford wields an able pen, and in him the Order finds a firm and energetic advocate. We look upon the Odd Fellow as a publication, — though not bearing the stamp of officiality, — as one that should receive and extensive support from the Order.

"THE WORLD WE LIVE IN," is the title of a neatly printed and interesting quarto magazine, recently commenced in this city, by J. B. HALL & Co. Mr. Hall was formerly publisher of the Boston Weekly Magazine, one of the ablest conducted magazines ever published. If ability, industry and enterprise be any surety of success, then most certainly our friend Hall is deserving it in the World We Live In. Published semi-monthly, at \$1.50 per annum, in advance.

ANCIENT LANDMARK LODGE, No. 32.— We have inadvertently omitted to mention the institution of this Lodge some five or six weeks since in this city. — We are happy to learn the Lodge is in a flourishing state; and we feel confident, from the qualifications and ability of those who preside over its affairs, that nothing will be left undone to promote the interests and welfare of the Order. — The Lodge for the present meets at Encampment Hall, Thursday evenings.

DAGUERRETYPE MINIATURES. — We chanced to drop in the other day at the studio of Mr. ALEXANDER G. NYE, No. 62 Milk street. His likenesses are certainly among the best we have seen. — They were all faithful to the life, and reflected much credit on the artist. — We would recommend to our friends who wish for a first rate likeness, to call on Mr. Nye.

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING. — Bro. D. Russell, 120 Washington street, is prepared to execute engraving and printing on cards of every description, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. We have been shown some specimens of his Marriage and Visiting Cards, which were done in a superb manner.

Pictorial U. S. No. 10 — Saxton & Pierce.

This popular work has reached its tenth number, and is as valuable a history of the United States as any, if not more valuable than any extant. Contents of No. X — Campaign of 1776 — Congressional, Parliamentary proceedings of the same year — and Campaign of 1777.

John Cavalier — The Fanatic of the Cervennes, by Eugene Sue.

This highly interesting work is a graphic portraiture of the times of the Huguenot Christians, or rather a tale of early times — and though of a style altogether different to the "Mysteries of Paris" is not wanting in incidents, both striking and thrilling. We cannot speak of the merits of the work as it deserves in a short notice. We

would recommend the perusal of it to our readers as well with the price which they pay for it. — Redding & Co., 8 State street.

DIPLOMA FRAMES. — Brothers who have purchased Diplomas, or may hereafter do so, — wishing to procure frames for the same, will do well to call on Bro. A. A. Childs, 26 Washington Street, who has them ready-made, in any desirable manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

PROSPECTUS
OF A NEW VOLUME OF
THE SYMBOL,
AND
ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.
To be under the control of
Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin.

THE subscriber, publisher of **THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE**, proposes publishing the forthcoming volume, (to commence in February next,) in a manner somewhat different from that it has heretofore been published, making such alterations and improvements as cannot fail of placing it, in point of talent and interest, among the first and foremost of the publications devoted to the cause of Odd Fellowship.

That such a publication must tend greatly to promote the welfare of this truly noble Institution, will not, it is presumed, be denied, as much interesting and instructive matter will be imparted thro' its pages which cannot, in the nature of things, be communicated in the precincts of a Lodge-room, and the enemies of the Order, urged on as they are by ignorance and prejudice, will ever be met by a full and candid exposition of those great moral principles upon which the Order is based — principles which the world at large stand so much in need of, and which are the glory and pride of every true Odd Fellow.

To render the **SYMBOL** worthy the glorious cause of Odd Fellowship, the subscriber is determined to spare no pains whatever; and he takes great pleasure in announcing, that, the more effectually to secure it a high reputation, its entire management will be under the immediate and sole control of

REV. BRO. E. H. CHAPIN, of Charlestown, Mass., whose long connection with the Institution, and well known and acknowledged literary attainments are sufficient guarantee that the Order will receive that attention and support which it so justly deserves.

Terms. — The **SYMBOL** will be published monthly, each number to contain forty-eight large octavo pages, at the low price of **TWO DOLLARS** per annum, payable in advance. It is sincerely hoped that the brethren will come forward and lend their aid in sustaining a work which has for its aim the furtherance of so noble an object.

THOMAS PRINCE.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1844.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

Massachusetts.

James Henry Browne, Charlestown.
T. R. B. Edmunds, "
A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell.
Luke Wyman, Jr., West Cambridge.
John Schonler, "
John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge.
Rev. William Tozer, Malden.
Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village.
E. H. Smith, Woburn.
Albert W. Briant, East Lexington.
Wm. Monroe, Chelsea.
Adrian Low, Salem.
R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport.

Maine.

David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland.
Jos. L. Smith, Portland.
Jeremiah Mason, Saco.
George Prince, Thomaston.

Connecticut.

Safford & Park, Norwich.
Charles Ball, New Haven,

Horace Warren, Ithica, (N.Y.)
D. P. Watson, P.M., Nicholasville, (Ky.)

J. G. MORSE, General Agent.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIRE.

Brethren out of the State of Massachusetts, and in any of the New England States where there is no Grand Lodge, will apply for charters, &c. to Bro. ALBERT GUILD, D. D. G. Sire, and not to me.

E. H. CHAPIN,

G. M. of Massachusetts.

NEW-ENGLAND LODGES—OFFICERS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSAHOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—C C Hayden, CP. Wm. H. Jones, HP. H. Willis, JW. A P Cleverly, Scribe. E Watson, Treasurer, A W Pollard, SW.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Newell A. Thompson, CP. Raymond Cole, HP. George L. Montague, SW. John McClellan, JW. Edward Howe, Scribe. Alfred Mudge, Treasurer.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—D. Dodge, CP: J. C. Waldo, HP: John Schonler, SW: J. Vaughton, JW: J. P. Pattee, Scribe: J. S. Russell, Treas'r.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Thomas Barr, CP: James M. Stone, HP: Hargraves Lord, SW: Job H. Cole, JW: Alex'r Greene, Scribe: Francis M. Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Sam'l R. Slack, C. P. John S. Ladd, HP: Asa D. Pattee, SW: Lester Leland, JW: Gardiner R. Welch, Scribe: Isaac Kendall, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—E. H. Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F. Norrie, RWGDM: J. Henry Browne, RWGW: William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Horakiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—J. I. Drew, DM. Edw'd Tyler, ADM. Jeremiah Richards, ADDM. Wm Ingalls, P. G. E F Foulshuee, VG. Charles Waite, Sec'y. Charles B Kingman, Treas.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Benja. H. Brown, NG. Wm H Jones, VG. David Avers, Rec. Sec'y. A P Cleverly, Per. Sec'y. W A Harrington, Treasurer.

SITOM LODGE, No. 2.—Thatcher Beal, NG. Alfred Mudge, VG. Robert W Hall, Rec. Sec'y. John McClellan, Per. Sec'y. George A Curtis, Treas. Otis A Skinner, Chaplain.

NEW ENGLAND LODGE, No. 4.—John S Ladd, NG. Wm. A. Hall, VG. Edward W Gibson Sec'y. George W Fitch, Treas'r. Eldridge G. Brooks, Chaplain.

MERRIMAC LODGE, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, P. G. John Wright, NG: John Tait, VG; Dan'l McLennan, Secretary; A. Greene, Treas'r.

SUFFOLK LODGE, No. 8.—Newell A. Thompson, NG: A. B. Wheeler, VG: H B. Evans, Rec. Sec'y: Lawrence Walker, Permanent Sec'y; H. D. Storer, Treasurer; F. D. Huntington, Chaplain.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—Wm. J. Alley, PG. Willard Adams, N.G.: Cyrus C. Atwell, V.G.: Alvan Husey, Sec'y: Sumner Young, Treas'r.; Wm. B. Randolph, Chaplain.

ORIENTAL LODGE, No. 10.—George L. Montague, NG. F H P Humer, VG. Geo A Smith Rec. Sec'y. William Clark, Treasurer.

MECHANIC LODGE, No. 11.—J. H. Cole, NG. A. R. Brown, VG. J. S. Morse, Sec'y. H. S. Orange, Per. Sec'y. S. D. Emerson, Treas. A. A. Minor, Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—J. C. Wallo, P.G. Ichabod Fassenden, N.G. Paul F. Dodge, V.G. John Jarvis, Rec. Sec'y. Michael Kenny, Per. Sec'y. Jesse P. Pattee, Treasurer.

NAZARENE LODGE, No. 13.—Sam'l H. Phelps, NG. Geo S Wythe, VG. Geo. E Winslow, Sec'y. H Lyon, Treas.

BUNKER HILL LODGE, No. 14.—Samuel Woodbridge, NG. A D Pattee, VG. John H Clapp, Rec. Sec'y. Sam'l Rhoades, Per. Sec'y. Benjamin Brimhall, Jr, Treas.

TRENTON LODGE, No. 15.—J. C. Bartlett, NG. C A Browne, VG. William English, Rec. Sec'y. O. Huntress, Per. Sec'y. N. S. Prince, Treas. F. T. Gray, Chaplain.

COVENANT LODGE, No. 16.—Frederick O Prince, NG. J A Cummings, VG. Charles Siders, Rec Sec'y. George M Chase, Per Sec'y. T. D. Chapman, Treas. Chandler Robbins, Chaplain.

MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.—G. T. Barnov, N.G. J G Adams, VG. F J Tav, Sec'y. Augustus L. Barrett, Treas.

WARREN LODGE, No. 18.—Benj. F. Coting, P.G. Ira Allen, NG.: A. J. P. Whitcomb, V. G.; Robert Seaver, Sec'y.: E. G. Scott, Treasurer.

MONUMENT LODGE, No. 19.—Chas M Wetherbee, NG. Wm E Cogswell, VG. George Stearns, Sec'y. Loring S Pierce, Treas. J M Usher, Chaplain.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE, No. 20.—Benjamin F Nourse, NG. John J Eaton, VG. Stephen P Greenwood, Sec'y. Albert Bridges, Treasurer.

HOWARD LODGE, No. 22.—Wm W Pierce, NG. Horace F Edmunds, VG. Richard Williams, Sec'y. George H Childs, Treasurer.

FRANKLIN LODGE, No. 23.—Joseph H. Greene, N. G. Wm. Pratt, V. G.; Otis H. Weed, Sec'y; R. P. Barry Treasurer

WINNIMMETT LODGE, No. 24. Eben W. Lathrop, N G; John Low, VG; John Lathrop, Sec'y; Wm Munroe, Treasurer.

BOSTON LODGE, No. 25.—Samuel Adams, NG. F Hennessy, VG. George C Rand, Sec'y, Moses A. Dow, Treas. A Stevens, Chaplain.

ESSEX LODGE, No. 26.—C. C. Hayden, NG. James Kimball, VG. George Russell, Sec'y. Adrian Low, Treas'r. J P Atkinson, Chaplain.

OBERLIN LODGE, No. 28.—Francis M. Kittredge, NG. Anson Huntington, VG. Jas. M. Stone, Sec'y. Jno. O. M. Ladd, Treasurer.

COLUMBIAN LODGE, No. 29.—Alfred J Rhoades, NG. Asaph Langley, VG. Lyman Dyke, Sec'y. Samuel Hall, Treasurer

BETHESDA LODGE, No. 30.—Solon Jenkins, NG. C D Strong, VG. WD Pickering, Rec Sec'y. Wm H Butters, Per Sec'y. O Bich, Treas. J H Clinch, Chaplain.

ANCIENT LANDMARK LODGE, No. 32.—John Mears, Jr., NG. Edw'd Stearns, VG. C B Sawyer, Sec'y. Wm F Bulkley, Treas.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, No. 33.—Rob't L. Robbins, NG — A W Pollard, VG. E G Dudley, Rec Sec'y. Jas Murray, Per Sec'y. C C Hurd, Treas.

Maine.

MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—James N. Winslow, CP. David Robinson, Jr. HP. Edw'd Wheeler, Jr. SW. J. S. T. Mitchell, JW. John D Kinsman, Scribe. Theo. P Hersey, Treasurer.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—David Robinson, Jr., DM E. R. Banks, DDM James N. Winslow, ADDM J. D. Kinsman, Sec'y.

MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—James N. Winslow, N. G. Edward Wheeler, Jr. VG James Pratt, Rec. Sec'y. Jno. G. Warren, Per. Sec'y. Harris C. Barnes, Treas.

SACO LODGE No. 2.—George C. Churchill PG: Geo A. Warren, NG: James Smith, VG: Stephen Webster, Sec'y: Jeremiah Mason, Treasurer.

GEORGIAN LODGE, No. 3.—George Prince, N. G. George Abbott, V. G. Elisha Linnell, Sec'y. Michael Libby, Treasurer.

ANCIENT BROTHERS' LODGE, No. 4.—Thomas O. Gould, NG. Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., VG. Charles F. Little, Rec. Sec'y. Jonathan G True, Per. Sec'y. Mathew F Whitier, Treasurer.

LIGONIA LODGE, No. 5.—John D. Kinsman, NG. Theophilus C. Hersey, VG. Jos. T. Mitchell, Sec'y. Rufus Read, Treasurer.

New Hampshire.

GRANITE LODGE No. 1, Nashua.—David Philbrick, NG. Charles T. Gill, VG: Edwin P. Hill, Sec'y: John L. P.illard, Treasurer. A L Arnold Chaplain.

HILLSBORO' LODGE No. 2—Manchester.—Walter French, NG. Chas Wells, VG. Isaiah Winch, Sec'y. J. G. Cille, Treas.

Connecticut.

UNCAS LODGE—Norwich.—Charles A. Converse, NG: Philo M. Judson, VG. T. Wait, Sec'y. Theodore Raymond, Treasurer.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—Their location and time of meeting.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street, semi monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2, at Covenant Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays in each month.
GRAND LODGE, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb., & c at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington street.
MOUNTAIN ENCAMPMENT, West Cambridge, semi monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
MONONAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly: 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
MASSACHUSETTS, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
TREMONT, No. 15, do do Wednesday.
FRANKLIN, 23, do do Tuesday.
A SCIENT LANDMARK, 32, do do Thursday.
SUFFOLK, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tu. do do Monday.
SILKMAN, No. 2, do do Thursday.
ORIENTAL, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
BOSTON, 25, do do Friday.
UNION DEGREE LODGE, do do Saturday.
NEW ENGLAND, No. 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
BETHEL, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
NAZARENE, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
CHRISTAL FOUNT, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
BUNKER HILL, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
HOWARD, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do Friday.
MERRIMAC, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
MECHANICS', No. 14, " Friday.
OVERLIN, 23, " Tuesday.
MIDDLESEX, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
WARREN, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
MONUMENT, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
FRIENDSHIP, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Tuesday.
WINNISIQUET, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisiquest street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
ESSEX, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
COLUMBIAN, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday

Maine.

Maine, 1, Portland, Union st.,	Mon.
Ancient Brothers, 4, do.	
Ligonia 5, do.	Wed.
Union Degree 1, do.	
Machigonne Encampment, 1, do.	Satur.
Saco, 2, Saco, Central Hall,	Tue.
Georgian, 3, Thomaston,	Mon.

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall,	Tues.
Hillsboro', 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall,	Mon.

Rhode Island.

Friendly Union, 1, Providence,	
Eagle, 2, do.	Saturday.

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven	Mon
Charter Oak 2, Hartford	Tues
Middlesex 3, East Haddam	Wednes
Pequanock 4, Bridgeport	Tues
Harmony 5, New Haven	do
Ousatonic 6, Derby	do
Samaritan, 7, Danbury,	Wednesday.
Mercantile, 8, Hartford,	Saturday.
Thames 9, New London,	Monday.
Our Brothers 10, Norwalk	
Uncas, 11, Norwich,	Mon.
Central, 12, Middletown,	Tuesday.
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.	
Encampment, No. 2, East Headen.	
Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich.	

I.O.O.F. Directory for New York State.

List of Encampments.

MOUNT HEBRON, No. 2, at National Hall, N. Y. City, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
MOUNT SINAI, 3, same place, semi-monthly 1st and 3d Fridays.
MOUNT HOREB, 12, same place, 2d & 4th Mon.
MOOSAIC, 6, cor. Grand and Clinton, 1st & 3d Fri.
PALESTINE, 9, 329 Bowery, 2d and 4th Thurs.
SALEM, 7, Brooklyn, Hall's Buildings, 2d and 4th Fridays.
MOUNT OLIVET, 10, Williamsburg, 1st & 3d Thur.
EN-HAKKOR, 5, Albany, 2d and 4th Fridays.
TROY, 4, at Troy, 1st and 3d Fridays.
MOUNT VERNON, 8, Buffalo, 1st and 3d Wed.
MOUNT HOPE, 11, Rochester.

List of Degree Lodges.

NEW YORK, at N. Y. City, No. 1. National Hall, Wednesdays.
UNITED BROTHERS, 5, same place, Wednesday.
CLINTON DEGREE, 6, 71 Division st., Saturdays.
BOWERY do. 2, 137 Bowery, Saturday.
HUDSON do. 4, cor. Hudson and Grove, Sat.
ERIE, do. 3, Buffalo.
RENSSELAER, 7, and Ridgley, 8, Troy.
DUCHESS DEGREE LODGE, 9, Channingville.
SELBY do. do. 10, Poughkeepsie, Fri.
ALBANY CITY, No. 11, Albany.
MONROE, No. 12, Rochester.
FRANKLIN, No. 12, Brooklyn.

City Subordinate Lodges.

Columbia, 1, National Hall, N. Y. City,	Thurs.
New York, 10, do	do
Getty's, 11, do	do
Germania, 13, do	do
Tentonia, 14, do	do
Mariner's, 23, do	do
National, 30, do	do
Metropolitan, 33, do	do

Hancock, 49,	do	do	Wed.
Oriental, 68,	do	do	Thurs.
Manhattan, 20, cor. Grand and Clinton,			Mon.
Ark, 28,	do	do	Wed.
Enterprise, 36,	do	do	Tues.
Covenant, 35, 187 Bowery,			Thurs.
Harmony, 44,	do	Mon.	
Grove, 58,	do	do	Thur.
German Oak, 187 Bowery,			Fri.
Empire, 64,	do		Tues.
Croton, 78,	do		
Tompkins, 9, cor. Grove and Hudson,			Tues.
Greenwich, 40, do,	do		Mon.
Meridian, 42, do	do		Wed.
Chelsea 84, do	do		Fri.
Mutual, 57, 71 Division st.,	Mon.		
United Brothers, 52	do	Tues.	
Howard, 60,	do	Wed.	
Marion 34,	do	Thurs.	
Fidelity 87,	do	Fri.	
Commercial, 67,	do	Fri.	
Knickerbocker, 22,	do	Thurs.	
Mercantile, 47,	do	Tues.	
Olive Branch, 31,	do	Wednes.	
Mount Vernon, 73,	do	Fri.	

Brooklyn Subordinate Lodges.

Brooklyn, 26, Hall's Building, Brooklyn,	Tues.
Nassau, 39,	do
Atlantic, 50,	do
Fulton, 66,	do
Long Island, 63, Wallabout,	do

Miscellaneous.

King's Co. 45, Williamsburg,	Wednes.
Williamsburg, 62,	do
Whitehall, 54, Washington Co.,	Thurs.
Highland, 65, Newburgh, Orange Co.,	Tues.
Orange Co., 74	do
Oneida, 70, Utica, Oneida Co.,	Thurs.
Courtlandt, 55, Peekskill, Westchester Co.	Tue.
Lafayette, 18, Channingville, Dutchess Co.,	Thu.
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie,	do
Dutchess, 59,	do
Fireman's, 19,	Albany, Thurs.
German, Colonial, 16,	do. Mon.
City Philanthropic, 5,	do.
Union, 8,	do
American, 32,	do
Watervliet, 38, West Troy,	Mon.
Spartan, 62,	do
Phoenix, 41, Albany,	Wednes.
Franklin, 24, Troy,	Wednes.
Trojan, 27,	do
Star, 29, Lansingburgh,	Tues.
Rensselaer, 53, Troy,	Thurs.
Halcyon, 56,	do
Niagara, 25, Buffalo;	Mon.
Buffalo, 87,	do
Tehosoron, 48, do	Thurs.
Genesee, 51, Rochester,	Fri.
Teoronto, 69,	do
Mohawk Valley, Schenectady,	Mon.
Ithaca, 71, Ithica,	
Rockland County, 76,	Thurs.
Onondaga, 79, Syracuse,	Tues.
Cayuga, 80, Auburn.	
Jamaica, 81, Jamaica.	
Westchester, 77, Tarrytown.	

Kentucky.

Boone, No. 1, Louisville	Mon
Chosen Friends 2, do.	Tues
Washington 3, Covington	Wednes
Lorraine 4, Louisville	do
Friendship 5, Lexington	Fri
Capitol 6, Frankfort	Mon
Franklin 7, Lancaster	Sat
Central 8 Danville	Tues
Social 9, Stanford	Wednes
Union 10, Nicholasville	Tues
Lafayette 11, Georgetown	Mon
De Kalb 12, Maysville	do
Henderson 13, Henderson	
Madison 14, Richmond	Mon

The longest beard recorded in history was that of John Mayo, painter to Emperor Charles the Fifth. Though he was a tall man, it is said that his beard was of such a length that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard, and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his button-hole, and sometimes he would untie it by command of the Emperor, who took great delight in seeing the wind blow it in the face of his courtiers.

It is of the greatest importance that we should resist the temptation, frequently so strong, of annexing a familiar, facetious or irreverent idea to a scriptural usage, a scriptural expression, a scriptural text, or a scriptural name. Nor should we hold ourselves guiltless, though we have been misled by mere negligence.

DESOTISM can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

THOMAS C. SAVORY, Fresco and Fancy Painter.

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